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Saturday Review

APRIL 10, 1954 / 20¢

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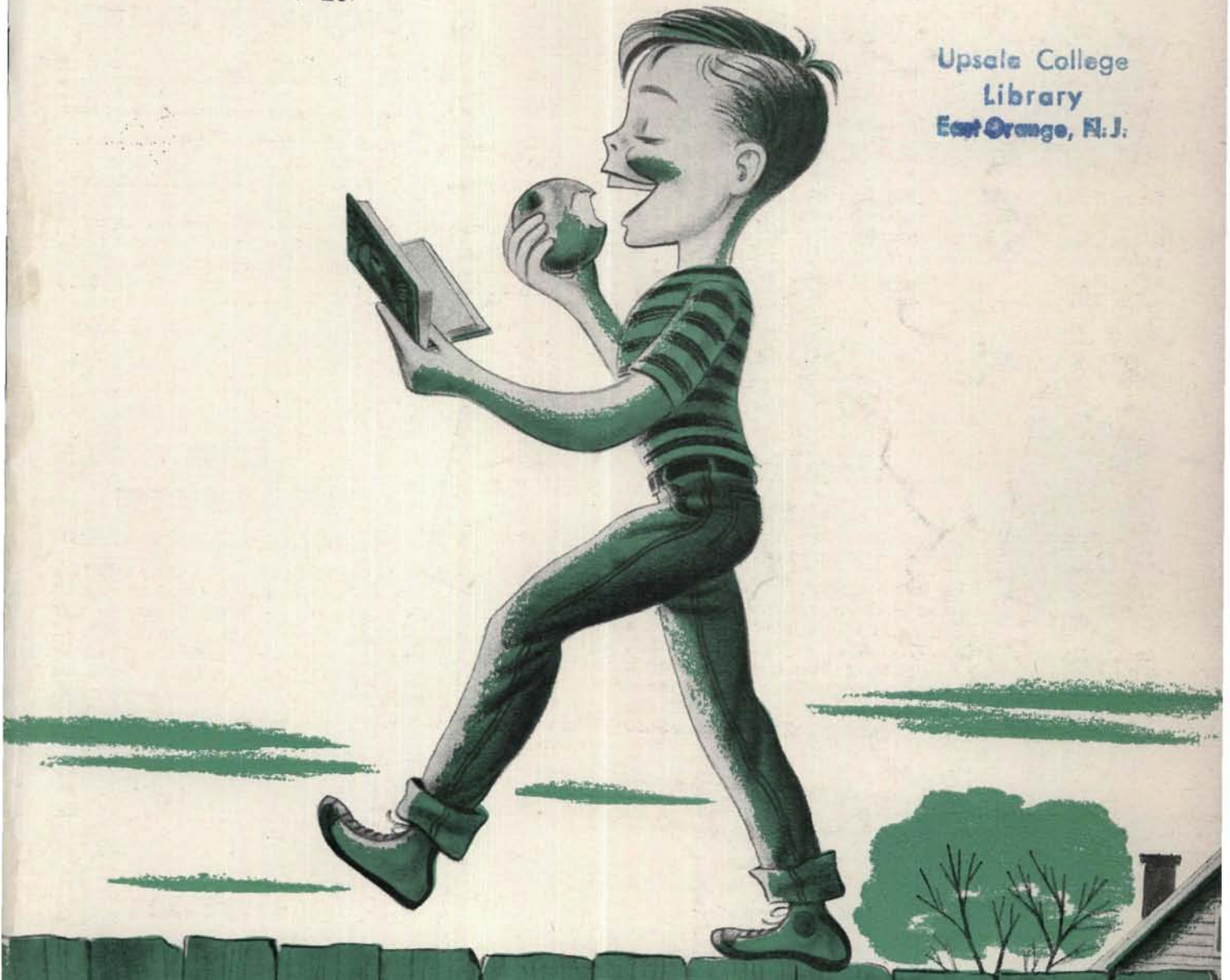

SPRING BOOKS

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Meet Six Macmillan Novelists Currently Making News

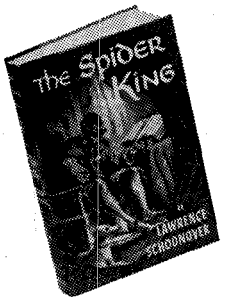
Vaughan Wilkins

author of *The City of Frozen Fire, And So — Victoria,* etc.

currently making news with Fanfare for a Witch

is a master plotter of historical fiction. *Fanfare for a Witch,* his latest foray into the past in search of adventure, has all the qualities that explain his perennial popularity; it is an imaginative reconstruction of history and sparkling entertainment focussed on early 18th century Hanoverian England. Wilkins never disappoints his large following which has learned from experience to expect from him superior fiction like *And So — Victoria.* $3.50

FANFARE for a WITCH



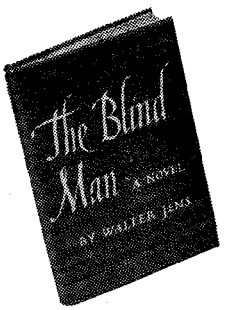
Lawrence Schoonover

author of *The Burnished Blade, The Gentle Infidel, The Golden Exile,* etc.

currently making news with The Spider King

needs little introduction to the readers who have thrilled to his many best-selling novels. In *The Spider King,* he tells the story of Louis XI of France with *"all the color, all the piled-up swift happenings, all the intrigue and the suspense that aficionados of cloak and dagger regard as their minimum demands. It is at the same time built upon a solid understanding of its subject and the time in which he lived." The New York Times.* $3.95

THE SPIDER KING



Walter Jens

currently making news with The Blind Man

has been compared to Stendhal — *poetic, powerful, deeply moving.* Arthur Koestler claims that Walter Jens "seems to me a fresh and remarkable talent." *The Blind Man,* his American debut, is the story of one man's search for true vision. It not only concerns the fate of an individual who has to rebuild his life in total darkness but it is symbolic of Germany's place in the modern world. *The Blind Man* is a short, profoundly moving fable for our time. $2.50

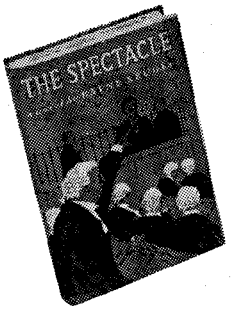
THE BLIND MAN

Ian Fleming

currently making news with Casino Royale

has written what Paul Gallico calls "the best gambling thriller I have ever read." How the Secret Service's one-man war against an implacable enemy is complicated by the dry riffle of cards, the soft whirr of the roulette wheel, the sharp call of the croupiers, the feverish mutter of the casino, and the inevitable woman makes *Casino Royale* a story that is really jet-propelled. When *Casino Royale* appeared in London it was a sensational *overnight* success. $2.75

CASINO ROYALE

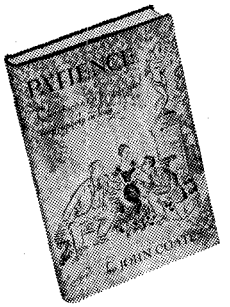


Rayne Kruger

currently making news with The Spectacle

". . . writes well, thinks seriously and feels sensitively," says *The Saturday Review. The Spectacle* introduces for the first time to American readers an English novelist who is destined to earn an enthusiastic following here. *The Spectacle* is a novel of shattering suspense . . . but it is more than *just* a thriller . . . "like Graham Greene's 'entertainments' and the best of Eric Ambler's spy stories, (it) is also a serious novel that legitimately uses the thriller technique."—*SR* $3.00

THE SPECTACLE



John Coates

currently making news with Patience

has been applauded on both sides of the Atlantic for his wit, freshness and understated sophistication. In *Patience,* his latest offering, he has fashioned a gaily rakish tale about an innocent charmer named Patience, a proper girl improperly in love. *Time for Tea,* his first novel to be published here, appeared in 1950, followed by *Here Today* and *Faithful in My Fashion.* His books have been called delightful, delicious, naughty, funny, fantastic and fabulous. $3.00

PATIENCE

On sale wherever books are sold **The Macmillan Company** *60 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N.Y.*

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SR's Library Poll

ONE of the most interesting features of this poll is that it serves to some extent to measure the lag between critical and popular acceptance. "Love Is a Bridge," by Charles B. Flood, a young man's first novel which concerns the life-story of some Massachusetts-men, collected critical raves when it was published months ago; it is only now appearing in *SR*'s poll.

TITLE AND AUTHOR

1. **Not As a Stranger**
   by Morton Thompson (F)*
2. **Tomorrow!**
   by Philip Wylie (F)
3. **The Power of Positive Thinking**
   by Norman Vincent Peale (G)**
4. **Sayonara**
   by James A. Michener (F)
5. **Lord Vanity**
   by Samuel Shellabarger (F)
6. **But We Were Born Free**
   by Elmer Davis (G)
7. **Seven Years in Tibet**
   by Heinrich Harrer (G)
8. **Life Is Worth Living**
   by Fulton J. Sheen (G)
9. **The Conquest of Everest**
   by John Hunt (G)
10. **The Doctors**
    by André Soubiran (F)
11. **The Man Who Never Was**
    by Ewen Montagu (G)
12. **Flying Saucers from Outer Space**
    by D. E. Keyhoe (G)
13. **Fire in the Ashes**
    by Theodore H. White (G)
14. **Battle Cry**
    by Leon Uris (F)
15. **Ambassador's Report**
    by Chester Bowles (G)
16. **The Mind Alive**
    by Harry and Bonaro Overstreet (G)
17. **The Lady of Arlington**
    by Harnett Kane (F)
18. **The Caine Mutiny**
    by Herman Wouk (F)
19. **The Devil's Laughter**
    by Frank Yerby (F)
20. **Love Is a Bridge**
    by Charles B. Flood (F)

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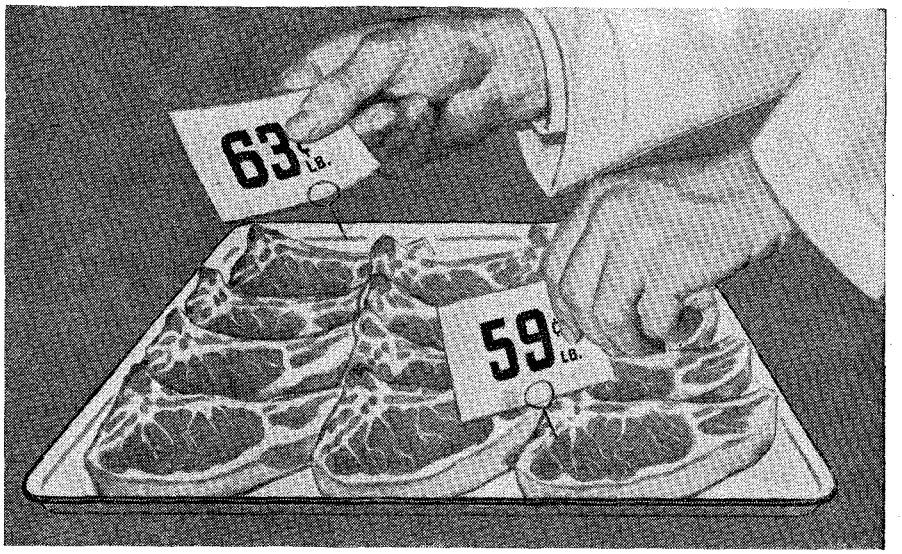
* (F)—Fiction
** (G)—General

Why do meat prices change so often?



Here's the answer...

Hogs Zoom On Light Supplies
By the Associated Press
This newspaper item appeared Monday, Jan. 11
Hog Prices Tumble on Huge Overrun
By the Associated Press
Hog prices dropped Tuesday as salable receipts totaled 17,000 head, largest for a Tuesday in
This one appeared the very next day

As these newspaper clippings so clearly show, the *amount of meat there is to buy* varies widely from day to day.

Peoples' appetite for meat, on the other hand, changes very slowly. They *want* about the same amount of meat one day to the next, but they don't always *buy* the same amount. The price determines that.

When supplies go *down* and prices go *up* people buy a little *less* meat. If they didn't, retailers would soon have empty counters.

When supplies go up, lower prices encourage people to buy *more* meat. If they didn't, some of the meat would remain unsold and spoil.

So, if your meat money doesn't buy as many pork chops today as it did yesterday—or last month—you'll know it's simply because there are fewer pork chops to buy. If it buys more, it's because there are more to buy. There are always more of some cuts and kinds than of others. These are your meat man's "specials." Watch for them and take advantage of them.

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Every now and then you get the idea that radio people *hate* good reviews. Let the reviewers praise a program, and, bingo, it's either dropped or switched to 11:30 p.m., Tuesday.

Take Leon Pearson, NBC's "Critic At Large," the only network book critic. His program has been praised so often it has been shoved all over the schedule. Currently, it's at the end of "Weekend," between 5:45 and 6 p.m. (EST) Sunday. Try it for perceptive comment and up-to-date news on books, plays, magazines and movies.

¶ On the other hand, the history of CBS's "Invitation to Learning" offers some hope. Although a longtime critics' favorite, it has stayed pretty well put. Its intelligent discussion of worthwhile books now comes at 11:35 a.m. (EST) Sunday, and is well worth getting up that early to hear.

¶ Sunday afternoon begins and ends with these programs. In between you can do the crossword, or lie down with the comics over your head and listen to the Philharmonic. Or you can read a book.

¶ If you do the last, you might try Anchor Books. This series of paper books for the serious reader offers, for less than a dollar, such excellent works as "The Lonely Crowd," Gide's "Lafcadio's Adventures" and Lionel Trilling's "The Liberal Imagination."

Six new Anchor Books have been issued. They include "The Mind of the South," Malinowski's "Magic, Science and Religion," W. J. Turner's "Mozart," and "Teacher in America" by Jacques Barzun.

There are now 30 Anchor Books. If you would like a complete list, a postcard to me will bring you one by return mail.

L. L. Day
EDITOR-AT-LARGE

Send your request for the Anchor Books list to L. L. Day, Doubleday & Company, 575 Madison Avenue, New York 22, N.Y. Anchor Books, published by Doubleday, are available at all bookstores.

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The Saturday Review

APRIL 10, 1954

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TRADE Winds

RIBS STILL ACHING from two very recent, very funny British films ("Genevieve" and "The Final Test"), I'm now brought up short by what is either the latest expression of deadpan English humor or an unusual example of an Englishman missing the point. A couple of months ago I reported in this space that Frank Kelly of the American Book Publishers' Council suggested that the reissue of Margaret Mitchell's modern classic be called "Gone With the Second Wind." Mr. Kelly was making a joke and, as a joke, I passed it on. Now *The Bookseller* of London announces that "Gone With the Wind" will be reissued here under the title "Gone With the Second Wind." Who's kidding who?

THERE'S NO QUESTION about who's doing the kidding in H. Allen Smith's latest and extremely funny book, "The Compleat Practical Joker." I wonder how many of its readers realized that the two blank pages occurring suddenly at two points in the book were most deliberately left blank by order of the author who felt that it would be incompleat to write about practical jokes without performing one while doing so. I wonder, also, how many of the readers who observed those blank pages lowered the book for a moment and mused about how, with this act, Mr. Smith had picked up the mantle of Laurence Sterne and gracefully flung it around his own deserving shoulders.

CLIFTON FADIMAN has published two and is about to publish a third article about puns in *Holiday*—or as they say in one of Mr. Fadiman's other media "on another network." These puns have ranged from the brilliantly erudite to the downright atrocious. An atrocious one which Fadiman either missed or spurned is to be

found, I am told, in Larry Adler's forthcoming autobiography, "Hand to Mouth." It concerns a shepherd who was trying to get his flock home during a blinding snow storm. As he came to the edge of a lake he discovered that it was frozen and knew that if he could get the sheep to cross on it much time would be saved. As he was trying to haul the leader down the bank a local farmer rushed out and said: "See here, you can't pull the wool over my ice."

THAT THERE IS PLENTY OF DETECTIVE WORK to be done in the field of history and biography was eloquently dramatized by the late Josephine Tey in her novel "Daughter of Time" published more than a year ago. In this truly great detective novel, a Scotland Yard inspector who is bedridden for some weeks addresses himself to the ancient murder of the two princes in the Tower and comes up with a brilliant solution which would seem to justify rewriting a slice of English history.

The serious biographer does this kind of detective work constantly. A perfect example is suggested by a letter which John Harold Wilson wrote his editor, Sheila Cudahy of Farrar, Straus & Young, who are about to publish Mr. Wilson's "A Rake and His Times." The rake referred to is the Second Duke of Buckingham, a gentleman noted equally for his exploits in the boudoir and on the dueling field—the one scene frequently following the other in quite logical sequence. Mr. Wilson, in his letter to Miss Cudahy, writes of Buckingham: "He was, like most people, a mixture of good and bad. Take one example, however, of undeserved ill-treatment. Everybody else assumed that he was actually guilty of treasonable plotting with the astrologer Heydon. I went delving into the Public Record Office, where Heydon's, Leving's, and other letters are still kept. The search I made had all the excitement of a detective story, as bit by bit the picture of Arlington's perfidy unrolled and I saw how cleverly Buckingham had been framed. The search led me to the Carte MSS in the Bodleian Library, where I found the letters by the plotters that clinched the case." Mr. Wilson is no newcomer to the Restoration. His earlier book about Nell Gwyn thoroughly established his scholarship in the period that was first reported by Samuel Pepys.

IF YOU WERE ON THE CHRISTMAS CARD LIST of New Directions, you received a little pamphlet reproducing a few items from Gustave Flaubert's "Dictionary of Accepted Ideas." Now New Directions has published the dictionary complete, translated and with an introduction by Jacques Barzun. It's not only very amusing, it also proves that old clichés never die. Just

NOTES from CALIFORNIA

▶ Confronting us is an assortment of some of our recent publications, dumped together on our desk as a result of the vagaries of authors, editors, and printers. Our job is to select a couple and tie them together into a column that will delight the eye and arouse the acquisitive instinct.

▶ In **Michele Barbi's "Life of Dante"** ($3.00), Paul G. Ruggiers makes available to English-speaking readers a work by Italy's preëminent Dante scholar. In its compactness, unity, and scholarly combination of the best of the early commentators with the findings of modern research, this work is probably unsurpassed among the many books on Dante.

▶ At this point, certain frivolous and irreverent thoughts stir in our mind. Beatrice, in the words of Barbi, was exalted by Dante as a creature sent to earth by God not only for the welfare of her faithful lover, but for all those who might be disposed by nature to appreciate her noble qualities. This must have been something of a strain on the lady.

▶ The American Indian seems to have had a less exalted approach to love. In **Indian Legends of the Pacific Northwest**, by Ella E. Clark ($4.50), we read of the marriage of a maiden to a man who already had one wife at home. Needless to say, the two wives came to blows and the new wife sensibly took herself off. The Great Changer, as a punishment, changed the runaway wife into a snow-capped mountain. The touch we appreciate is that the husband was also turned into a mountain peak—because he could not control his wives and keep peace in his lodge. Just where that left wife number one is not explained.

▶ This story is one of a collection of more than one hundred tribal tales which the Indians of Washington and Oregon have, for generations, told around their winter fires for entertainment and instruction.

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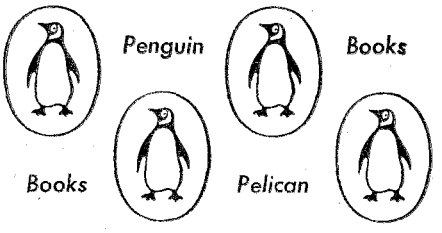

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THE LEGACY OF THE ANCIENT WORLD by W. G. deBurgh. A comprehensive introduction to the founders of Western civilization in Israel, Greece and Rome. Two vols. Each 65¢.

LITERATURE OF THE UNITED STATES by Marcus Cunliffe. A general introduction to the main themes and figures of the American literary scene. (*April*). 85¢.

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to select a few trite and true items from Flaubert: he defines an instrument as something which, when used to commit a crime, is always blunt—unless it happens to be sharp; he points out that to be an early riser is taken as a sign of good morals—if one goes to bed at four in the morning and rises at eight, one is considered a shiftless type, whereas, if one goes to bed at nine in the evening and gets up the next day at five, this is a sign of hardiness. One cliché, however, that no longer has the meaning it had for Flaubert's time is his reference to late evenings. Flaubert says that they are "decent only in the country." This may have been perfectly true of nineteenth-century France but quite meaningless in commuting twentieth-century America.

Incidentally, Flaubert defines a scaffold as a place upon which one should manage to say a few eloquent words before dying. Which recalls Ben Hecht's story (in his forthcoming "Child of the Century") of the Chicago dentist, a Negro gentleman of great dignity and calm who, found guilty of murder and condemned to be hanged, stood upon the trapdoor and was asked by the executioner if he had any word to say. The dentist, according to Hecht, never losing his faraway gaze, replied simply, "Not at this time."

It is a reasonable assumption that Mr. Hecht is now writing Marilyn Monroe's life story to be published by Doubleday. It will be signed by Miss Monroe and titled "My Life." In it, telling about her schooldays, she says, "One day I wore a sweater to school and everybody looked at me as if I had two heads."

TWO THINGS THE CENSORS OF BOOKS never seem to learn: one, publicly to accuse a book of obscenity is to insure it a wider reading than it otherwise would have; two, if a book is suspected of obscenity, it can be brought to trial and, if the evidence warrants, it can be found guilty and removed from the public's reach. This second point, of course, refers to due process of law, which has existed about as long as any other worthwhile Anglo-American institution, but the self-appointed censors seem never to have heard about it.

It's news when a writer of world renown suggests censorship. The newspapers of the day this column goes to press report that Ernest Hem-

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ingway has joined in the outcry against the erection of a Frank Lloyd Wright building on the Grand Canal in Venice. Hemingway is quoted as saying that, if the building is built, it should subsequently be burned down. Presumably Mr. Hemingway opposes book-burning and the chances are that he made his arsonous comment tongue-in-cheek. For what is the difference between burning one form of art and burning another? To that question, he might reply that if you don't like a book, you can ignore it; but no visitor to Venice could easily ignore a structure on the Grand Canal. The answer to that one would be, of course, that the citizens of Venice should either take their complaint to the courts and obtain a ruling based on existing zoning laws or attempt to make a case for destruction of present and long-established realty values. To all of this Hemingway could answer that he has suggested the burning down of a building in the only city where one cannot possibly burn to the ground!

One of the most notable instances of censorship *cum* bestsellerdom occurred in 1944 when Reynal & Hitchcock published Lillian Smith's "Strange Fruit." Because it was a fine and dramatic novel, because it told a vital story, "Strange Fruit" doubtless would have been a big best seller in its own right. But Lillian Smith, a gentlewoman among gentlewomen, had used, accurately and necessarily, a well-known, abrupt, and precise verb at one point in the book. Certain prurient people in Boston objected and the book was banned in that city. There was no telling how much of the 700,000 sale which the original edition most honestly deserved was gained for it by that banning.

A few months after "Strange Fruit" was banned, Curtice Hitchcock had an opportunity seldom offered any man. He was being interviewed on a local New York station about the publication of "Strange Fruit" and its history as a best seller. In the course of his remarks, the late Mr. Hitchcock made passing reference to the Boston banning saying that a certain word had been objected to up there. The radio interviewer, who evidently hadn't read the book or heard the story and needed to fill in a few minutes at the end of Mr. Hitchcock's remarks asked brightly, "And tell us, Mr. Hitchcock, what was the word they objected to in Boston?" Mr. Hitchcock paused for a moment, looked thoughtfully at the microphone before him, and considered this opportunity to write his name indelibly in the history of communication. And then he changed the subject.

—ALAN GREEN.

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FICTION NOTES FROM ALL OVER

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The Coasts of the Earth

ITALY: Tombolo, remote forest rimmed by the salt marshes of Pisa, is the ultimate point of refuge during the Italian campaign. To this isolated barbaric universe come those who cannot live within the law, the restless deserters, the scheming giants, the lovers cast out by the world. Their story forms a novel of great distinction, the first novel by **Nicholas Fersen.** ($3.00)

Tombolo

BEVERLY HILLS: This "par" for **Speed Lamkin** is supplied eloquently by the Saturday Review Syndicate, discussing an Easter Egg Hunt. "A sardonic look at what used to be the mecca of millions, it is a poised, barbed piece of writing by a novelist who knows what he wants to do and does it . . . As a picture of the frantic, frenzied life in Hollywood, circa pre-television, the book is so true as to be good, and its headlong narrative keeps it plunging ahead to the end." ($3.50)

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Rainbow on the Road

BOSTON: From the lodging houses on the once elegant Victorian squares south of Back Bay to the icy train sheds of North Station, this is the novel of a lonely odyssey through the city that lies beyond Beacon Hill. Houghton Mifflin Literary Fellowship Award by **Siegel Fleisher.** ($3.50)

The Lion and the Honeycomb

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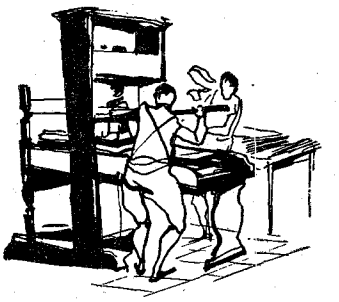
The Saturday Review
APRIL 10, 1954



PUBLISHING IN THE GOOD OLD DAYS

By MARCHETTE CHUTE

As a by-product of the research that went into her books "Shakespeare of London" and "Ben Jonson of Westminster," Marchette Chute has written for SR *an account of the Elizabethan book business, when printing was cheap and royalties nonexistent.*

THE average American publisher does not have an easy time of it. He is not a completely happy man, whether he is charging about the country trying to find new writers, apologizing to his salesmen for the mistakes on last year's list, or merely sitting quietly at his desk brooding over the printing bills. Printing and binding costs have soared skyward, but who can argue with the unions? Authors demand unreasonable contracts and rage when their books are not given full-page advertisements, but who can argue with writers? His most hopeful title of the year is dismissed with a shrug of contempt by the critics, but who can argue with reviewers?

There is little a publisher can do to relieve his feelings, but if he is in a nostalgic mood his thoughts might turn wistfully back to the days of his predecessors, those happy, carefree men who lived in the spacious days of good Queen Bess. In merry old England there were no labor troubles with the unions because there were no unions. The men who worked the printing presses could not go on strike or look elsewhere for work, and a sheet and a half was printed at a standard rate of one penny. The authors did not get royalties, there were no reviewers, and the advertising consisted of a copy of the title page of the book stuck up on the nearest post.

In those days it was the publishers themselves who were organized. The men who printed and published books belonged to the Company of Stationers, which was one of the great London guilds and ranked just behind the Poulterers in dignity. The company had its own coat of arms, ornamented with roses and a dove descending from a cloud to hover over three clasped books. It had its own hall in the heart of the publishing district, a building so well equipped and so spacious that the company sometimes made a little extra money by renting it out to wedding parties. It had its own livery of blue and scarlet, and on state occasions the officers of the company and some of its handsomer members were expected to report on horseback, in velvet coats with chains of gold, when Queen Elizabeth rode in procession.

Apart from these outward symbols of elegance and respectability, the London publishers enjoyed all the practical advantages of belonging to a tightly knit, self-policing union. They had a virtual monopoly of all the books published in England, since no presses were permitted anywhere else in the kingdom except one at Oxford and one at Cambridge. They controlled competition by an elaborate hierarchy that reached up through the various ranks of the company, and they policed their own members through a court made up of the Common Council of the company. The decisions of the court were enforced by two officers named wardens, and under their alert jurisdiction a member could even be fined eightpence for "uncourteous words."

SAFELY tucked into his membership in the Company of Stationers, the London publisher should have been a happy man. Protected from undue competition, free to walk in special regalia, safe even from the rude remarks of his fellow members, and with such riff-raff as authors and typesetters kept firmly in their place, what need did he have of anything more?

Yet the publishers had one thing more. They had a stove in the kitchen of Stationers' Hall. Like any good

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family stove, it was used for cooking purposes, but it had one other function that was neither innocent nor domestic. It was used for burning books.

For the Stationers' Company had everything except liberty. Its members could not publish the books they wished to publish but only the ones a paternal Government allowed them to publish. An elaborate network had been set up to keep every publication in England under Government control, and if a book managed to slip through the net it was promptly burned.

The Stationers' Company was itself a part of this network of censorship. It had not been given a charter for the pleasure of its members, so that they could go about in velvet and sport a coat of arms. The Government had issued the charter so that it could weld the publishing business into a small, tight organization that could be easily watched and that could be forced to police its own members. In fact, the preamble to the charter frankly stated that the Government's purpose was to control those "scandalous, malicious, schismatical, and heretical persons" who tried to publish books that were contrary to the official policy of the Crown.

THE Government obviously hoped that as soon as the publishers were presented with the honor of a royal charter they would bow their heads and behave like respectful and obedient children. Most of them did. But, as the Crown glumly noted, there still remained some "contentious and disorderly persons" in the book business who resisted censorship. A whole series of minor ordinances had no effect on them, and the Government was finally forced to issue a Star Chamber decree on the subject.

The Star Chamber decree was brisk and specific. If a publisher tried to set up a press outside London he would go to prison for a year without bail. If he tried to set up a press inside London and did not notify the authorities of its existence within ten days he would go to prison for a year without bail. If he tried to print any book without getting a license for its publication from the Bishop of London and the Archbishop of Canterbury he would go to prison for six months and be dismissed from the printing trade. (The workman who bound the book got off rather more lightly. He was subjected to only three months in prison.)

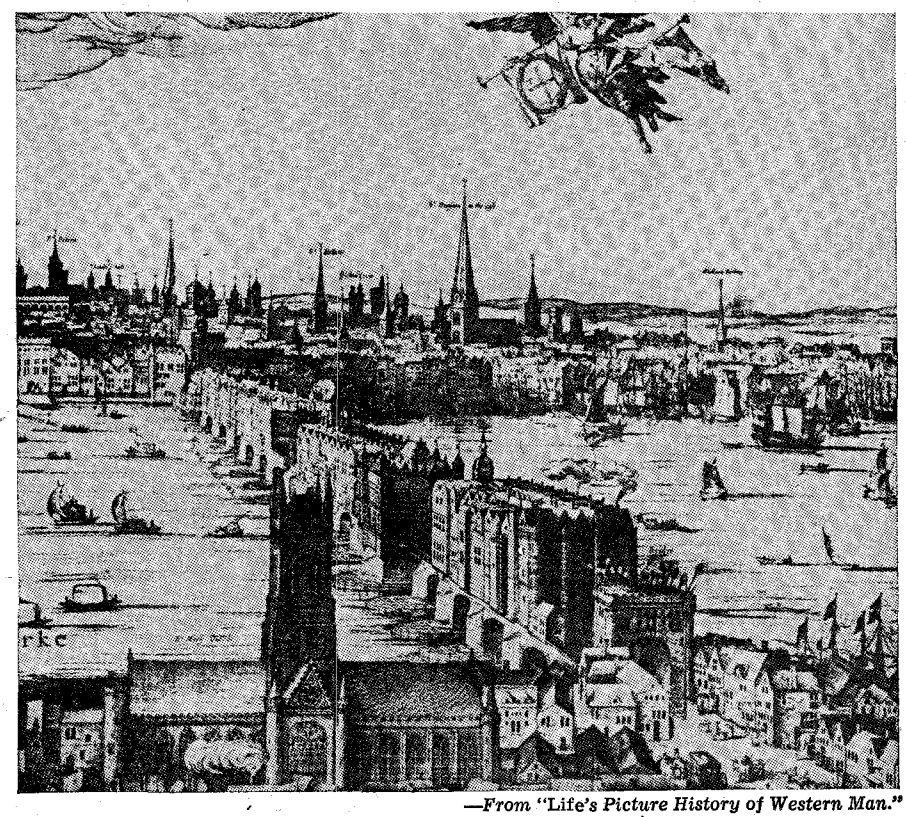
While the offending publisher was being taken away to prison, it was the duty of the company wardens to see that all copies of his book were collected and burned in the kitchen of Stationers' Hall. It was also their business to drag his press there and render it useless—"melted, sawn in pieces, broken, or battered at the smith's forge." The printing type, being smaller and more portable, was sometimes harder for the company wardens to track down. Roger Ward, for instance, kept his type successfully hidden for a time in a henhouse near a church, while Robert Waldegrave slipped a box of it under his cloak while his press was being seized and smuggled it out to temporary safety. But the company wardens were diligent men, and since they were printers themselves they knew how to rout out the secret presses and destroy them.

Metal presses are stubborn things, difficult to destroy, and so are books. But the Elizabethan Government found it easier to dispose of the metal and the paper than they did of some of the publishers. It is true that most of the members of the Stationers' Company were businessmen, quite content as long as their monopolies were protected and competition kept out. But here and there in the publishing business there were individuals who were eccentric enough to take the coat of arms of the company seriously. The clasped books and the heavenly dove symbolized "light" and some of the men in the book business behaved accordingly.

They did not fare well. A very distinguished member of the company, Thomas Vautrollier, had to flee to Scotland to escape imprisonment, because he published four books written by that lovely and herioc spirit Giordano Bruno. William Page was led to Westminster and had his right hand chopped off, because he had published a book which criticized one of the potential husbands of the Queen. Peter Bullock was hanged at Tyburn "for printing of books offensive," and William Carter was in and out of prison for years because some of the books he published were critical of the Government's policies. The Bishop of London wrote anxious reports to the head of the Privy Council about the "naughty" books that Carter was issuing, and finally the Government decided he was too dangerous to be left alive. One winter day he was tried at Old Bailey and sentenced to death, and the following morning he was drawn from Newgate prison out to Tyburn, where he was hanged, disemboweled, and quartered.

SOMETIMES even a careful and conservative publisher found himself caught up in the net of censorship and sent to prison when he least expected it. John Wolfe, for instance, published a most exemplary life of King Henry the Fourth and was happily contemplating a best seller. He ordered a second printing of fifteen hundred copies since, as Wolfe said, "No book ever sold better." There had been some slight difficulty with the Government, because the author had dedicated the book to the Earl of Essex, who happened to be in disfavor at

(*Continued on page* 54)



—From "Life's Picture History of Western Man."

London in the sixteenth century as seen from Southwark (London Bridge in center).

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FRANK CROWNINSHIELD

By GEOFFREY T. HELLMAN, *staff writer on* The New Yorker *and author of "How to Disappear for an Hour."*

AMONG other attractions, Frank Crowninshield was one of the most graceful speakers around. He was an urbane and lively toastmaster, with a sure wit, often exercised, and he was also a rather unscrupulous one. Over a period of something like fifty years, he publicly proposed toasts and ostensibly drank to the health of everyone from Teddy Roosevelt to Gypsy Rose Lee, but no drop of alcohol ever sullied his throat. He took the pledge when he was ten, out of politeness. His maternal grandmother had taken him to a prohibition rally in Boston where the chief speaker asked people who would undertake never to swallow a drink the rest of their lives to stand up. Frank's grandmother got up, and the lad, who had been taught never to remain seated in the presence of a standing lady, rose automatically. He was later ribbed for his stand, and he resolved to stick to it when he reached man's estate. For half a century, at the banquets which he rescued from boredom with his presence, he simply raised the glass to his lips, assumed a genial expression, and sardonically watched his fellow guests trifle with their health. He never preached what he practised. He served liquor to his friends, and he even went so far as to write forewords to books on food and wine in which he knowingly proclaimed the superiority of burgundy to Scotch, and the unbeatable quality of French champagnes, none of which he ever touched.

Crowninshield had a gift for friendship and he had an enormous number of friends of all ages and sizes. He was for the entire twenty-two years of its existence the editor of *Vanity Fair*, and after that a major contributor to *Vogue*, so many of his friends were writers and artists, but he also tolerated bankers, publishers, lawyers, architects, cotillion leaders, and daughters of the original Commodore Vanderbilt. He and Condé Nast, with whom he shared an apartment for several years, used to mix up various categories of people at parties they gave in the Twenties. This was the beginning of café society, which has since degenerated. Crowninshield was a pioneering editor. He attracted to *Vanity Fair* many young writers who later became famous. His magazine was the first to publish Robert Benchley, Robert Sherwood, Dorothy Parker, Corey Ford, Donald Ogden Stewart, Thomas Beer, Carl Carmer, Thomas Wolfe, and Edmund Wilson. He was the first to bring to American magazine readers Aldous Huxley, Noel Coward, P. G. Wodehouse, William Bolitho, Ferenc Molnar, and Colette. He was also the first American to publish reproductions of Picasso, Van Gogh, Matisse, Gauguin, Rouault, and a whole bunch of others, at a time when they were not well known. "Crownie discovers people before they discover themselves," Nast once said.

I talked to a lot of Crowninshield's friends one time when I was doing a piece on him, and read what they and others had had to say about him, and I will therefore produce, or adduce, a few exhibits.

CLARE LUCE, who was one of his managing editors on *Vanity Fair*, wrote: "Crownie, Frank, or Uncle Frank as he is known in his various incarnations, is somebody I dearly like to talk about. The one scene above all I yearn to describe is the drama that was enacted weekly in the offices of *Vanity Fair* when a smooth but obdurate Mr. Crowninshield tried to sell a ruffled but equally obdurate Mr. Nast on his latest Modigliani or Chirico which he wanted to publish in four colors in *Vanity Fair*. The technique of the sale, which Crownie generally made, was as graceful and as enchanting and as mysterious to the onlooker as magician Mulholland's canary-cage trick. And, incidentally, Mulholland was a great Crowninshield crony. He used to come to office luncheons where he did card tricks while Crownie passed around his African sculptures between the scrambled eggs and the ice cream. Twixt card tricks and African sculpture, Mr. Crowninshield laid glibly before the editors, for their distracted consideration, the serious articles on labor, politics, and science which Mr. Nast was then ordering from Jay Franklin, Walter Lippmann, and Matthew Woll, in the days when not only *Vanity Fair* was dying, but the very world it stood for. Mr. Crowninshield, alas, was not the man to outflank the world of Mrs. Astor and Mrs. Van Rensselaer, even with the help of Matthew Woll. He was spiritually, if not intellectually, too much a part of that world.

"... not the man to outflank Mrs. Astor ..."

"For the rest, he is the most thoughtful, punctilious, and at the

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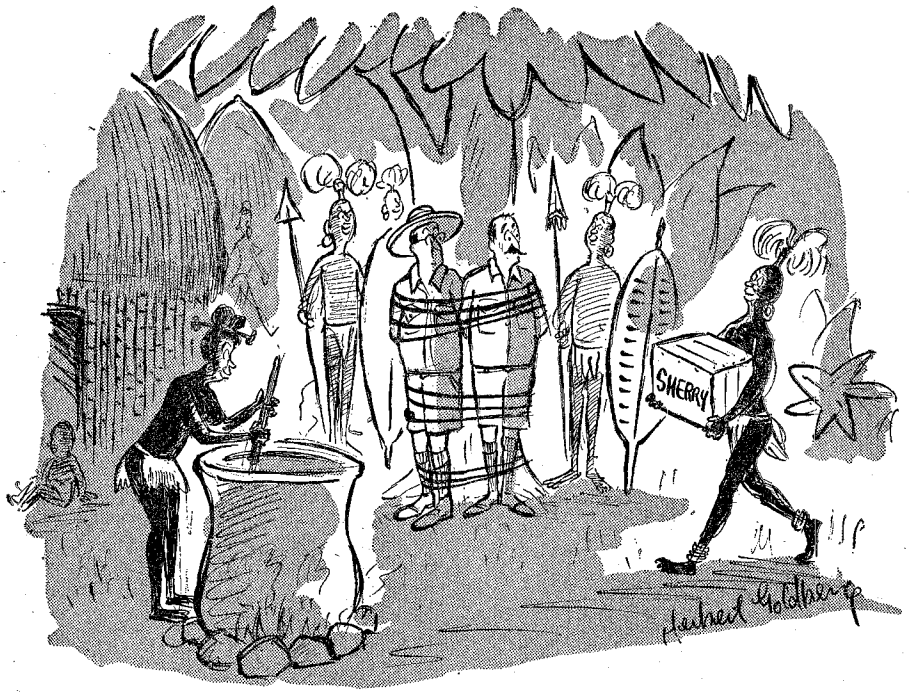

same time whimsical man who ever lived. He is the last and probably the greatest of a species which is rapidly disappearing all over the world known as 'the gentleman'."

THE next memorandum is from Mr. Nast: "A trait in F.C. which has always struck me is his concern over the aged, the sick, the underprivileged, and forlorn. (His friendships with servants seem always as close as those he maintains with their employers.) He has a remarkable way of continuing an active contact with old friends. A happy result, for our publishing organization, has been that if a friendly contact had to be established he seemed certain either to know the men and women we were after, or to sense, exactly, how to bring them into line. It was always, for example, easy for him to persuade Joseph H. Choate to write for us, or Irene Castle to pose for photographs, or John Sargent to permit our use of his sketches, or Joe Louis to pass an hour or two before the cameras in our studio, or persuade August Belmont and Harry Payne Whitney to cooperate in photographing their horses in their stables, or Isadora Duncan to help in a benefit dance recital, or Geraldine Farrar to do us any order of favor."

Crowninshield was an indefatigable and ruthless golfer, and in this connection Benchley once wrote: "The same freedom from convention and restraint which has marked his editorial products is a noticeable feature of his golf game, and the reaction of a golf ball to his singular personality is considered nothing short of remarkable. He can, without the aid of an assistant, cause a golf ball to wound birds on the wing, sail through open windows, disappear absolutely on level stretches of green, fly backward, and break into four equal parts."

Benchley also wrote, of another side of Crowninshield: "At the risk of being exiled to Lake Mahopac when the great proletarian revolution breaks, he still maintains a certain touching faith in the—so to speak—aristocracy of America. If a rich man has good taste, he is just as worthy, in the eyes of Frank Crowninshield, as a man who has no money at all. He is like that in everything—broad-minded."

Robert Simon, the publisher, said, "He can order a can of sardines and give you the impression that it is a distinguished and festive thing to do."

Mrs. Edna Woolman Chase, when she was editor of *Vogue*: "He hated fountain pens and never listened to the radio. He'd reach back into a rich background of friendships and information and always pull out the right answer for you. He'd sign acceptances to dinner parties 'Vishinsky' and write, 'Please submit the names of your other guests and the seating arrangements.' He'd step on my toes in a crowded elevator and say loudly, 'Give me back my latchkey, you wicked woman.' "

Miss Caroline Duer: "He pretended to drink at Mamie Fish's dinners. He is fearless in his opinions, and always willing to listen."

A girl in Crowninshield's office: "He'd bring ghastly African masks to the office, and the girls had to put them on. Oh, the things I've had to admire there! He was always bringing in paintings and books. He was sort of cold if you didn't react right. But it was fun working there—we laughed all day long, the work wasn't hard, everyone was witty, and Crowninshield was the core of it."

Westbrook Pegler, in the days when he was feeling more cheerful: "There are two men in New York who are recognized as the nicest, politest, most gentlemanly gentlemen in town. You could run them through a wringer and analyze the juice and never find a drop of dirt, vulgarity, or poison. The other one is Mr. Walter Trumbull. . . . If you have never seen Mr. Crowninshield and Mr. Trumbull in action, in the finals of a politeness tournament in somebody's penthouse, then all you have seen in the way of manners is at best merely the rough-and-tumble deportment of a lot of bums. They are that far in front of the next man. It is Moody and Jacobs, McLarnin and Ross when Mr. Crowninshield and Mr. Trumbull come down to the championship, with first Mr. Crowninshield winning by a mere inflection, then Mr. Trumbull taking back the title by beating him to it in lighting a match for his opponent's cigarette."

As a matter of fact, Crowninshield didn't smoke. Young people often came to him with their troubles, ranging from financial to matrimonial, and he would generally ascribe these, reprovingly, to the use of tobacco. As another matter of fact, Crowninshield's politeness covered a lot of iron. "I am not as genial as I seem," he once said to a friend. He had an enormous amount of energy, and he was an extraordinarily meticulous editor. He edited his own letters, sometimes crossing out adjective after adjective, and substituting others, until he came back to the original one. He used to smell his mail before opening it. "This is from a chorus girl," he would sniff, "and this is from a lady."

CROWNINSHIELD was one of the four founders—and what Harrie Lindeberg, the architect, calls the Mother Superior—of the Coffee House, which opened its doors, or door, a little over thirty-eight years ago. He had just written an article for the *Sun* which shows what he *wasn't* aiming at in the way of a club. "When I think of the clubs which I have joined (or visited)," he wrote, "a strange lassitude and weariness lay hold of me—a feeling of mild but abject despair, for it is a saddening truth that the

(*Continued on page* 64)

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SPANISH

Without Tears, Verbs, or Nouns, To Say Nothing of Infinitives

By GODDARD LIEBERSON

In addition to holding down the executive vice-presidency of Columbia Records, Inc., Goddard Lieberson finds time to write books (a novel and a guide to music) and articles, as witness the linguistic escapade below.

AIR hostesses have not, in the past, really meant much in my life. Oh, now and then one has awakened me from a sound sleep to ask if I'd like to read the *National Geographic* or *Boy's Life,* and occasionally a particularly pert little number has winked and wrinkled her nose at me reassuringly as one of the four motors burst into flames, but otherwise I have left them to the keep of the hearty fellow from Texas who somehow manages to be on each of my air trips.

But every road, even where there are no roads, must have a turning, and on a recent air-trip to Mexico a hostess, not unlike all other hostesses, suddenly became for me a singular human being, the instrument, indeed, for a revolutionary change in the learning of foreign languages. For she it was who handed me a booklet, prepared by the Pan-American Airways, modestly titled "Dictionary: English-Spanish." Nothing extraordinary, you'd say. Quite. But this dictionary immediately fired my imagination, for it is designed to act in two directions: for the English-speaking who know no Spanish, and for the Spanish-speaking who know no English. Furthermore, a phonetical pronunciation is given for both languages.

It was this latter device which immediately caught my attention, and engendered an idea which will, in the future, at modest calculation, make foreign-language study, as it is now known, a dead art, *de trop,* as useless as a *phrase utile.*

Through my reading of the PAA Dictionary I perceived at once that the problem of learning languages had in the past been attacked at its most resistant and invulnerable point —which is to say, at the level of grammar and vocabulary. Hosts of students have been going to the bother of trying to memorize some rubbishy foreign words and phrases (hardly pronounceable) which happen to be used by foreign people who are either too lazy or too ill equipped to learn a proper English. With my newly evolved system none of that would be necessary! I threw my hat (in my mind's eye, of course) fifteen-thousand feet into the air (we were already at fourteen thousand nine hundred and ninety-eight feet) and grabbed my astonished seat neighbor by the arm and said, "No more verbs! No more infinitives! Good-bye to conjugations! Eureka!" He reacted poorly. Nevertheless, I was in an absolute frenzy, for as I studied the booklet the following brilliant theory had taken form in my brain: Instead of working long fruitless hours learning Spanish, WHY NOT SPEAK ENGLISH AS THE MEXICANS DO. As simple as that! And here was this splendid little book to lead the way.

Now, theory is one thing and practice another, so I could hardly wait for the opportunity to put my idea to the supreme test. Turning once more to my rheumy-eyed neighbor, I asked impatiently, "Will this plane never get there?"

"Never," he replied, and went back to his reading of the Bible.

Despite his dour mysticism (for I could look upon his reply as nothing else) we were soon, as one lady in the plane said, in the land of the Incas (a migratory people, who left behind Aztec and Mayan ruins as they went from country to country). We were on the ground, and my moment had come. A customs official, polite but curt, said to us, "*A la dereche.*" After consulting my dictionary I went up to him and said smartly, "*Tu di rait?*" (to the right?) "*Sí Señor,*" he replied. It was working!

BUT thrilled as I was I needed more proof, and in my enthusiasm—perhaps overenthusiasm—made my first mistake. I noticed a fellow standing apart who was wearing a strange uniform. I approached him with an unlit cigarette in my hand, and asked politely, "*Du yu jav ei mach?*"

He looked startled, and for a moment my heart sank as my theory seemed to totter. But when he answered, "No hablo español," I sighed with relief, and discovered later that he was a member of the British Air Force. I promised myself to be more careful in the future, and went up to the desk of the Mexican Airways behind which stood a young official, neatly costumed in a khaki shirt with rolled-up sleeves, a ball-point pen, and a loosened tie, on the face of which was told a poignant story of a sunset falling behind a Mexican cowboy riding his horse through a high stand of cactus. Quite moving. He also wore a very thin black moustache on his upper lip, and a rather good-sized diamond ring on the middle finger of his right hand. I felt sure I had made no mistake here.

"*Du yu spik Inglish?*" I enquired.

"*Ai zink so,*" he answered—and I knew then that I was on safe ground.

I plunged onward: "*Ai guish to chek mai be-guech, plis. Ai jav zri sut-keis.*"

"*Sí Señor*", he answered, obviously

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pleased with my speech, *"Ueit jir, plis."*

Now, as you probably know, it is one thing to speak a language and quite another to understand it when spoken. His last phrase rather threw me, so I had to ask, *"Ripit, plis."*

Patiently, he said, *"Ueit jir, plis."*

"Oh," I shouted, "wait here. Certainly, certainly." In my excitement at understanding, I had lapsed into my mother tongue. I quickly countered this by saying *"Meny zannks."* And he, in his excitement, said, *"De nada,"* which is "Don't mention it," in Spanish. These were natural mistakes for both of us to make, but despite these little peccadillos I felt we were getting on famously, and my theory seemed to hold up extremely well when put into practice.

IT WOULD have been senseless, at this point, to coast on my newly-won success, so on the long taxi ride into Mexico City I studied assiduously. I also thought out a method of procedure. My first stop would be at the hotel. I realized that most of the hotel clerks speak English very well, but was determined not to be put off by this, and I resolved not to take the easy way out, for even under my system practice makes perfect.

Keeping my resolutions firmly in mind, even at the risk of appearing rude, I answered the clerk's pleasant "Good afternoon," by saying: *"Ai guish ei sin-gel rum qüiz baz."*

He eyed me rather suspiciously for a moment, but controlled himself and said, "Would you sign the register, please?" As I did so, he asked, "Do you have your baggage?"

Ignoring his coldness, I said, *"Mai baguech is cheked et di er-port"*—and as familiarity with the language gave me confidence and fluidity, I continued, *"Ai jav no che-inch. Juer can ai che-inch mai moni?"*

"The cashier at the next window will take care of that, sir." His answer was delivered with a sort of severe primness, and just as I had concluded that this automaton would continue with this comedy he suddenly unbent and added, *"Tu di rait of di nex rum clerk."* It was like a burst of Mexican sunshine! We both smiled knowingly at each other, and given a little more time I am sure that we would have had a splendid conversation.

My next test was to be the most dangerous, for in Mexico the supreme challenge for any language is met in the shops and bazaars and it was toward these dangerous purlieus that I now turned my steps, venturing, I felt, on my greatest and final trial.

Had I depended upon the Spanish language in this instance, I should

(*Continued on page* 64)

Spring Comes to the Critics

THOSE masters of sweeping generalizations, whose duty it is to spot literary trends, will probably soon be discovering that the spring of 1954 was the season the American people spent contemplating their traditions and culture, their heritage and their prospects. At least that conclusion can be drawn from the preferences expressed by the twenty-eight book editors and critics, on the staffs of leading newspapers in all sections of the country, who participated in *SR*'s seasonal poll to find which of the new books merit the attention of discriminating readers. Among the books they named most frequently were Jacques Barzun's "God's Country and Mine," Joseph Wood Krutch's "The Measure of Man," and Elmer Davis's "But We Were Born Free," with such other books of the same type as Louis Kronenberger's "Company Manners," Raymond Aron's "The Century of Total War," and Harrison Brown's "The Challenge of Man's Future" making respectable showings.

It is surely no news that this is another poor season for fiction, and the critics' nomination of only forty-three volumes in this category to seventy-seven "general" works underscores the fact. The eight works suggested most often are:

"God's Country and Mine," by Jacques Barzun, twelve votes.
"Scenes and Portraits," by Van Wyck Brooks, twelve votes.
"The Measure of Man," by Joseph Wood Krutch, nine votes.
"Seven Years in Tibet," by Heinrich Harrer, nine votes.
"But We Were Born Free," by Elmer Davis, eight votes.
"The Dollmaker," by Harriette Arnow, eight votes.
"The Cobweb," by William Gibson, eight votes.
"Bless This House," by Norah Lofts, seven votes.

In the hope that you find the critics' recommendations useful as a guide to your spring reading, we publish the complete list below. As in the past, the editor is greatly indebted to Miss Zola Dincin for assistance in compiling the list. The descriptions after the titles are the work of Whitney Balliett, who compiles *SR*'s JUST PUBLISHED list each week. The names in brackets are those of the critics making the nominations.

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

General

TWELVE VOTES

GOD'S COUNTRY AND MINE. *By Jacques Barzun. Little, Brown & Co.* $5.
A suave, glass-tempered look at the mores of present-day America, by the well-known French-born critic, biographer, and teacher. (Bond, Dolbier, Flowers, Hass, Herzberg, Hormel, Little, North, O'Neill, J. Sherman, Smith, Tinkle.)

SCENES AND PORTRAITS. *By Van Wyck Brooks. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $4.50.
The first volume of a mellow critic's autobiography. In it, Mr. Brooks tells us of his well-cushioned childhood in New Jersey, of the days at Harvard, where he met Maxwell Perkins, and of the frequent transatlantic trips in the company of that gentleman, and of people like John Hall Wheelock, Ned Sheldon, etc. (Babcock, Bond, Dolbier, Douglas, Hass, Hormel, North, Rogers, J. Sherman, Shockley, Smith, Yeiser.)

NINE VOTES

THE MEASURE OF MAN. *By Joseph Wood Krutch. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.50.
Mr. Krutch's second survey of the state of our culture. "The Modern Temper," published some twenty-five years ago, was the first. (Dolbier, Douglas, Hass, Jackson, North, Rothermel, J. Sherman, T. Sherman, Smith.)

SEVEN YEARS IN TIBET. *By Heinrich Harrer. Translated by Richard Graves. E. P. Dutton Co.* $5.
An account of seven wonderful, lost years the author spent during the war as an escaped internee from British India, in Lhasa, Tibet, where he tutored the young Dalai Lama, earned the respect of the people, and left, reluctantly, only when the Reds came marching over the mountains. (Cady, Douglas, Hormel, Jackson, Little, North, J. Sherman, Shockley, Yeiser.)

EIGHT VOTES

BUT WE WERE BORN FREE. *By Elmer Davis. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $2.75.
Some of the dry, spacious dynamite Mr. Davis has been planting these many years in the minds of the narrow, the reactionary, the isolated. Based on a series of articles and speeches published and delivered in the past year or two. (Dolbier, Flowers, Jackson, O'Neill, J. Sherman, T. Sherman, Snadjr, Tinkle.)

SIX VOTES

COMPANY MANNERS: A Cultural Inquiry Into American Life. *By Louis Kronenberger. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.
A cup of irony, a twist of wit, an elegant sentence—all combined by Mr. Kronenberger into a light-seated study of present-day American manners and morals. (Bradley, Douglas, Hass, Herzberg, Little, Rogers.)

THE SECOND TREE FROM THE CORNER. *By E. B. White. Harper & Bros.* $3.
A big armful of the neat, beautiful sentences E. B. White has been putting together for the past twenty years or so. Included is his choice, in verse and prose, of the best things he has written during that time for such magazines as *The New Yorker, Atlantic,* and *Harper's.* (Cross, Douglas, Hass, North, J. Sherman, Shockley.)

FIVE VOTES

FREEDOM, LOYALTY, DISSENT. *By Henry Steele Commager. Oxford University Press.* $2.50.
A collection of essays, by the fluviant professor of history at Columbia, on the present state of the freedoms in this country. (Barkham, Cross, Kogan, J. Sherman, Wyllie.)

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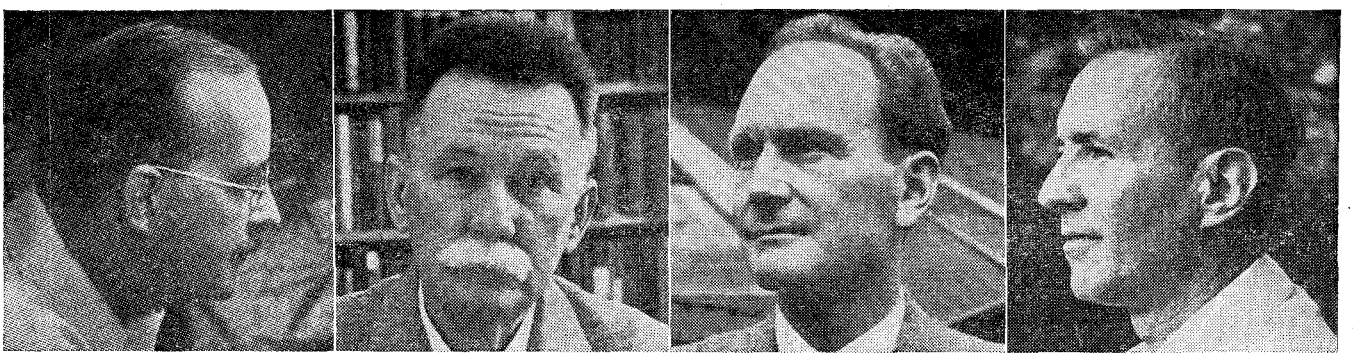

Joseph Wood Krutch, Van Wyck Brooks, Heinrich Harrer, and Jacques Barzun—"this is another poor season for fiction."

THE SECRET DIARY OF HAROLD L. ICKES: The Inside Struggle. *By Harold L. Ickes. Vol. II, 1936-1939. Simon & Schuster.* $6.
The second instalment of the crisp, biting diary which the late Secretary of the Interior kept for his pleasure, and perhaps for ours, too. (Barkham, Bradley, Kogan, Rothermel, J. Sherman.)

THE TAFT STORY. *By William S. White. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
A biography of the late Senator by one of the best political reporters of *The New York Times.* (Bond, Herzberg, Hormel, Rothermel, Shockley.)

THE WEB OF SUBVERSION. *By James Burnham. John Day Co.* $3.75.
A compilation, by the political writer, of the subversive activities carried on in the U.S. Government from the early Thirties to the present. (Babcock, Bond, Cady, Herzberg, Little.)

FOUR VOTES

THE CHALLENGE OF MAN'S FUTURE. *By Harrison Brown. Viking Press.* $3.75.
An earnest and good-sized tremble for man's future on this wrinkled earth, by a geochemist, who believes that we can survive if we don't first blow each other asunder, and if we learn to use our natural resources properly, as well as such other resources as plankton, the sun, the tides, and the rocks. (Kogan, Jackson, Rothermel, Snadjr.)

A CHILD OF THE CENTURY. *By Ben Hecht. Simon & Schuster.* $6.
The fillipping autobiography of an all-around laureate, who, in his fifty-five years, has made money writing plays, novels, short stories, television dramas, and movies, and whose travels have taken him from Racine to Germany to Florida to Hollywood to Chicago. (Barkham, Bradley, Kogan, North.)

MINE THE HARVEST. *By Edna St. Vincent Millay. Harper & Bros.* $3.
A collection of some of the poems Miss Millay was working on at the time of her death, plus a few earlier and unpublished ones. There are sixty-seven in all. (Barkham, Bradley, Kogan, Wyllie.)

OF WHALES AND MEN. *By R. B. Robertson. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.50.
A buoyant, smelly, witty, new-eyed view of the modern whaling industry as it operates in the southern oceans, by a practising English doctor who went along for a vacation and because he was curious. The time is eight months out of 1950. (Babcock, Bond, Cross, Snadjr.)

THE OLD COUNTRY STORE. *By Gerald Carson. Oxford University Press.* $5.
A relaxed, by-the-fire, inquiry into that old and lost culture the American general store, which is, at the same time, a loose history of retail merchandising from 1790 to 1921. The author is a retired advertising man. (Hass, Hormel, Rogers, Smith.)

THREE VOTES

CLOWN. *By Emmett Kelly with F. Beverly Kelly. Prentice-Hall.* $3.95.
The autobiography of the man who has kept a generation or more of children giggling, and who is, for all anyone knows, the father of modern clowning. (Cady, Flowers, Herzberg.)

FORD: THE TIMES, THE MAN, THE COMPANY. *By Allan Nevins with Frank Ernest Hill. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $6.75.
A painting, done in the detail of the Dutch masters, of Henry Ford, his car, and his times. It ends in 1915, before Mr. Ford began wrangling with the world. (Bond, O'Neill, Shockley.)

THE MANNER IS ORDINARY. *By John La Farge. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $4.75.
An autobiography by the brother of Oliver and Christopher, and a son of the painter John. *This* LaFarge, Newport-born and Harvard-bred, is one of the leading figures in the American Catholic hierarchy, has been editor of the *Catholic Review*, a great traveler, and the friend of such as Henry James, Henry Adams, Santayana, and Jan Masaryk. (Jackson, O'Neill, Shockley.)

MAN'S UNCONQUERABLE MIND. *By Gilbert Highet. Columbia University Press.* $2.75.
A love letter to the human mind and intellect, by the prominent Scotch-born classical scholar, critic, teacher. (North, Snadjr, Yeiser.)

MINUTES OF THE LAST MEETING. *By Gene Fowler. Viking Press.* $3.50.
Another of Mr. Fowler's moist handkerchiefs. Wrapped in this one are the life of Sadakichi Hartmann, the half-Japanese, half-German writer and scamp, as well as fond last memories of Barrymore, John Decker, and the greatest immoralist of them all—W. C. Fields. (Herzberg, Rogers, Shockley.)

A WRITER'S DIARY. *By Virginia Woolf. Edited by Leonard Woolf. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $5.
Excerpts from Virginia Woolf's diaries, which were begun in 1915 and terminated by her disappearance in 1941. Here are accounts of the London and Sussex she knew, as well as her impressions of Eliot, Forster, Katherine Mansfield, Bennett, Hardy, Strachey, and others. (North, T. Sherman, Shockley.)

TWO VOTES

AROUND THEATRES. *By Max Beerbohm. Simon & Schuster.* $6.
A selection, by Sir Max, of 153 of the essays which he wrote for the *Saturday Review*—of England—between 1898 and 1910, a period in which he was a first-nighter at such events as "Peter Pan," "Justice," and "The Passing of the Third Floor Back," and a viewer of such as Bernhardt, Duse, Ellen Terry, and Sir Henry Irving. (Barkham, Emmart.)

BOTTLE IN THE SEA. *By Albert Guerard. Harvard University Press.* $3.50.
A long essay setting forth the humanistic principles by which the author, a professor at Harvard, has lived. (Dolbier, Tinkle.)

THE CENTURY OF TOTAL WAR. *By Raymond Aron. Doubleday & Co.* $6.
An examination of the causes and profundities of war—especially the total war that has been carried on and, the author feels, is yet to be carried on, in this century—by a French historian. (O'Neill, Shockley.)

THE CONFIDENTIAL CLERK. *By T. S. Eliot. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.
Mr. Eliot's new verse play, now on Broadway, concerns, among other matters, mistaken identity, illegitimacy, the upper crust going sour, and enough polished verbiage to fill your cup to the brim. (Flowers, Wyllie.)

THE CONQUEST OF EVEREST. *By Sir John Hunt. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $6.
A full account of the scaling of Mt. Everest, in May 1953, by the leader of the English expedition. (Cross, Shockley.)

JOHN KEATS: The Living Year. *By Robert Gittings. Harvard University Press.* $3.50.
An attempt to describe in detail the year in Keats's life when he wrote some of his best poetry, and of how the everyday existence of that year was transposed into his work. (Emmart, Smith.)

LÉLIA. *By André Maurois. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Harper & Bros.* $5.
A full-scale literary biography of the friend and confidante of Chopin, Alfred de Musset, and others, who, in her spare time, wrote novels and sociological tracts, and who is known to the world as George Sand. (North, Rothermel.)

McCARTHY AND HIS ENEMIES. *By William F. Buckley, Jr. and L. Brent Bozell. Henry Regnery Co.* $5.
An "objective" survey of the ghost-hunting

(*Continued on page* 59)

William Gibson, Norah Lofts, Elmer Davis, and Harriette Arnow—"contemplating American traditions and culture."

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

A Polygamist's Time

OF THE fifty Mormon family records which gave adequate information on the subject, in slightly more than a quarter of the families the husband spent alternate days with each wife, about the same proportion took them week-about, and the same percentage were irregular, that is, had no fixed schedule. The balance were scattered into two-day, three-day, and fortnightly arrangements. A few fell into special groupings, such as seasonal variations where the families were widely scattered in the summertime but might be living in the same village during the winter.

The use of the same dwelling for multiple families or the location of separate houses adjacent to each other would make more frequent rotation than if the families were scattered on widely separated farms or ranches. Illness in one family might cause a schedule to be broken temporarily. A third wife related to her husband: "Brother Vernon had no set time for spending time with his wives. If he was needed, he was there. Whenever there was sickness, he stayed at that home. Sometimes he had to be on the farm and sometimes in town." With many men who had widely scattered business interests, it was rather difficult to set up any regular rotation. As a daughter of Hyrum Stratton put it, "Father just stayed where night overtook him. We learned to expect him when he showed up . . ."

So, too, psychological elements might enter in. Prolonged coolness between a man and a particular wife might reduce visiting. Or the dominance of the husband by a favorite wife might induce irregularity of visits to the other women.

Various daily habits grew up in an effort to be fair to all wives. Thus, George Reynolds, one of the leading officials of the Church, located his first two families in adjacent houses. Although he spent alternate weeks with each wife, he made it a daily practice to call on the other wife to "kiss her good morning as he was on his way to his office" and again, on his way home in the evening, he would "stop in to kiss her good night." Later when he took a third wife, she was housed a mile and a half distant and such an arrangement was out of the question for her.

Other habits emerged. A daughter of Allen Tiffen recalled: "Father spent one week with each wife. When he got up in the morning, he made the fire, called the family, and fed the cattle. Then he would go over to the other house, make their fires, call the family, and feed the livestock there. After that he would go back to the place where he was staying and have his breakfast. The wife where he stayed was supposed to wash and mend his clothes. But the first wife would often leave this for my mother to do."

Still other men used other devices to keep up the idea of complete equality of treatment. Frederick James, at the time he had three wives, housed each in a well-built attractive home of her own. He spent a week with each wife in turn and when he went out in public—to church, public dinners, dances, or other entertainment—he always took "the wife of that week" with him. The other wives were not permitted to sit next to him if he appeared at church alone, or with the wife of the week. They might sit nearby, however. When he took a pleasure drive in his large and roomy automobile, he took all the wives along, but again the place of honor next to him in the front seat was reserved for that wife with whom he was staying at the time. If she were unable to go along, the place remained vacant. When he bought presents for them, he always got three but had them draw lots to see what they received. He permitted them to trade their gifts around later, if they wished; he felt that his responsibility ended by this demonstration of equalitarian treatment.

—From "Isn't One Wife Enough? The Story of Mormon Polygamy," by Kimball Young, grandson of Brigham Young (Henry Holt).

—From "Isn't One Wife Enough?" (© The New Yorker).

FOOTNOTES TO AMERICAN HISTORY—An enterprising salesman interests Brigham Young with first group-insurance policy.

Man and Mr. Faulkner

NOT long ago a distinguished American novelist accepted the Nobel Prize in a speech which astounded his readers by its idealism and by his expression of faith in the future of Man as a moral being. Nothing suggested that either this idealism or this faith was the product of any recent conversion. On the contrary, what the speaker seemed to be saying was that they were in part at least what his novels had been intended to convey. Yet most of his readers had never suspected anything of the sort. At some point the failure of communication had been so complete

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that they had not, to put it in the simplest terms, known "what side he was on."

Whatever the explanation of this fact may be, the fact is appalling. Here was a voice raised in protest against the system of beliefs from the effects of which a civilization is dying. Here was a very gifted man attempting in his own way to reanimate the faltering Discourse. Yet few were aware even of his intention. Was this because it has become almost impossible for anyone to say clearly what he wants to say? Or was it because we have so completely accepted the assumption that a good writer is necessarily "on the other side" that we simply could not hear what this one was telling us? Was it, even, because the writer himself, aware of the public distrust of anyone who defends even indirectly the case for supposing that man could be noble, deliberately concealed his convictions? In any event a successful career had been, so far and in this one sense, a failure.

—From "The Measure of Man," by Joseph Wood Krutch (Bobbs-Merrill).

Exit for a Villainess

"ONE question—are you ready to *marry* me?"

"No! Once and for all—no!"

"When will you be ready?"

"Never! you fool, never!"

"Then, together this hour we go where there is no marriage, or no giving in marriage!" she shrieked.

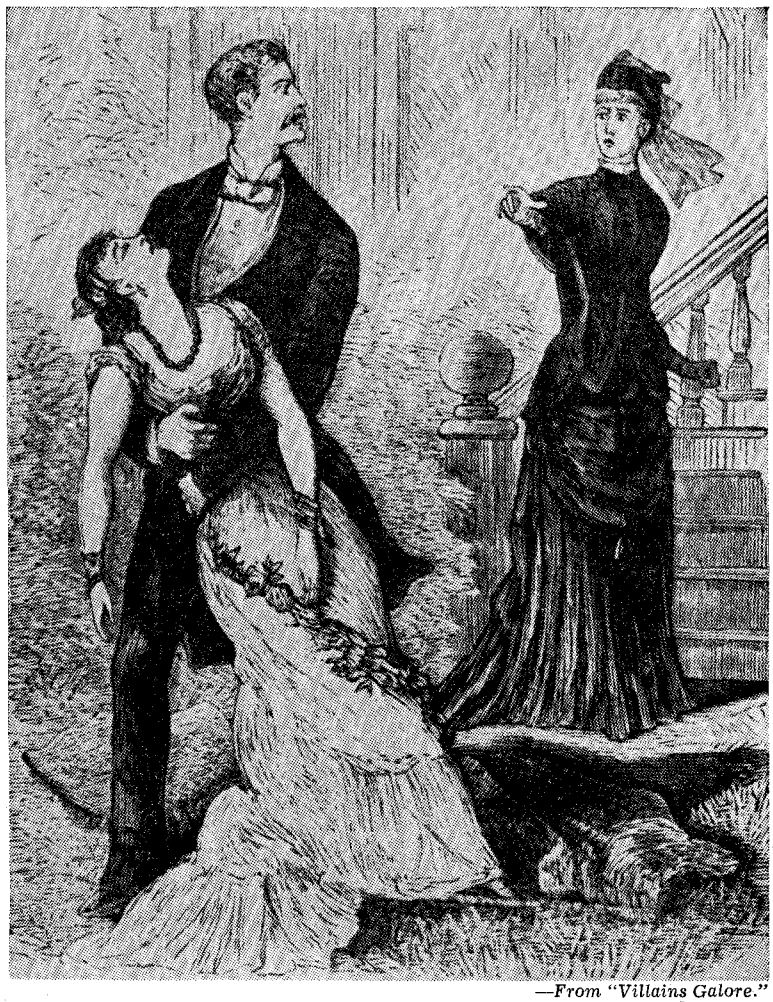
Then, before he could divine her meaning, before even the servant could spring forward to interrupt her, the woman drew a dagger, and buried it first to the hilt in the heart of the gambler, then as deep in her own!

It was fearful! Two souls, in an instant, out of the darkness of sin into the light of judgment. But it *was!*

—From "Out of the Dark," by Ned Buntline (1870), quoted in "Villains Galore: The Heyday of the Popular Story Weekly," by Mary Noel (to be published May 11 by Macmillan).

Girl Friday

CONSIDERING her vast power, her far-reaching influence, and her strong bargaining position, today's typewriter operator is entitled to a measure of smug self-satisfaction. She belongs to the largest, strongest group of working women in the world; her political, economic, and social status is unparalleled in the stormy history of the fight for women's rights. Her competence has won her nearly all the political equality that the suffragettes, like the Englishwoman Emily Davison, who rushed onto the Epsom race course on Derby Day to try to stop the King's horse and was trampled to death, thought only militant action could achieve. Yet according to a recent poll of the twelve thousand members of the National Secretaries Association, Miss Secretary 1954 is about as contented with her lot as a wet hen.



—From "Villains Galore."

"Stop! Hark to your own honor! I stand without a blemish!"

The association asked its members, "What are your boss's worst faults?" (The form of the question in itself was revealing; it excluded the possibility that the boss might be faultless.) The respondents were virtually unanimous: "He forgets to tell me in advance about his plans." When the boss decides to catch the noon plane to Chicago, or take off the afternoon, or work until midnight, his right-hand girl and confidential assistant is the last one to hear about it. But that's only the beginning of a secretary's troubles. Among lesser grievances was executive procrastination; the scoundrels try never to dictate anything in the morning that can be put off until the afternoon; and transcribing, needless to say, can't begin until dictation is done. One favorite boss trick is to loaf around all day, talking on the telephone to old college friends until 4:45 P. M. and then, as he reaches for his own hat and coat, he rips off a couple of letters, asking sweetly that they go out, if possible, before five. His dictating technique, furthermore, leaves room for improvement. He mumbles. He talks with pencils, paper clips, rubber bands, and eyeglass frames in his mouth. He interjects all sorts of extraneous grunts, gasps for air, and tentative noises ("Ennngh," "errrrh," "aaaangh"). He forgets what he has just said. Often, when it is read back to him, he acts as if he can't imagine where it came from, and revises completely. In a good many cases, he regards ". . . and so on—you finish it up—just keep this character happy, but tell him firmly 'No' as a reasonable substitute for saying whatever it is he has been trying to say. But in contrast to his other mental inadequacies, he is a genius at inventing non-secretarial tasks for his secretary to perform. He may ask her to read and summarize a boring book over her week-end so that he'll have some-

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—By Mack, from "You've Got Me in Stitches" (Dodd, Mead).

"Let's try not to make any mistakes—this is being televised."

thing to say at *his* boss's dinner party. Or to see whether, during her lunch hour, she can't pick up a little something for his mother-in-law's birthday. It's bad enough to do his personal errands, but doing his wife's chores is a notch lower on the scale. Lowest of all is filling in for his wife in business-social engagements—lunch with the Wichita sales manager and his wife—so dreadful that Mrs. Boss has absolutely refused to have anything to do with it. Who, come Christmas time, gets the mink stole? Exactly. All Miss Secretary can expect is the gift-wrapped bottle of toilet water. And, since she had to pick it out for herself, she didn't have the heart to shoot the works and get the two-ounce flacon of Joy.

—From "The Wonderful Writing Machine," by Bruce Bliven, Jr. (to be published May 17 by Random House)

The Communist Faith

FOR MOST converts, Communism satisfies deep needs: it gives them a cause, a program of action, a reason for living. ("What a pity," a young woman wrote me in the fall of 1939, after the Nazi-Soviet pact, "to find your life suddenly without meaning.") After a time the Communist may have no friends except in or near the Party, and leaving the Party can mean a terrible loneliness. In spite of this, most people break away—there are several times as many ex-Communists in this country as there are Communists—but those who remain are strengthened in their faith. If a person cannot bring himself to leave the Party because life outside it seems unbearable, then his faith grows big enough to justify his staying in.

I have been talking about the rank-and-file members of the Party, but the same process operates, and with greater force, for Party functionaries and underground workers. Their whole lives are bound up in the Party, and after a time they cannot even imagine what existence outside would be like. The more deeply they are involved, the more difficult and dangerous it is for them to quit, and they therefore cling tenaciously to their faith, as the only possible justification of what in any case they have to do.

This is not to say that there are no cynics in the Party. In this country, at any rate, it is hard to imagine anyone's joining the Party for opportunistic reasons; the opportunities aren't there. But I have always suspected that there are Party functionaries who, having got themselves inextricably involved, have cold-bloodedly decided to make the best of a bad situation. And there are functionaries in the Party, as there are in the churches, whose faith has faded away without their realizing what has happened.

In any case, cynicism and faith turn out to be shockingly similar. There are people who maintain that the Russian Bolsheviks never wanted anything but power for themselves. I doubt that, but it would make precious little difference if it were true. Having spent all their lives in winning and holding power by whatever means served the purpose, they have inevitably made power their only end. Perhaps Socialism Victorious is something they think about now and then, and perhaps it isn't; perhaps Malenkov makes jokes about it to himself while he is shaving. It doesn't matter. Like Stalin before him, Malenkov will do anything that a power-obsessed dictator will do, and nothing that such a man wouldn't do. And so it is with the functionaries in this country: nobody will ever be able to tell from their behavior which are the cynics and which have faith.

—From "Where We Came Out," by Granville Hicks (to be published April 30 by Viking Press).

The Spanish Temper

THE bull is admired, almost worshiped, as the horse is in Ireland. He is admired because he is great and capable of fury, and the Spaniard requires that furious force against which to display his singularity—the most precious of his possessions—and his courage. Always an extremist, he likes to test his courage and his whole personality to the utmost, and he has so contrived the phases of the bullfight that each one has the crisis of decorative perfections that he loves.

Bullfighting is not a sport, and it is therefore not a cruel sport. It is a ritual and a ceremony. It is primitive, barbarous, possibly religious in its remote origin, a descendant of the gladiatorial contest and the medieval tournament. There are ugly moments in the bullfight, for there are good and bad fights; but since it is conducted in hot blood and in an atmosphere where the swell of great emotion is natural, the killing of the bull is not a sadistic performance; nor does it awaken, I think, cold sadistic

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emotions in the audience. Their senses are stirred by danger, for the wounding or killing of the bullfighter himself has often occurred. About this one can only say that the Spaniards retain something primitive in their character which was possibly fostered by the *autos de fe* of the Inquisition.

The Spaniards have strong stomachs. They do not flinch when the blood gushes out of the bull's mouth as he goes down heavily to his death, but in their eyes one sees that proud, frightening brilliance of the conqueror who has emerged from great emotion, who is elated by victory and satisfied by performance. Spanish religious art and the work of Goya reveal a people who do not shy from strong feeling or from tragedies that fall upon the human body. Above all, they are caught by the drama and the supreme dramatic moment. Undoubtedly they experience the tragic purgation. Undoubtedly there is something savage in it. All historians and the soldiers who have fought against them in the great ages have mentioned the lack of all fear of death in the Spaniards, their stoical indifference to it; all have mentioned the *"furia español."* We know that the Civil War was fought without remorse or quarter, and that indeed the bullrings and vacant lots of the Spanish towns were the scenes of atrocious mass executions. The barbarian is strong in the Spanish people.

The most damaging criticism of the Spanish taste for bullfighting is rather different: the bullfight suffers from the monotony of sacrifices, and it is one more example of the popular addiction to the repetitive and monotonous in the Spanish nature. . . . The drama of the bullfight lies within the frame of a foregone conclusion: whatever danger the bullfighter may be in, whatever may be his fate, the fate of the bull is certain. This fact alone removes the bullfight from the complete uncertainty of a sport. It is certain that the fox will be killed or the boxer knocked out. Inevitably, an English writer is swayed a little by the passionate feeling for animals in England. . . . He will forget bearbaiting and cockfighting past; but even if he does not, and argues that his civilization has come out of that brutal phase, he will fail to notice that although Spain often looks like a modern country, it is not. The life of Spanish cities runs much closer to what life was like in England in the seventeenth-century; indeed, if one wants to imagine the habits of London life in the time of Defoe, one cannot do better than study Madrid or Seville.

—From "The Spanish Temper," by V. S. Pritchett (to be published April 26 by Alfred A. Knopf).

FICTION

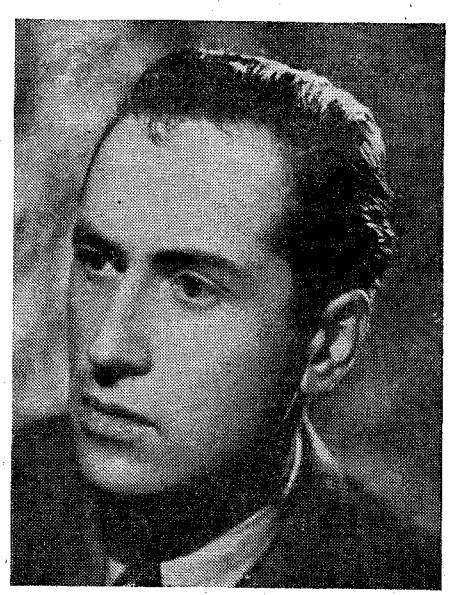
Church of the Laborer

***"Saints in Hell," by Gilbert Cesbron** (translated by John Russell. Doubleday. 312 pp. $3), depicts the saintlike work of a French priest among the workingmen of contemporary France.*

By Laurent LeSage

WHEN THE late Cardinal Suhard, archbishop of Paris, founded during the closing years of the war the apostolate to the proletariat known as the *prêtres-ouvriers,* he undertook one of the boldest experiments of the Catholic Church in our times. If workingmen in France no longer went to priests and commonly regarded them as allies of the wealthy bourgeoisie, then priests should put on overalls and go to them. Priests became dock hands and factory workers. The risk of over-secularization was great. By working for and with the people, priests could hardly escape involvement in their causes and points of view. Last summer, although recognizing their heroic achievements, the Vatican concluded their task was impossible and requested the experiment discontinued. A French delegation pleaded with the Pope. His Holiness acquiesced, with reservations. Henceforth worker-priests relinquish all trade-union affiliation and must live with other priests in the community.

The story of one of these "Catholic commandos" is reverently and beautifully told here by Gilbert Cesbron, a young French novelist who has written several prizewinners and is known already to English-speaking readers by "Innocents of Paris" and "No Plaster Saint." With the aptitude for psychological analysis which is every French writer's birthright Cesbron depicts the anguish and the strivings, the ambivalent loyalties of his hero Pierre, who is a priest and also a workingman. A soul on its way to martyrdom and sainthood is laid bare before us. The author goes about his task with utmost seriousness. No humor or real gaiety relieves his picture. Yet the gloom is mitigated by the love for mankind that emanates from Pierre and by the sense of comradeship and solidarity that he develops among his wretched flock. Cesbron's achievement is an inspiring portrait of a godly man sharing the lot of a suffering humanity.



Gilbert Cesbron—"stirring challenge."

Pierre's assignment is in an industrial slum outside Paris where he works all day in a factory and at night carries on his mission of Christian succor to the homeless, jobless, and friendless. He evangelizes and says masses, aided in his labors by Madeleine, whose dedication is as deep as his own. The two adminster to human beings as forlorn as ever depicted by Emile Zola, yet possessing smoldering embers of goodness that Pierre tirelessly seeks to kindle—Luis, the Spanish ex-anarchist, who is killed trying to protect a boy in a street fight with the police; Henri, the Communist organizer, whom Pierre loves for his fundamental intentions and pities for his misguidedness; Jean, who commits suicide through despair, but who finds God before he dies.

How can Pierre keep from despair men whose pay for soul-deadening labor gives them food only enough to keep alive and lodgings in squalor? There is no ready answer, for there is nowhere to place the guilt. Factory owners and landlords are not to blame for the hovels of Sagny, its rats, its bone-thin children. They must, however, as everyone else, assume the responsibility. "They're not all guilty, but they're all responsible." The distinction that Pierre makes takes this proletarian novel out of the pamphlet class and makes its message a stirring challenge.

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Innocence No Bliss

"The Garden to the Sea," by Philip Toynbee *(Doubleday. 219 pp. $3.50), is the story of an aviator's attempt to recapture his wife's love, told in an experimental style and through the eyes of three men.*

By Harvey Curtis Webster

IN "The Garden to the Sea," Philip Toynbee has written a very good novel, one that will be praised but not widely read. Like his earlier "Prothalamium," and unlike his more fashionable "The Barricades," Mr. Toynbee's new novel is experimental, a shock, something only those who prefer what they haven't experienced before prefer. Like the novels of Herman Broch, Virginia Woolf, and James Joyce, "The Garden to the Sea" is an innovation in technique that will affront the "common reader" who prefers pallid reproductions of what he's read, that will excite those whose minds can still be opened.

But the subject, if one ignores the subtle overtones, is not particularly unusual. An aviator returns to his wife who has been sufficiently bored by his absence to take a lover; he tries to regain her love and fails. Put so banally, "The Garden to the Sea" sounds like an average popular novel, but Mr. Toynbee, the son of Arnold Toynbee and an intelligent thinker in his own right, does all he can to keep his good book from being something nearly everyone will read—with half a mind.

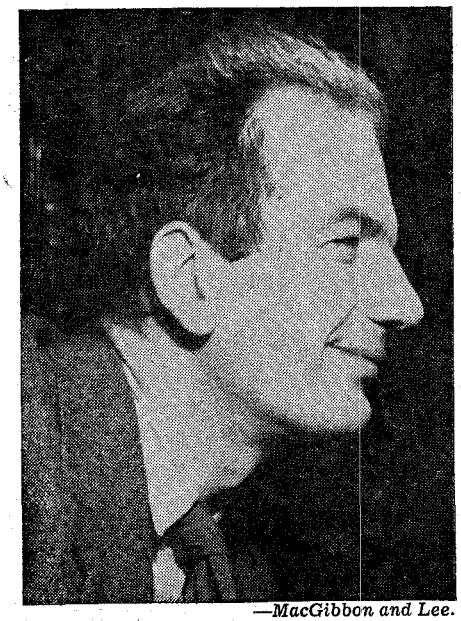
The characters who relate and conclude differently about Adam's unsuccessful marriage are multiple symbols of the many and confused aspects of Adam's character. There is Noel, who feels guiltless; Tom, who feels total guilt; Charley, who knows he deserves the punishment in Hell he's convinced he'll get. Noel, Tom, and Charley are parts of the character Mr. Toynbee integrates as Adam, a modern Adam who fails to become what he hopes because his time and his life have prevented him from becoming clearly anything.

It is notable that Noel, the representative of innocence, and Tom, the symbol of guilt felt, appear only in the early portions of the book. It is Charley, who thinks punishment is what all of us deserve and will get, that tries to block Adam's attempts at integration in the latter pages of the novel. With Marianne Moore, Reinhold Niebuhr, and some intelligent others, Mr. Toynbee evidently believes that innocence is naivete, not bliss, that what makes bombers corrupts, that what makes licentiousness disrupts.

—Lotte Jacobi.

Peter Matthiessen—"confident skill."

Mr. Toynbee, as this and his earlier novels prove, is one of the younger English novelists the alert must watch. He writes admirably, experiments bravely (though a little too self-consciously). His fault is that, though he has a lot to say, he tends to dramatize too inadequately to attain the emotional impact a first-rate novelist should achieve. In other words, he sometimes substitutes experimentation for vivification. Nevertheless, Mr. Toynbee is to be preferred to other more expert and more easily palatable novelists such as William Sansom. They succeed more totally, but Mr. Toynbee promises not as much but a great deal more.



—MacGibbon and Lee.

Philip Toynbee—"experimental, a shock."

Yankee Violence

"Race Rock," by Peter Matthiessen *(Harper. 306 pp. $3.50), tells of the coming-of-age of four New England men and women, who are wealthy or who have known wealth in their time.*

By Edmund Fuller

PETER MATTHIESSEN, who is a new novelist though not a new writer, intends "Race Rock" as a story of maturing. Yet the wherefore of this maturing is not as clear to me as I think he intended it to be. Of even more importance—I am not sure what he means by maturity.

His narrative weaves back and forth between the childhood and adult lives of four people. In the former days, George McConville's family were the wealthiest people at Shipman's Crossing, on the New England coast. Sam Rubicam, from a socialite background, was orphaned and lived with the McConvilles. Cady Shipman, whose local roots contained both dignity and decay, dominated the other two with a brutal vigor. Eve Murray, whose social background was akin to George's and Sam's, was the focus of attention of all three boys.

The episodes dealing with a later time find them all back at Shipman's Crossing on a fateful weekend under the pressure of their several inner crises. In the intervening years, Eve has been Sam's wife, but is divorced. She is involved in an affair with George, who is portrayed as indecisive and running away from the responsibilities and commitments. Sam is there, demoralized. Cady is there, in a state of pent-up, sadistic violence.

You could not readily guess the unfolding of this situation. Mr. Matthiessen handles it with confident skill. When disaster is precipitated it strikes with a randomness appropriate to the circumstances, ironically destroying not one of the main parties, but an innocent bystander.

Emerging from this, George is presumed to have found himself, to have become someone not carried on Eve's bosom, but at last the man who can move decisively for and with Eve, the man of moral strength for whom she has such need. Not being subject to proof, in any case, acceptance of this is a matter of faith. It finds me doubtful for lack of a substantial basis. We know nothing about the new George except that he has "changed."

The publisher's jacket copy says the writer "owes nothing to literary cults or fashions." Yet is this not one of the

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popular cults? We have neurotic, aimless lives, and through the miraculous touchstone of violence maturity is somehow conjured into being. There are important distinctions between "crisis" and "violence," either of which may exist without the other. The cult of violence has the cry these days. This view of life and character is shallow, random. One can say to these novelists, "There are things in heaven and earth that are undreamt of in your lack of philosophy."

Mr. Matthiessen is not an extreme case of this tendency, however, and for writing skill he is effective in the sketching of harsh scenes: the cat and rats in a barrel, the gentle abortionist, the Russian roulette. "Race Rock" announces a new novelist as to whose future Mr. Matthiessen will answer as he goes along.

A Gavotte in Austria

"Invitation from Minerva," by March Cost *(J. B. Lippincott. 286 pp. $3.50), continues the account, begun in last year's "The Hour Awaits," of the romantic adventures of Princess Victoria Babenberg. It is played by a large cast of dashing characters against a score of glamorous Continental backgrounds.*

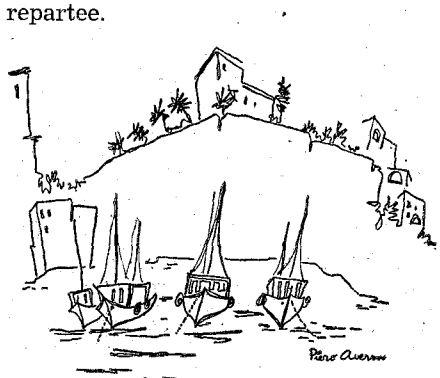
By Evelyn Eaton

THE curtain goes up on March Cost's period piece of dance and lighthearted jollity, "Invitation From Minerva," in the year 1921. The first setting is an English spa, and following it come a succession of chateaux and schlosses, with a sprinkling of Florentine villas, Italian palazzos, indefinite hotel suites, and the Rome Express, until finally the ballet settles down for a long last act in the composite of all of these, the Banner Hall of the Chateau Maria Sophia somewhere in Austria.

Banner Hall is the ancestral setting for the prima ballerina—or, as the script puts it, "the hostess, Her Serene Highness, the Princess Victoria Babenberg of Austria, daughter of Frederick, Prince Babenberg of Austria and his wife Beatrice Beauharnais of France." For purposes of shadowy plot and counterplot we are asked to strain our imaginations to the extent of accepting the existence of the princess in sufficient flesh and blood to possess a fiancé, François Comte de Talloires at d'Annecy, and—this is straining them indeed—to accept the statement that she has also been possessed at some time in the past, in one or other of the chateau-settings, by a flesh-and-blood lover, an Englishman.

These suppositions and conventions being agreed upon, we may settle ourselves comfortably for an evening of mild, highly polished kick-shaws and pirouettes, divided into twenty-nine "Invitations." Miss March has a pretty wit, and a determination not to give us what we might expect, as the reader discovers in, for example, the "Invitation to Bed." Her arrangements and rearrangements of the figures in unexpected patterns gives an agreeable, if momentary, freshness to the spectacle before us; but one must not, of course, require of any of the characters or any of the situations that they "come alive," or remain memorable, beyond the moment of their twirling neatly on their satin-covered shoes, talking neatly with their little chattering tongues.

At the first sign of a reader's yawn, Miss March, with an ex-actress's sense of timing, confronts her characters, and us, with a Moment of Peril. She envelops, literally, the whole stage and caboodle of them in an avalanche. Eyes brighten. This, we hope, we have every right to believe, is the satisfactory ending to what on the whole has been a pretty divertissement. . . . But no. There are thirteen more Invitations to sit through, a total of 122 pages before the inevitable rescue of the troop through the heroism of the princess, who climbs through a window with a new wiggle of slim little hips. Anyhow, you get the idea: this is not a story about people or places with any claim on actuality. This is pantomime for those who like diverting romance, told in sparkling-water repartee.



Canaan's Children

"The Coasts of the Earth," by Harold Livingston *(Houghton Mifflin. Clothbound, 278 pp. $3. Ballantine Books. Paperbound, 209 pp. 35¢), is a story of American and Jewish fighters, principally aviators, in the 1948 Arab-Israeli war.*

By Mack Morriss

THE JEWISH SOLDIER in the U.S. Army has been the subject of so much direct defense against indirect attack or no attack at all that he emerged from the literature of World War II as an unnecessarily pathetic and at the same time unnecessarily heroic figure.

It is no wonder that a young novelist of another war has finally decided to react, at least partially, by creating a Jewish character who makes the following speech (and later tries his best to live up to it) in a moment of drunken soil-voiding:

". . . That's what Jews are, you know. A martyr race. They wail and moan about everything that happens to them. And every goddam thing that happens to them they bring on themselves. They're all masochists. . . ."

"Coasts of the Earth," a first novel by Harold Livingston, is a book that needed to be written, not precisely to prove or disprove the masochist theory, but at least to take a look at Jewish purpose and Jewish courage on their own. The Arab-Israeli fight, which created too much first-rate material to be left untouched in fiction anyway, also offered a near-perfect test slide upon which to examine Jewish fighting blood and Jewish racial fiber under the stress of a nation's agony of birth.

Mr. Livingston's characters are really types, representative composites, but he has produced a fascinating panorama of a chapter in world history which was and is a human struggle with its roots in scriptural antiquity.

The novel has been written with an authority of detail that confines itself to one phase of the action in Israel in 1948—air supply provided by a volunteer outfit largely manned by Jewish-American USAF veterans—and it does so with only an occasional glance at the internal and international politics that flicker behind the vicious little war with the Arab world.

By holding his material close to his chest, Mr. Livingston has written a

(Continued on page 57)

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Pox on the City

"Eleven Blue Men," by Berton Roueché *(Little, Brown. 250 pp. $3.50), is a collection of a dozen sketches of medical detection into rare and little-known diseases that have cropped up in modern America. Here it is reviewed by Marguerite Clark, medicine editor of* Newsweek.

By Marguerite Clark

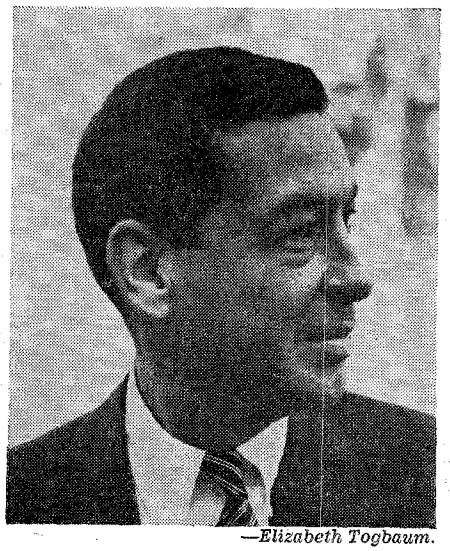
THE New York Department of Health keeps constant vigil for signs of outbreaks of the well-known epidemic diseases. Up to 1946 no new ailment had ever made its first appearance in any of the boroughs. Then, to the mystification of the medical profession, a strange illness, with swollen glands, high fever, and a spotty rash, turned up in the Regency Park development of Kew Gardens, Queens.

The first patient was an eleven-year-old boy. He was attended by Dr. Benjamin Shankman, a general practitioner, who tentatively diagnosed the trouble as chicken-pox. But, the child's mother remonstrated, her boy had had chicken-pox some years before. When the little patient grew worse, he was moved to a hospital. Tests for other diseases, including typhus, dengue fever, Rocky Mountain spotted fever, smallpox, and infectious mononucleosis, were made. All were negative. Then the boy began to recover; in a week he was well. Dr. Shankman closed the case with a cautious comment: "Sepsis, with a rash."

Two weeks later, a woman patient who lived two doors away from this child developed the identical symptoms, and Dr. Shankman knew he was up against the same freakish disease. Before the month was out, there were several other cases of this kind in the Regency Park neighborhood. All recovered without complications or troublesome after-effects. Other Queens doctors encountered similar cases, and soon the number grew to nearly a hundred. Residents grew frightened; many moved away. Finally, Dr. Shankman reported the new disease and its baffling perplexities to the New York Department of Health, and expert investigators took over. The newspapers got wind of the "Kew Gardens Mystery Fever." The *New York Times* carried a story in which Dr. Shankman was quoted as saying that the illness somewhat resembled Rocky Mountain spotted fever.

The next week, Dr. Shankman had a telephone call from a man named Charles Pomerantz, who said he had a theory about the mysterious disease. Pomerantz was president of a pest-exterminating company; he was also a self-taught entomologist, and something of an authority on ticks.

Sponsored by Dr. Shankman, Pomerantz searched the infected Regency Park district for ticks, and found none. The disease must be spread by some parasite, he reasoned. If not ticks, what? Mites flashed into his mind. With Dr. Shankman's assistance, the pest control expert again investigated the Regency Park basements, bagged forty-five specimens of mites, and took them to the Division of Insect Development of the United States Department of Agriculture in Washington, D. C. This roused the interest of the United States Public Health Service men, who also determined to solve the mystery. The Government scientists suspected that some member of the genus Rickettsia was responsible for the Queens infection. The search progressed rapidly; mice, ridden with disease-carrying mites, were trapped in Regency Park. In the end, Pomerantz's mites were the missing link. The scientists found that the violent, body-racking infection was Rickettsial Pox, the newest of known diseases. In seven months after the first case, the cause of the new disease and its means of transmission were established.



—*Elizabeth Togbaum.*

Berton Roueché—"brilliant detective."

THIS amazing medical feat had attracted the interest of Berton Roueché, staff writer for *The New Yorker*. Roueché wrote a lively article, "The Alerting of Mr. Pomerantz," for the magazine. A few days after publication, he had a note from a Boston doctor. Was he interested in other medical mysteries? If so, he should call the New York Department of Health, and ask about the case of the eleven blue men.

Roueché followed the clue. With the aid of Drs. Morris Greenberg and Ottavio J. Pellitteri of the Department, he developed the title story of this collection—a fascinating real-life drama of eleven elderly male derelicts, who in a period of a few hours collapsed in downtown Manhattan. Through clever sleuthing, the Department of Health scientists learned that the men were victims of a rare type of poisoning. Their oatmeal had been salted with sodium nitrite.

From this weird incident, Rouché wrote another brilliant detective story for *The New Yorker*. The editor, the late Harold Ross, who had a deep personal interest in medicine, encouraged Roueché to try for more reports of this kind. There followed ten other narratives of medical detection.

Berton Roueché treats gout as "a perverse, ungrateful, maleficent malady"; leprosy, against its terrifying history, brought up to date with a case in West 114th Street, Manhattan. He tells the story of the New York Department of Health's splendid strategy in stopping a smallpox epidemic in 1947 by rounding up several hundred people exposed to the disease. He recounts the transcontinental collaboration of a Long Island doctor and an authority in San Francisco, in a search that traced the origin of a case of psittacosis, or parrot-fever. One of the best of the sketches, "A Game of Wild Indians," shows how two epidemiologists find the cause of a typhoid epidemic in New York through a gang of boys playing on the roof of a Washington Heights building.

Berton Roueché writes in spirited fashion, with the rapidly mounting suspense of a modern crime story. Lay folk will be entertained by these detective tales in which microbes, not men, are the criminals, and patient scientists in remote laboratories, the sleuths. The scientists themselves may learn from these detective devices new and more efficient ways of interpreting pre-epidemic symptoms.

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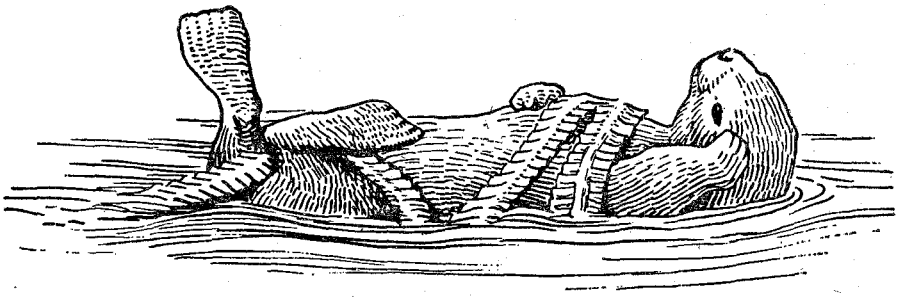

—From "The Natural History of Mammals."

A sea otter wrapped in an alga to prevent drifting while asleep.

The World of Warm Blood

"The Natural History of Mammals," by François Bourlière *(translated by H. M. Parshley. Alfred A. Knopf. 363 pp. $5), is a popular account of scientific investigation lately conducted into the real nature of the animals that inhabit the Earth, with some attention to fields open for future inquiry. Ivan T. Sanderson, our reviewer, conducts a science program televised by the National Broadcasting Company.*

By Ivan T. Sanderson

WE, the mammalian species currently called Modern Man, appear to have been around for some 100,000 years, according to those specialists who have delved most profoundly into our past, troglodytic and otherwise. Throughout 99 per cent of this vast stretch of time the principal interest of our species was the behavior of other species of animals, simply because our very existence depended upon their behavior and our knowledge of their ways.

With the advent of so-called civilization, some oddly erroneous ideas upon this subject became current, and as a result of the engineering prowess of Rome, a great deal that had previously been learned about the other forms of life on our planet became not only garbled but subverted. The Western world, at least, entered a period of considerable asininity regarding the subject. This has not yet been overcome despite the careful delvings of truly scientific investigators during the last two centuries.

A very great deal that is still to be found in currently used textbooks is rubbish copied from eighteenth-century maunderings of French and German savants swamped with specimens of unknown creatures from all over the then unknown world, who had naught but a few Western European animals with which to compare them. The infant science of zoology spent the next century cataloguing the new finds. It had little time for anything else.

Then came a band of truly rugged individualists—Darwin, Wallace, Bates, Humboldt, *et al.*—who deliberately set out to ascertain how animals other than those of Western Europe actually lived. Few laymen believed what they told, but all rendered them lip-service. Then came the modern "naturalists," led by William Beebe. By this time the public was reeducated enough to believe, but it was still almost two decades before the science of zoology itself caught up with the popular trend. Then much and far more research was undertaken to ascertain how animals live. A tremendous volume of patient, careful work was done; a great deal still is being done and published from time to time.

François Bourlière's "The Natural History of Mammals" is actually the first comprehensive attempt to present the modern findings about the real behavior of mammals—not just that of specimens kept in laboratories. It is a compendium of the problems involved in such research and the limited lines of attack thus far made upon those problems by investigators. Its greatest merit is that it constantly emphasizes the vast amount of work still to be done and even gives advice as to which aspects of the investigation might well first be attacked. Mr. Bourlière has brought together in one modest volume a grand, embracing picture of perhaps the most important field of research open to humanity. He has written it with that beautiful logic for which the French have become renowned.

Sharers of Earth

"Our Wildlife Legacy," by Durward L. Allen *(Funk & Wagnalls. 422 pp. $5), is a popularly written, yet authoritative, account of what is being done in the field of wildlife conservation and what needs doing. Below it is reviewed by A. Starker Leopold, staff member of the Museum of Vertebrate Zoology at the University of California, Berkeley.*

By A. Starker Leopold

IN EVERY FIELD of scientific endeavor there is need for a periodic summing-up of recent progress—a reinterpretation of what is known and what needs finding out, of what is being done and what needs doing. Five years ago, Durward L. Allen set upon this task for the field of wildlife conservation. The outcome, "Our Wildlife Legacy," is the most significant wildlife book that has appeared in the last two decades.

Wildlife conservation, as a branch of applied science, had a most unscientific beginning. When Theodore Roosevelt introduced the idea of resource conservation through "wise use," the nation was receptive but technically unprepared. Initial emphasis was upon conservation of forests and of wildlife (soil and water conservation came later). There were at that time a few available foresters trained in Europe and they logically moved into key positions in shaping the national program for forest management. Likewise they saw to it that technical schools were established at once to produce professionally trained foresters who could man the expanding program. Forestry quickly became an accepted and honorable profession.

The converse happened in wildlife management. There were no trained practitioners. The task was not centralized in the Federal Government, but fell to the individual states, which had been legally designated as the custodians of wildlife. State fish and game departments sprang up like mushrooms in the period from 1900 to 1910, but they were staffed with political appointees who as a group knew neither more nor less about their jobs than the average hunter or legislator. As a result, the "profession" of wildlife management, if it could be called such, commanded little public respect, and any barbershop biologist felt a perfect right to pass judgment.

Science came into wildlife conservation the hard way. In the late

(*Continued on page* 55)

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The Saturday Review

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What About Nehru?

WHAT about Nehru? What about the man whose leadership of 350 million people makes him such an influential figure in world affairs?

Where would he really stand in the event of a world showdown?

These are only a few of the questions in the minds of Americans about the man who has inherited the mantle of Mahatma Gandhi. In talking to many people in different parts of the United States on my return from a recent visit to South Asia, I have been impressed not only by the widespread interest in Jawaharlal Nehru but by the many misconceptions which exist about the man. By way of dealing with these misconceptions, suppose we consider the key questions:

Q: Is Prime Minister Nehru a Communist or, at the very least, a Communist sympathizer?

A: It takes a visitor to India no more than a few days to dispel the notion that Prime Minister Nehru has any sympathy with Communism. Nehru has publicly denounced Communists as terrorists and as violators of the teachings of Mahatma Gandhi. He has campaigned against them, openly denouncing them as betrayers of India's freedom.

For their part, the Communists accuse Nehru of having suppressed political liberties. They call him a tool of American imperialists. In particular, they claim that Nehru's support of United Nations action to thwart aggression in Korea proves that he is secretly allied to the Western white world which educated him. They denounce him for having compensated the landowners instead of seizing their property outright.

In recent weeks Nehru and the Communists have locked horns in the South of India where the Communists had scored strategic gains. The Prime Minister believed the Communist threat was of sufficient importance to justify leaving his desk in New Delhi to do battle with them in the field.

Q: If Nehru is sincerely opposed to Communism, why doesn't he adopt a more friendly approach to the U. S.?

A: Nehru has warm feelings for the American people, but he believes our Asian policies often reflect our lack of familiarity with Asian problems. For example, the United States berated India for not having sent military units to Korea after India announced its support to the United Nations' decision to resist the Communist aggression. Well-informed Indians say it was unreasonable for us to expect that a nation which had won its own independence through the non-violence teaching of Mahatma Gandhi would come forward to fight side by side with white Westerners on the mainland of Asia—regardless of the justness of the cause.

Nehru feels strongly about American aid to Pakistan. That is not because he is convinced necessarily that there will be no Communist aggression in that part of the world, but because Pakistan has made no secret of the fact that it has been arming mightily for one reason— the possible eventuality of a military showdown with India over the Kashmir. There is the feeling in India that any country in the world can get anything it wants from the U. S. so long as it makes its appeal in the name of anti-Communism.

When I talked to Nehru he seemed to feel that the U. S. has not taken sufficiently into the account the long historical background of Moslem-Hindu relations—a background of antagonisms many centuries old. There is also the feeling that we may be ignoring the danger of a recurrence of the Hindu-Moslem riots of 1947 if either side should feel that the other has secured an important advantage.

Many of America's most sincere friends in India believe that we have unwittingly played into the hands of Communism by contributing to the tensions between India and Pakistan. Since Russia wants constant turmoil in Asia, our arms aid may produce that very effect, whatever our actual intentions may have been. Despite the fact that pressure has been building up in India for Nehru to seek arms from the Soviet in an effort to balance off United States aid to Pakistan, Nehru has refused to involve India in any obligation to Russia.

THERE can be no doubt that the hopes of free India today rest with Nehru. So far as the free world is concerned, Nehru's policy of "neutrality" furnishes the best present guarantee against overt Russian interference. The main Communist problem in India today is an internal one, as has already been demonstrated in the southern regions. In order to fight Communism on this level, India needs help. It needs food, it needs fertilizer, it needs technological assistance. And it needs peace with Pakistan.

India today holds the balance in Asia. Lenin once wrote that the road to Paris and London lay through Peking and Calcutta. The gravitational pull on all Europe would be immense if India were to go under.

It is not necessary for India and the United States to agree in every particular in order to advance their common purpose. We can create a framework within which friendly disagreement is possible. Charges of bad faith have no place in such relations.

India must recognize that the United States has a total commitment to preserve the independence of the free world against totalitarian aggression. For its part, the United States must recognize that India, too, has giant-size problems of its own, of which the need to work out a peaceful solution over the Kashmir is only one. Our Asian policy should have one consistent aim: to do everything possible to build up conditions of stability. We can't work miracles in Asia, but we can gain the respect of Asian peoples if we convince them we have a deep understanding of their histories and their hopes. —N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

LEARNING TO READ

ALTHOUGH I AM AN OCCASIONAL contributor to your pages, I hope you will not deny me additional space, a few inches, to protest against the false logic by which Walter Dorwin Teague [LETTERS, *SR* March 6] attempts to put over his intolerable bosh about progressive schools. He writes: "But it is not at all difficult for a child to learn to read English, if he doesn't go to a progressive school where reading isn't taught."

This implies that the only way a child can learn to read is to have someone teach him to read. As children who go to progressive schools *do* learn to read, learn rapidly, with pleasure, and preserve their pleasure in reading into their mature years, we must assume either that they are taught to read in those schools or that they learn without being taught —as they learn to walk and to talk.

One doesn't have to be a semanticist to see that what Mr. Teague is trying to slip over on us is his own concept of teaching. Add to the sentence I've quoted the words "the way I want reading to be taught" and it makes sense. It still conveys a false impression. I will provide fifty children from progressive schools who can read against every one, of the proper age, who cannot; and I will also let Mr. Teague do his own researches in non-progressive schools so that he can discover the percentage of illiterates there. It will be the same ghastly percentage the Army discovered. But the Army was too intelligent to pretend that our illiterates come from progressive schools.

GILBERT SELDES.

New York, N.Y.

"CHALLENGE OF MAN'S FUTURE"

HARRISON BROWN'S BOOK definitely argues for "population stabilization" as "a major key" to the survival of civilization. That in itself is enough to set off fireworks. The mild and reasonable display by Mr. Ballou, his editor, which you published [LETTERS, *SR* April 3], mainly supplements what I wrote about the book; and that is all right with me; for I admire the work as a whole, and hope that a great many people will read it.

The direct quotations from Dr. Brown's pages in my review, while necessarily incomplete, are incontrovertible. My remark that the author advocates "birth rigidly controlled by the state" derives from these further direct quotations from the text: "A world authority is needed which has the power of making, interpreting, and enforcing, within specified spheres, laws which are directly applicable to the individual . . . Given a world authority with jurisdiction, the task of assessing maximum population levels on a regional basis need not be prohibitively difficult. . . . It is clear that by maintaining *rigid* (italics mine) control over aids to conception, in particular artificial insemination, and rates of induced abortion, birth rates could be controlled with high precision . . ."

It is precisely at this point, in his final chapter, that Harrison Brown's careful weighing of this and that in the Land-Man equation seems to me to leave the rails and go off into space along with the Huxleys, Aldous and Julian alike.

RUSSELL LORD.

Bel Air, Md.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"Move from Egypt? But I've just begun to accumulate some seniority!"

ULTIMATE GOAL: ONE WORLD

LET ME, A TEACHER AND A BIOLOGIST, sincerely applaud Charles A. Lindbergh's appeal that we consider the human instead of the material products of our wartime technologies [*SR* Feb. 27]. Surely we can lose the whole world if we lose sight of ourselves. Humility, simplicity, tranquility are humane ideals.

But let me, a biologist, question Mr. Lindbergh's assumption that these ideals must be sought by us for ourselves alone, in our lonely arsenal, that we cannot work in these times for humane ideals for all the world. The notion that history, or the "natural laws which govern men," make struggle and wars inevitable is based upon neither biological nor anthropological facts. In man's evolution, fusion of once isolated groups, not mutual struggle and extinction for the loser, has been the rule. In man's history, as peoples have come to know one another, there have been progressive union and mutual understanding.

It is likely that the two armed camps of today represent not the beginning of a stable and horrifying Cold War, to be indefinitely prolonged, but rather a penultimate fusion of humanity that may, through rational and resolute action, be transformed into an ultimate one world. At least, this is what we must strive for.

ARTHUR W. JONES.

Knoxville, Tenn.

"THE MAGNIFICENT BASTARDS"

I HESITATE TO CALL one of your reviewers prissy, but that's what Evelyn Eaton was in her review of "The Magnificent Bastards," by Lucy Crockett [*SR* Feb. 27].

Whatever the virtues and vices of Miss Crockett's novel about the life of Red Cross girls in the South Pacific, the one thing Miss Crockett did not do (and it was the main thing of which Miss Eaton complained) was overplay sex.

I'm not saying I have any special knowledge, but I was out there and can remind Miss Eaton of the pertinent statistics: a handful of girls scattered here and there throughout the islands, often where there were no other women at all, set in the midst of hundreds of thousands of men who were either lonely or beat-up, and sometimes both. Doesn't that suggest to Miss Eaton the truth: that these girls were the object of wildly intense and frequently distorted sexual curiosity?

Once I was on an island where there were five Red Cross girls and 25,000-plus Marines. The girls lived in a compound which soon had to be floodlighted, surrounded by a high barbed-wire fence, and patrolled with war dogs.

Tell Miss Eaton that it was a terrible, terrible situation and that in describing it Miss Crockett has been more honest than, say, Michener.

GEORGE MCMILLAN.

Aiken, S.C.

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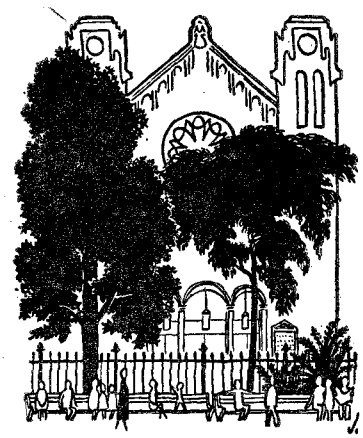
Our Prettified Prophets

By ALBERT N. WILLIAMS, *author of "The Holy City," "The Book by My Side," "Paul, Hero of Tarsus," and other volumes dealing with religion and the Bible.*



THE ANNUAL survey of America's popular reading made by the magazine *Time* discloses the fact that the six top sellers in the non-fiction field during 1953 included the Revised Standard Version of the Bible and three other books of a definite religious or inspirational nature: "The Power of Positive Thinking," "Life Is Worth Living," and "A Man Called Peter." Accepting a fourth ("Angel Unaware") as at least an essay on the outskirts of spiritual conviction, it appears that only one of the top six sellers did not in some way concern itself with our faith in the Christian God. That lone work was, significantly, the Kinsey report on the female of the species.

Despite the fascination of sex, mayhem, war, and salon history, readers today appear to want meat for the spirit and bread for the soul far more than they do a prod in the plexus or a lift to the libido. The pulsing sales records of such works as "The Robe," "The Song of Bernadette," "The Cardinal," and "The Left Hand of God" put authors like Shellabarger, Yerby, and Spillane to shame. The human triangle no longer serves as the granite keystone in plot architecture; it has been replaced by the simple monolith of man's quest for faith, his need for faith, his dependence on faith, or, simply, his faith. James Jones comes and goes; Lloyd Douglas goes on forever.

The tragedy and the paradox of this gratifying situation is that these religious giant-sellers in fiction, and ninety-nine out of 100 non-fiction books sold under the banner of "religion" address themselves only to the spiritual comforts available to a Christian of sure faith, and not at all with the religious foundations of that faith. They concern themselves more with man than with man's concerns. Faith today has a thousand voices; religion flowers in silence.

Religion is, of course, the systematic roster of man's moral and spiritual certainties that breed faith but, more than that, it is the record of the human experiences that led to those certainties. Religion is not a simple statement of human trust, like the faith which plays so strong a role in so many "religious" books. Religion is the history of man's mistrust, his fear, and his unbelief, all dramatically overcome. It is the record and the saga of man's longest unbroken quest in history. Without a voice to sound its trumpets, the pageantry, the color, and the drama of that age-long quest are abandoned and forgotten, and the focus of readers and writers alike is turned, today, to the shapeless epilogue of that magnificent quest—the faith that this religion made possible.

Faith, so strong and so bold in the novels and histories that deal with it, is looked upon as a knowledge that can float through man's consciousness without any reason for being or without any proof. It has been torn away from the stream of history that brought it into being, and it is now established as a static and extra-human force. It is now something to do only with God, and not, as religion has been throughout history, a record of the quickening relationship between God and man. It is the proud but faceless personification of the tragedy of our time—the pathetic illiteracy that seeks to erect a tower of faith on the quicksands of ignorance of the historic events which first nourished the seeds of that faith.

Our generation has seen the development of the study of the social sciences to a queenly state. Any well-informed individual, the product of any self-respecting college or university, would not dare to hold opinions regarding our democratic form of government without reference to various events in the centuries-long historical process that saw the evolution of political enfranchisement as a condition of life. Any college freshman can report that when the barons cornered King John at Runnymede, something called the Magna Carta came into being, which document had considerable to do with our present political freedom. But how many college graduates can report what it was that Isaiah learned of God's plan for mankind as a result of Sennacherib's fruitless siege of Jerusalem in the year 701 B.C.?

THANKS to the ineptness of several generations of polite but generally uninformed Sunday School teachers, and to uneasy parents who have torn the Bible out of our public-school curricula, religion has been severed from the stream of its own history, and served up, de-gutted, de-boned, sliced, and boiled, with a garnishment of piety and morbidity that would have turned the wrathful Old Testament Jehovah away from His own people in anguished sorrow. The stern and rugged events that should summon a legion of historians, novelists, and dramatists have been so emasculated by genteel purveyors of faith that it is no wonder that the Christian of our time lacks even the most cursory interest in the dramatic unfolding of events which made possible the faith that prompted one of the world's greatest latter-day prophets to testify, concerning America, that God's hand was still to be seen in history in his own day: "we here highly resolve . . . that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom . . ."

The powder of prettiness and pettiness that has sifted down upon the shoulders of our Old Testament prophets and New Testament fathers has served altogether to smother them as human beings, and to take them, heels dragging in their own greatness, out of the arena of history. The prophet who was thrown down a well, the powerful and rugged old counselor of four kings of Judah, the man who paved the way for the whole Christian religion by observing that although Jerusalem would be destroyed, and with it the great and only temple to the worship of God, man could still act as an individual and worship God directly, has been

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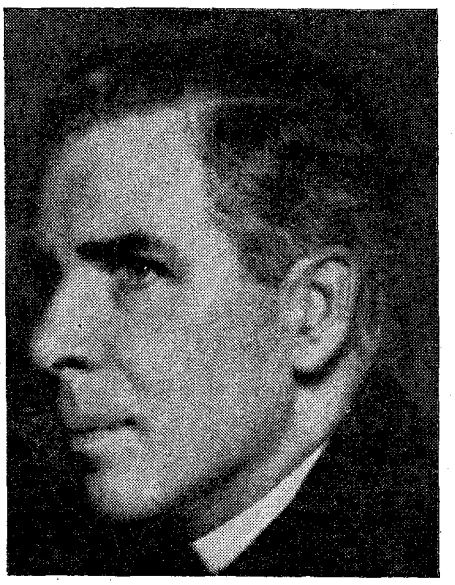
lost to us as an historical figure, a human product of a series of events in history. It was no quiet contemplation in the calm beauty of his almond grove in Anathoth that led Jeremiah to realize that God would make a new covenant with mankind to replace the covenant which had been broken. It was in the physical terror and spiritual agony of the hour that saw Nebuchadnezzar's troops raze the Judean countryside and stand unopposed before the walls of Jerusalem that Jeremiah came to realize that the God of his fathers, who for generations had been looked upon as the unseen resident of the no-longer-inviolate temple, was not, after all, a God who could rule mankind only from a stone and cedar edifice, but was even in the events of that hour revealing the fact that the human heart was and had always been the only proper temple for that worship.

With vast respect to the army of excellent writers who have left no stone unturned to make the American heritage real and dramatic to modern readers, the saga of Jeremiah and his times is more dramatic, more significant, and more downright important to our knowledge of the way of the world than a thousand stories of Paul Revere, John Paul Jones, and the other prophets of America. America, and the culture that has blossomed from the historical fact that is America, do not stand apart from the stream of history; they stem from the faith held by certain revolution-minded colonists that man enjoys a God-guaranteed dignity. That faith in man's dignity has its roots inevitably in Jeremiah's discovery of the importance of the individual in God's sight.

THERE appear to be two causes for the sad state of religious letters in these days. The first, to repeat a generalization that has already been made, is that the modern reader and writer are confusing religion with faith, and blithely continuing the danger-laden project of divorcing that faith from the roster of historic events which made it possible. The second is that we have given our religion into the charge of a hierarchy of professionally trained religionists who are almost pharisaic in their solicitude for the minutiae of faithfulness and their unconcern with God's persistence in taking a hand in human history. Their greater interest is man's contemporary spiritual comfort rather than a constant renewal of the exhilaration of his spiritual discoveries. An entirely comparable and absolutely improbable situation would be the consignment of every American's inalienable political and economic privileges to a priesthood of professional "Americans," who would gather us together in small groups on one morning of each week to admonish us in the ways of worthy citizenship, and who would then offer to mediate for us with the legislators whom they alone would elect to their high offices. Americans simply don't take their Americanism for granted, and, given the proper literary fare, it would seem likely that they would stop taking their Christianism for granted.

N. V. Peale—" . . . not merely an idea."



F. J. Sheen—"an historical religion."

Catharine Marshall—"the drama that blazed."

What has receded into the background over the past few decades is the general awareness that the Christian religion is not merely an idea, like Buddhism, but the record of the history of a long dynasty of troubled men and women who have sought to work out their spiritual and moral certainties in particular and dramatic circumstances. Christianity, like democracy, is the result of a set of historical events which have not stopped happening. It is the most powerful drama that has ever entangled man in its plottings. The pathetic illiteracy which marks our time has not come about through any apostasy on the part of the twentieth-century Christian, but simply because he has lost his sense of history. The minister in the church of his particular branch of faith can see to the needs of that faith; the call is now to the historian, the novelist, and the biographer to renew his sense of history in the service of his religion.

CHRISTIANITY is an historical religion. Except for Old Testament Judaism, which gave birth to Christianity, that relationship to history-in-motion cannot be found in any other of the world's great religions. Obviously they have all undergone change and metamorphosis as the culture which they seek to reflect has passed through historical changes, but the unfolding of their essential revelations was not in a series of historical events.

That series of historical incidents which summed and totaled, comprise the Christian religion, and from which springs the Christian faith, is the drama that lacks its dramatists and wants for a theatre today. The drama that has blazed through history for 4,000 years to make that faith possible has been usurped by the seminarians and taken out of the common ken. It is the great illiteracy of this enlightened age.

This illiteracy is not so much a shameful reflection upon either our home life, our educational system, or the modern church, as it is upon the profession of letters. No age of Amer-

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ican writing has been peopled by so many effective narrative stylists, competent biographers, lively historians, and able reporters of the past as our own, and yet never has the general reader been less able to lay his hands upon a popular, well-written, nontechnical, but adequately researched account of, for example, Elijah's struggle with Queen Jezebel, and the significance of that struggle in the evolution of monotheism as a fundamental aspect of our religious heritage.

But where are the accounts of that story on the best-seller lists? Where is the story of even one of the men who made the history that made possible the faith that made the plot for "The Robe"?

Is it that readers are uninterested in the dramas of the men who made their faith? Not any more than Americans are uninterested in the historical events that created America.

Is it that writers are unequipped to delve into so distant and so complex a past? Not any more than writers are unequipped to report the daily comings and goings of Chaucer, of Charlemagne, of Genghis Khan, or of George Washington.

It is simply that we are today the children of a disastrous divorce. At some period in the last few decades, faith began to assume psychological and sociological appearances, and was divorced from religion.

And today the most literate and educated nation in the world is suffering from a tragic and pathetic illiteracy—an ignorance of the historical foundations of its own religion.

Champion of Chaplains

By WHITNEY BALLIETT

WHEN Peter Marshall, the Scotch-born chaplain of the Senate and pastor of the "Presidents' Church," in Washington, D.C., the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, died suddenly of a heart attack in January 1949, at the age of forty-six, there were many people in this country who might have agreed that what Ben Jonson once wrote modestly about himself would also have been applicable to Dr. Marshall: "A creature of a most perfect and divine temper: one in whom the humors and elements [were] peaceably met, without emulation of precedency. He [was] so composed and ordered as it is clear nature went about some full work, she did more than make a man when she made him. His discourse [was] like his behavior, uncommon, but not unpleasing; he [was] prodigal of neither . . . In sum, he [had] a most ingenious and sweet spirit, a sharp and seasoned wit, a straight judgment, and a strong mind."

Shortly after Dr. Marshall's death, in the fall of 1949, a venerable religious publishing house in New Jersey, the Fleming H. Revell Co., published some of this uncommon discourse in the form of twelve sermons, together with a few prayers, under the title of "Mr. Jones, Meet the Master." It was edited by his widow, Catherine Marshall, and was a book which, a few years before, Dr. Marshall had refused to put together, because, as he had then told his eventual publisher, he was "not yet ready." Ready or not, within six weeks it was on the nonfiction best-seller lists, where it stayed for a year; to date, 361,000 copies have been sold, and the publishers have been unabashedly informed that many of its readers keep "Mr. Jones, Meet the Master" beneath their pillows at night. Two years later McGraw-Hill released Mrs. Marshall's biography of her husband, "A Man Called Peter." With the help of several book clubs, and on its own, the book has sold over a million copies, and is currently pouring out of bookstores at the rate of four thousand a week. It is now in its one hundred and twenty-ninth week on the best-seller lists. In March 1953, an average Marshall month, in which 16,000 copies of "A Man Called Peter" were bought, "God Loves You," a children's book edited by Mrs. Marshall from some of the stories, sermons, and prayers which Dr. Marshall had been fond of telling his son, Peter John, was published. No sooner had 100,000 copies of this melted away than a Christmas sermon of Dr. Marshall's, "Let's Keep Christmas," which had run up *Look* magazine's readership precipitously at Christmas time, 1952, appeared in book form, in December of last year. And, as if there were no other course possible, 100,000 copies of *that* were gotten rid of in a few weeks. Now Twentieth Century-Fox has purchased the rights to "A Man Called Peter"—a business venture which is regarded, in some circles, as being as safe as the Aga Khan.

"A MAN Called Peter" has been described as luminous, glowing, and inspiring, as well as a rather superficial book, written in a kind of Palmer-method English. It has also been categorized, variously, as a biography, an autobiography-biography, a fairy story with a sad ending, a Horatio Alger novel, a how-to book on successful marriage, and a straight-from-the-shoulder devotional on God. In it, of course, is the story of a man born near Glasgow of a poor family, who worked there as a manual laborer until he was twenty-four, when he sailed for this country. Six months after he had arrived here he went south to join two boyhood friends. One thing led to another,

This Gentle April

By Florence Ripley Mastin

WHEN this gentle April has passed away
And the snows begin, I shall be bold
To wear my faith like a leafy spray,
Oblivious of cold.

No terror that walks in the winter dark,
No icy fingers on ashen bough
Shall break the rhythm of my heart
That lives with April now.

I have seen crocus climb through snow,
Forsythia's golden lamp of faith
On a bitter day—and I know
That life is stronger than death,

That love in the valley's shadow
Becomes an immortal thing.
Blessed are they who fearless go
Into the dark—to find the spring.

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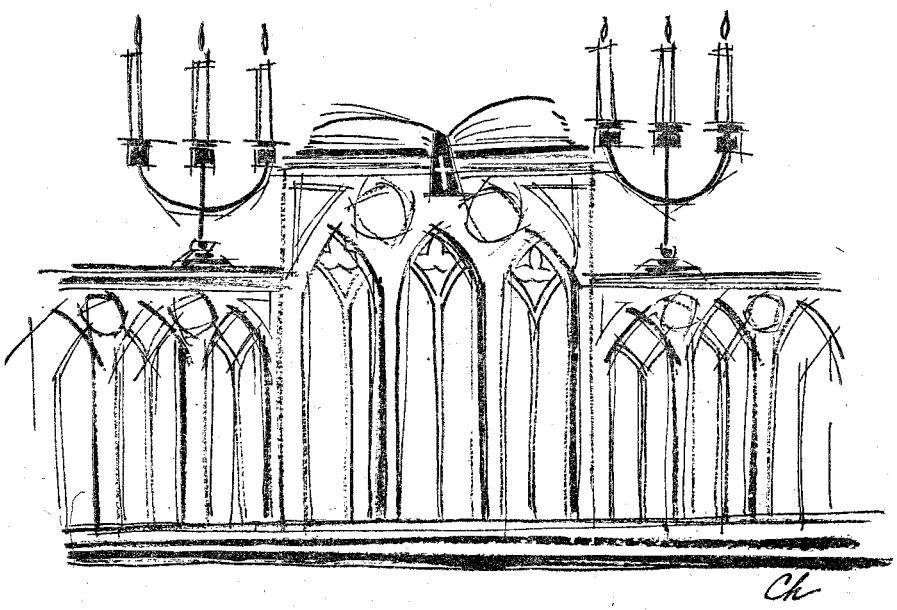
and four years later, after graduation *magna cum laude* from the Columbia Seminary, in Decatur, Georgia, he was ordained a Presbyterian minister. In 1937, when he had already become a famous preacher in Atlanta, he married the twenty-two-year-old daughter of a Presbyterian minister, Catherine Wood, who was fresh from college. Then he was asked to take over the pulpit at the New York Avenue church. He was elected chaplain of the Senate two years before his death.

IN comparison with a dreamy investigator like Sir Thomas Browne—who once wrote that "as for those wingy mysteries in divinity, and airy subtleties in religion, which have unhinged the brains of better heads, they never stretched the *pia mater* of mine . . . I love to lose myself in a mystery, to pursue my reason to an *O altitudo*!"—Dr. Marshall was convinced that "Jesus is supremely a realist, and He would have us be realists too." A handsome, ruggedly built man, who looked somewhat like a cross between Pat O'Brien and Karl Malden, he often told his congregations that when it comes to prayer, they should "roll up [their] prayer sleeves" and get to work. In his sermons, which he read from typed sheets set up in a loose blank-verse form that has been adhered to in his books, he spoke easily of God as the "Dynamo of the Universe," the "Chief," the "King," or the "Person"—Someone who "never does things halfway," much as though God Himself were beaming in His Sunday best in the first pew of the church. These sermons were delivered in what has been termed as a fine Harris Tweed-style: John Donne one moment ("The waters of the oceans of God's love do come up into the tiny bays of our unbelief"), and an ecstatic Nick Kenny in the next ("When the sun, like a ball of fire, sinks lower and lower, until it meets in a blistering kiss the western horizon").

Overnight Mrs. Marshall's days, which were once comparatively humdrum and obscure, have become jammed with the endless business of answering letters, answering the telephone, answering requests to speak, appear on TV and on radio, and endorsing checks. "A Man Called Peter" was her first major writing job—outside of adolescent poetry and some pamphlets collaborated on with her husband. She intends to go on writing and editing, so apparently there is no end to the achievements of the unique team Mrs. Marshall unwittingly got together when she once wrote: "Nothing in all the world [seems] real now—nothing but God and Peter and me."



The Rock of Peter

"A History of Christianity," by Kenneth Scott Latourette *(Harper. 1516 pp. $9.50), is a one-volume history by a distinguished scholar. Below it is reviewed by Arthur P. Whitney, professor of Biblical history at Drew University.*

By Arthur P. Whitney

KENNETH SCOTT LATOURETTE has exercised his genius again to a new dimension—a genius for organization and compactness. "A History of Christianity," by Dr. Latourette's own description, goes beyond his earlier work, "A History of the Expansion of Christianity," in that the new book is designed "to be a well-rounded summary of the entire history of Christianity in all its phases and in its setting in the human scene."

It is indeed refreshing to read a treatment of Christian history that views the drama as part and parcel of the human scene without sacrificing the singularly miraculous quality of The Way, as it comes into view as a tremendous phenomenon so great as to become the Great Divide in time—B.C. and A.D. While Dr. Latourette preserves the miraculous quality, he does it without recourse to an uncanny mysteriousness. However one may account for the life of Jesus Christ, his life is miraculous in the sense that its quality has never since been matched for strength of beauty, masculinity of virtue, or as a representation of the Godhead. One can think of no one more Godlike than Jesus Christ. The drama of those who followed the Christ as the Son of God, so adequately depicted by Dr. Latourette, is ample testimony of the miraculous in the history of Christianity.

The miraculous (but not mysterious) quality of Christianity is further emphasized by Dr. Latourette's assertion: "At its outset Christianity had no . . . potent association to commend it. Not until, after more than three centuries, it had, through its first amazing victories, become dominant in the Roman Empire, did it achieve such an influential cultural and political alliance as . . .other faiths early possessed."

The contagious essence of hope and faith, so integral a part of Christianity, is captured by the author of this volume who unerringly reminds his readers: "During the past four hundred and fifty years and especially in the last century and a half, Christianity has been more influential in the life of the human race than at any previous time. This is contrary to an impression which has wide currency."

Obviously the treatment of so vast a field as the entire history of Christianity in so concise a mode presents some very serious limitations. Such conciseness as characterizes the tome affords no "elbow room" for amplifying considerations over which sound scholars differ. Likewise, in the interest of succinctness, some topics are treated scantily and some hasty state-

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ments are projected. For example, Dr. Latourette places John Wesley and the people called Methodists so squarely and firmly in the Moravian tradition that the casual reader would scarcely know with what vehemence the Wesleys repudiated so much in the Moravians—their "quietness," their "passiveness," their insistence that the joy of salvation is instantaneous—all the while moving over into the center of the stream of Reformation emphases. One cannot deny to the Christian church the part the institution played in the formation of United Nations. One half-paragraph of about six sentences hardly suffices. Unhappily, too, the author falls prey to inaccuracy through the pressure of limitations of space. Some of his readers will take issue with such an unamplified observation as: "The French Revolution was to a large extent a secularized version of the heavenly city as conceived by Christians." Such generalities carry within themselves the seed of their own negation. The tyranny of space!

Be all this as it may, Dr. Latourette's "History of Christianity" will serve any student admirably in the monumental task of organizing the several pieces of a picture not yet finished. Content and physical features together present a handy volume that will meet many needs and stand ready use—especially quick reference—for many years to come.

Under the Elder Tree

By Carol Hogben

HERE'S a sweet memory dead on the grass,
Under the elder tree.
Take it, put it in coffin of glass,
Under the elder tree.
Weep a tale then, tell a tear,—
The time when the buttercup dies is near.
Mumble a litany, murmur a prayer,—
The priest of may-month won't be there.

It was all so long ago when I played
Under the elder tree,
And took that sweet remembered bird
On my young knee.
It was only a toffee-tin
Played the glass coffin,
Yet I wept true tears.
And now, lain long green years,
I know that light,
Once airy, thing is white,
Under the elder tree,—
Under the eyebrow where it
Lay,—and I cannot bear it!

Ecclesiastical Fathers

"A Treasury of Early Christianity," edited by Anne Fremantle *(Viking Press. 625 pp. $6), is a widely read modern woman's harvesting from the vast literature left by the founders of the Church. Whitney J. Oates, our reviewer, is professor of classics at Princeton University.*

By Whitney J. Oates

IN A SENSE, Anne Fremantle plays hostess in the preface to her "Treasury of Early Christianity" by announcing that "an anthology should be like a good party. When you first look in, you should be able to recognize a few old friends, or you may feel strange and lost and shy; but you don't want to know everyone, or even many people, or you will be bored, for you are hoping to make new friends, as well as to rejoice in the old ones." The more than 150 excerpts from fifty or so different early Fathers make quite a party indeed. But, unfortunately, the majority of the selections are so short that the affair becomes a little bewildering. In fact, you aren't even quite sure you are meeting an old friend, or whether the new one will be to your liking. Moreover, it seems fair to suggest that there is something the matter with accepting an invitation to a party where you don't want to meet every one, or even many of, the guests, for fear of being bored.

The editor, to be sure, was faced with a staggering job of selection, when one remembers that the corpus of the Greek and Latin Fathers comprises very nearly four hundred volumes. She insists, perhaps with extravagant over-protestation, that they were "violent, startling, daring writers, *quite tremendously vital* (italics mine), and they are still passionately alive today." For evidence, she cites "Clement of Alexandria's Emily Post-ish account of the Christian etiquette for banquet or baths," or, among other items, "St. Jerome's dignified attempts to cuff the loutish young Augustine back into his place," which are "only equaled by Augustine's snide needling of the crusty old translator." (In passing, it may be urged that this interpretation of the relation between these two titans of the early Church leaves something to be desired. On the point the reader can form his own opinion by studying carefully the selection of letters of Jerome and Augustine included in the present collection.) For all this, there can be no doubt that much fascinating material is made available, some of it never readily accessible before.

The anthology is soundly organized by topics. The first section, entitled "The Christian Ideal," perhaps includes too much that bears upon matters of social behavior. The second deals with "The Martyrs," and even with due allowance for the propaganda value for the Church inherent in the accounts of martyrdom, we cannot fail to be moved by the courage with which these heroes and heroines of early Christianity met the supreme tests of their faith. The next brief section records samples of the pagan attacks and the Christian answers during the centuries when the church was growing in the context of Imperial Rome. The fourth division is devoted to the creeds, the development of dogma, and the Christian reaction against heretics, while the next treats the life of prayer, in which there is too much about how to pray without sufficient examples of real praying. Then follows an absorbing section devoted to early monasticism where the reader can find among others excerpts from Athanasius's "Life of St. Anthony," St. Augustine's famous "Letter to the Nuns," Palladius's story of "The Blessed Woman Thais," and "The Rule of St. Benedict." The anthology closes with examples of early Christian poetry and hymn.

TO introduce the selections from each author the editor has inserted short paragraphs of pertinent factual and biographical material. Unhappily, no precise references for the selections are given, so that, if one has the desire to extend his acquaintance with a new-found friend, he is going to need a short bibliographical course from a trained scholar to find his way around in the array of books.

No one can really quarrel with an anthologist's selections. Mrs. Fremantle has given one kind of a picture of the Fathers and their centuries. Another and a different compilation would be one which would present the scope and depth of the contributions which these men made to Christian theology and philosophy.

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The Grim Protestant Truth

"Christian Realism and Political Problems," by Reinhold Niebuhr *(Charles Scribner's Sons. 203 pp. $3), is a collection of new essays by one of the most influential of modern philosophers in his dual role of political analyst and theologian. Here it is reviewed by Paul Hutchinson, editor of* The Christian Century.

By Paul Hutchinson

IN his new book, "Christian Realism and Political Problems," Reinhold Niebuhr appears in both the aspects which make him so important a figure in the life of our times. In eleven essays he is encountered as both political analyst and theologian. He starts as the first, disclosing "The Illusion of World Government," probing to answer "Why Is Communism So Evil?," laying bare "The Anomaly of European Socialism," brilliantly dissecting "The Foreign Policy of American Conservatism and Liberalism." But then, as he moves into more philosophic pastures, beginning with a discussion of "Ideology and the Scientific Method," he becomes more and more the theologian until, in "Coherence, Incoherence, and Christian Faith," the last seven pages in the book, he offers a compressed but comprehensive outline of his own theological position.

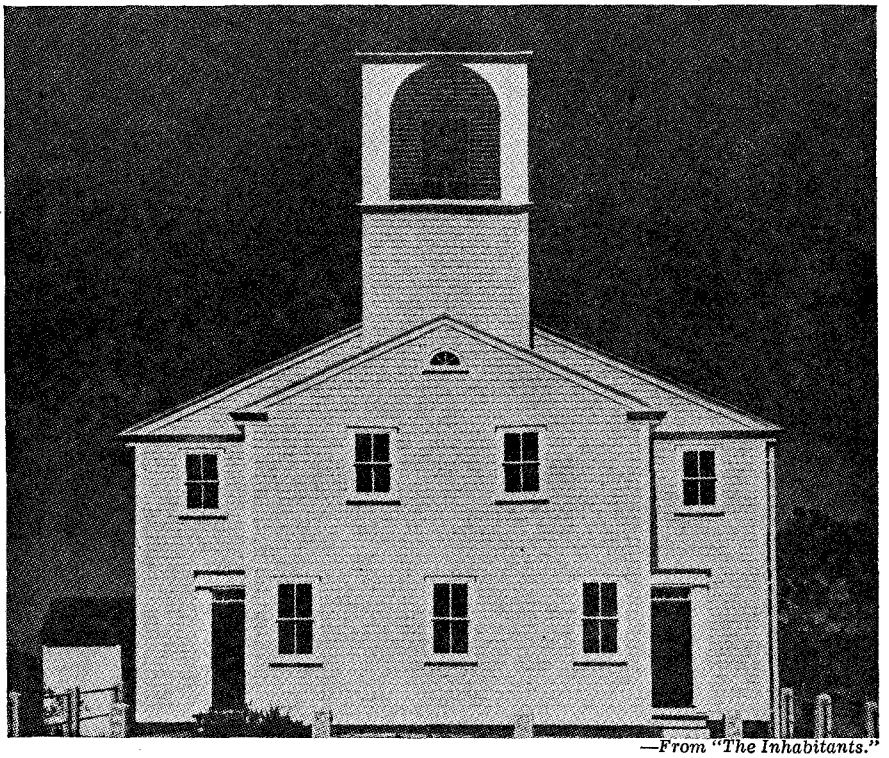
Niebuhr claims for these essays, despite the breadth of the terrain over which they range, that they have a common theme: "they seek to establish the relevance of the Christian faith to contemporary problems, particularly to ethical and political ones." He is sure that Christian theology has more to contribute to the (relative) solution of our problems than science because "modern scientific examinations of the human scene contain two very dubious articles, . . . the idea of the perfectibility of man and the idea of progress." The sharpness of his analysis of modern attempts to grapple with the human dilemma is shown not only in his total effort to protect man from his illusions, but in numberless marginal comments, as when he throws out this reminder to the disciples of psychiatry:

> The fact that the phenomenon of self-seeking may be related, not to specific forms of insecurity, but to the insecurity of life itself, seems to be obscured in even the most sophisticated psychological theory, which is why psychological theories are so irrelevant to political theory.

Niebuhr approaches history as a theologian, and theology as a historian. The outcome is a strong flavor of pessimism pervading his conclusions in both fields. "Our current history," he decides in a sentence which summarizes the positions at which he has arrived, "is actually a remarkable illustration of the way Nemesis overtakes the pride of man and how divine judgment is visited upon men and nations who exalt themselves above measure." In politics, nations suffer for their self-righteousness as well as for their injustices. In theology, human creatures go astray in their pride as well as in their ignorance and their self-interest.

READING this collection of essays, it becomes plain that Niebuhr's great importance lies in his role of analytical critic. He is hardly less than magnificent as he criticizes liberal Protestantism for its sentimentality, orthodox Protestantism for its blindness to the significance of science, Catholicism for its failure to comprehend the dubious bases on which rests its concept of "natural law." A Protestant theologian, he does not hesitate to tell the Roman Catholic Church that it has chosen unwisely in preferring Aquinas to Augustine. But he is even more severe in his strictures on Luther and Calvin (he seems to find it hard to take Calvin seriously), Kierkegaard and Barth.

If there are those who, having heard much about Niebuhr, have not read him because of his reputation as an obscure writer, they can find in this book a relatively smooth and fascinating pathway into the subtleties of his thought. Not everything Niebuhr has to say, of course, is here, but it is surprising how much of his essence is here brought together. To any who wonder whether Christian theology has relevance in our contemporary ordeal, and have been tempted by the "peace and prosperity" books put out in the name of religion to conclude that it has not, a brush with this theologian who warns that "history remains morally ambiguous to the end," who never forgets the "ultimate tragic possibility" overshadowing all human effort, may bring a great enlightenment.



—*From "The Inhabitants."*

Reinhold Niebuhr: "History remains morally ambiguous to the end."

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Religious Book Notes

COMMUNISM VERSUS RELIGION: The reports of intelligent world travelers are always interesting, and Professor Charles S. Braden, as an acknowledged authority on the religions of the world, knew whom he should interview if he wanted to discover just what impact upon the religions of the world has been made by the war and by the rise of Communism.

In **"War, Communism, and World Religions"** (Harper, $3.50) he records the impressions formed as a result of interviews with religious leaders of all faiths, political big-wigs, educators, labor leaders, people of the right and the left. As Braden's travels took him to Japan, China, Indochina, India, the Moslem lands, and Israeli in a seven months' trip, a great deal of territory is covered in his account of what he saw and heard.

His book is discursive and the impressions gained often understandably contradictory in view of the present muddled state of the world. However, one fact stands out clearly in the entire story. The religions of the world have been profoundly shaken by the war, and even more so by the actual or threatened impact of Communism upon the life of their people.

Religionists around the world are confronted by an aggressive Communist movement which would cut the ground from beneath their feet. Few of the major faiths are countering with as clear-cut an ideology and a zeal as flaming as that proceeding from Moscow. Consequently, the outline given in the closing pages of the resources Christianity possesses to oppose the counterclaim of Communism is particularly valuable.

—KENNETH D. MILLER.

TERESIAN SPIRITUALITY: Father Marie-Eugène of the Child Jesus has a wide reputation abroad for the work he has performed in organizing retreats and conferences for various secular groups that desired to study the contemplative life of Carmel. Now he has published **"I Want to See God"** (Fides, $5.75), the first of a two-volume series in which he will explore Teresian spirituality, based on his practical experiences of many years. Using the "Interior Castle" of St. Teresa as a model, he presents in "I Want to See God" the first three of the seven Mansions. This valuable synthesis demonstrates, as he says, that "the need and the time were at hand for a presentation in its integrity of the testimony and the doctrine of the masters who were the Reformers of Carmel." The title of the book comes from the incident when Teresa, as a child, was asked why she had tried to run away to battle the Moors and answered: "I went because I want to see God."

Father Marie-Eugène has composed a long but carefully organized exposition that should enable the intelligent but devout reader to come closer to the ineffable heights of Carmel. It is not aimed at those who already have reached those heights, but at the neophyte who has little knowledge how to begin.

—JOHN W. CHASE.

ROMAN CONVERT: **"Before the Dawn,"** by Eugenio Zolli (Sheed & Ward, $3.25), is the apologia of the former chief rabbi of Rome who in 1945, at the age of sixty-four, was baptized in the Catholic Church. It is less the record of a life than the history of a soul. In essence it is a testimonial of the mysterious ways of God's grace.

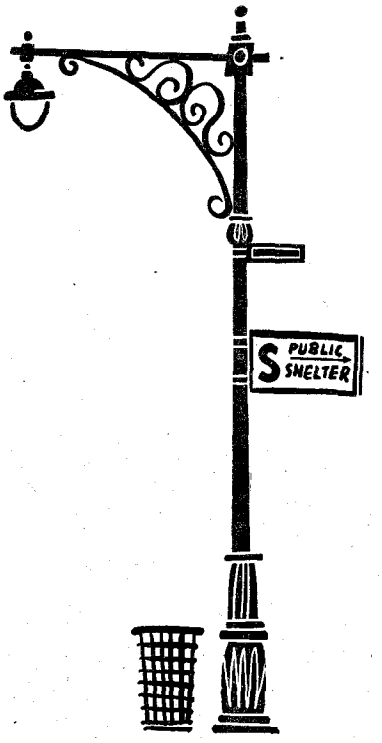
There was surely an indwelling of grace in the studious son of rabbinical ancestors who, in the little Austrian city where Jew and gentile lived together in harmony, prepared for life service as a rabbi. He was a sensitive child, moved by the poetry of snowflakes, the flame of *hanukkah,* the sight of a crucifix. At an early age he became an assistant rabbi, moved on to higher studies in universities and scholarly institutes, won international acclaim for saintliness and learning. At the time of the Nazi occupation of Rome he was head rabbi and rector of the rabbinical college there.

Throughout cruel personal trials and sorrows and in the course of erudite pursuits, Rabbi Zolli's thought never ceased to center on Christ's love. The dying flame of childhood's *hanukkah* had really lasted for sixty years, revealing no true cleavage between Hebraism and Christianity. It was this mystical irradiation and not, as some claim, the Pope's vast charity to Jewish victims of Nazi persecution, that led to the covenant with the Nazarene.

—ANN F. WOLFE.

FREUD FOR CATHOLICS: As psychoanalysis, psychiatry, psychotherapy, psychosomatism, and a raft of other "psychos" become more and more a part of the modern American experience, it is of prime importance to Catholics in this country to understand, first, the meaning of these still rather mysterious phrases and practices, and, second, to obtain a clear picture of the Church's attitude toward such matters. There have been pamphlets, radio sermons, encyclicals, and several noteworthy books on this latter subject, but large gaps remain.

The appearance of **"Psychoanalysis and Personality"** (Sheed & Ward, $4), by Joseph Nuttin, a Belgian priest at the University of Louvain, is to be heartily welcomed as a most timely and valuable clarification of a difficult matter. He subtitles his book "A Dynamic Theory of Normal Personality," which is somewhat misleading as the first part of his study is primarily devoted to a convincing, impartial presentation of Freud and some of his followers. But it is obvious that the second half of this work is of deeper significance to those with technical knowledge; its aim is, he says, "to develop a conception of the dynamic structure of personality from the point of view of general psychology, in order to complete, positively, the one-sided pathological view which has been maintained by psychoanalysis."



A very fascinating book which no Catholic should miss if he wishes to understand the good and the bad in an increasingly important part of contemporary medical and psychological enterprise.

—J. W. C.

THE CHURCH BEHIND THE IRON CURTAIN: While **"The Church Under Communism"** (Philosophical Library, $2.75), a report to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, by a special commission of which George M. Drubruch was chairman, is beamed to the church leaders of Scotland, it contains a brief review of the status of the churches in Communist-dominated lands that will be illuminating to American readers. The survey of religious conditions in Russia, Bulgaria, East Germany, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Yugo-

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slavia, and China provides ample documentation of "the tragedy that befalls society when religion is discarded and its moral sanctions flouted." But the report does not sufficiently bring out the fact that many of the churches brought these calamities upon themselves by their formalism and otherworldliness and by the irrelevance of their ministry to the needs of men today.

The commission does stress the point that "the strongest bulwark against Communism is a vital faith; the greatest peril a spiritual vacuum." Hence it pleads for more adult education in the Church of Scotland designed "to create a nucleus of convinced Christians able to strengthen the life of society and save it from the moral rot and social disintegration which secularism always brings." This would have been good advice to the churches of Russia, Hungary, and the rest. It is good advice for the churches of Scotland and America now. —K. D. M.

THE CARMELITES' GUIDE: The revival of interest in Teresa of Avila, St. John of the Cross, and the whole contemplative movement of Carmel is assuredly a deeply significant development of this century. By general consent St. Teresa herself is the chief figure, both as the practical guiding genius of the discalced Carmelites and as the most inspired, if not the most penetrating, of the mystic writers.

If ever there had been complaint that an up-to-date, full-length biography of her was lacking, it has now been thoroughly answered by Mme. Marcelle Auclair's **"Teresa of Avila"** (Pantheon, $4.95). This is, indeed, a monumental biography, offering some of the most fascinating reading of our times—as well as pretty well disposing of this reviewer's long-held conviction that only a man could thoroughly understand Teresa's more worldly activities. The feminine view does show through fitfully, as on the occasion of Teresa's discovering that her confessor at Becedas was immoral and in love with her: "After this [the reformation of the priest] the two were united in a friendship that was completely blameless: it was not sin that had proved contagious but white-hot chastity."

However, there are few blemishes in this magnificent biography and Mme. Auclair can rest content that her ambitious project has been so fruitful. Equally pleasant are the fine design of the volume and the many lovely photographs—as well as the relatively low price. Just what André Maurois's preface adds to the book except a feeling of annoyance, this observer knows not. —J. W. C.

NEW EDITIONS

The Architect and the Dimensions

THE third, revised and enlarged, edition of Siegfried Giedion's "Space, Time, and Architecture" (Harvard, $12.50) is a large, handsome book packed with interesting facts and fine photographs. It is also a book with a thesis. Mr. Giedion believes that the equilibrium of an epoch, a civilization or a culture, may be measured by the "degree to which its methods of thinking and feeling coincide." He believes that we are suffering from a schism between thought and feeling, and have been for a hundred years; that we are living in a transitional age of great confusion. But he thinks, or would like to think, that "in spite of the seeming confusion there is nevertheless a true, if hidden unity, a secret synthesis, in our present civilization." He seeks to discover this hidden unity, which has not yet become "a conscious and active reality," through the study of our architecture; he looks to architecture for a reflection "of the progress our own period has made toward consciousness of itself—of its special limitations and potentialities, needs and aims. Architecture can give us an insight into this process just because it is so bound up with the life of the period as a whole. . . . It is the product of all sorts of factors—social, economic, scientific, technical, ethnological."

How well Mr. Giedion does with his argument each reader will decide for himself. I find him more successful as historian than as philosopher. I find him considerably less of a philosopher than was Heinrich Wölfflin, his teacher, whose "Principles of Art History" was noticed here some time ago. The "secret synthesis" that he seeks and sees does not become apparent to my eyes. But his survey of our architectural inheritance, beginning with the "organization of space" in the early Renaissance, is masterly, selective, and instructive. In his treatment of individual architects he calls a famous roll, and leaves us with a clear impression of the significance of each man's work. The scope of his book is large enough to include accounts of Sixtus V's evocation of baroque Rome, Haussmann's radical reorganization of Paris, Robert Maillart's beautiful bridges, and the revival of town planning after it had been set back a century and more by the forces of the industrial revolution. This is a big book, and one that no reader will exhaust quickly.

Authoritative, readable, well illustrated, and innocent of philosophical pretensions, Talbot Hamlin's "Architecture through the Ages" (Putnam's, $10) is the work of an objective historian—a work that has been called, by Lewis Mumford, "the most adequate summary of architectural history with which I am acquainted."

Behind the architects stand the construction engineers, and behind the engineers stand the mathematicians. (Perhaps it would be more accurate to reverse the order.) Indeed, mathematics is now so ubiquitously important—from our conception of the universe to our invention of cybernetic monsters—that our age may well come to be known, not as the atomic age, but as the mathematical age. As Tobias Dantzig declares in the fourth edition of "Number, The Language of Science" (Macmillan, $5): "Mathematics is not only the model along the lines of which the exact sciences are striving to design their structure; mathematics is the cement which holds this structure together. A problem, in fact, is not considered solved until the studied phenomenon has been formulated as a mathematical law." This being so, those of us to whom mathematics is hardly more familiar than the Eleusinian mysteries may be glad that there are men like Professor Dantzig who are capable of writing books like "Number—A Critical Survey Written for the Cultured Non-Mathematician." With their help we can at least glimpse what goes on behind the symbolic curtain.

"Poems and Letters of John Keats" (Scribner's, $1.75), edited by James R. Caldwell, joins The Modern Student's Library. Here is the best of the poetry, and enough of the letters to whet the appetite for more. Not for hypochondriacs—Morris Fishbein's "The Popular Medical Encyclopedia," revised (Doubleday, $4.95). Recommended—Rachel Carson's "The Sea Around Us," and "Basic Selections from Emerson" (Mentor, 35¢ each); "The Pocket Book of Modern Verse" (50¢), edited by Oscar Williams; Dos Passos's "1919"; "Great Essays," edited by Houston Peterson; and "Winston Churchill," by Robert Lewis Taylor (Pocket Books, 35¢ each).

—Ben Ray Redman.

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

March in Paris

FOR the person whose French is only so-so, this season's Paris theatre is perhaps best remembered in a panorama of moments that break through the language barrier.

No one, I hope, would fail to laugh at the delicious final curtain of Jacques Deval's "La Manière Forte." In this play a young man has given his "word of honor" not to become amorously involved with a gorgeous young widow. However, by the play's end, when no force known to playwrights can keep the two apart, she releases him from his promise. But he refuses on the grounds that his word once given cannot be broken. "But," he adds as he seats himself on her bed, "in my weakened condition I'd suggest you use force."

Another play of special interest to acting fans is Jean-Paul Sartre's adaptation of Alexander Dumas' "Kean." In the last act Pierre Brasseur, who plays the disordered actor, is spouting amorous phrases to a woman with whom he intends to have an affair. Suddenly his mind goes blank, and he turns to an imaginary prompter. "Don't prompt me," he shouts, "I know the next line."

But the best acting in Paris comes in Jean Anouilh's "L'Alouette." Suzanne Flon, who plays Joan of Arc, can stand motionless experiencing Joan's compassion and slowly the tears will stream down her face. Or she can do the big scene with all the volatility we associate with French acting. Miss Flon speaks English well, and there is an excellent chance that Americans will see her in the role next season when Kermit Bloomgarden produces "L'Alouette" on Broadway.

Over at the Comédie Française, Maurice Escande and Annie Ducaux continue to do Racine with an emotional strength only possible when first-class actors work at such material over a period of many years. Likewise, Fernand Ledoux is magnificent as the shabby and tragic father in "Six Characters in Search of an Author." But the deepest etched detail of this production of the Pirandello play is when the harlot stepdaughter deepens the irony by suddenly breaking into a snappy Charleston to the tune of "Yes Sir, That's My Baby."

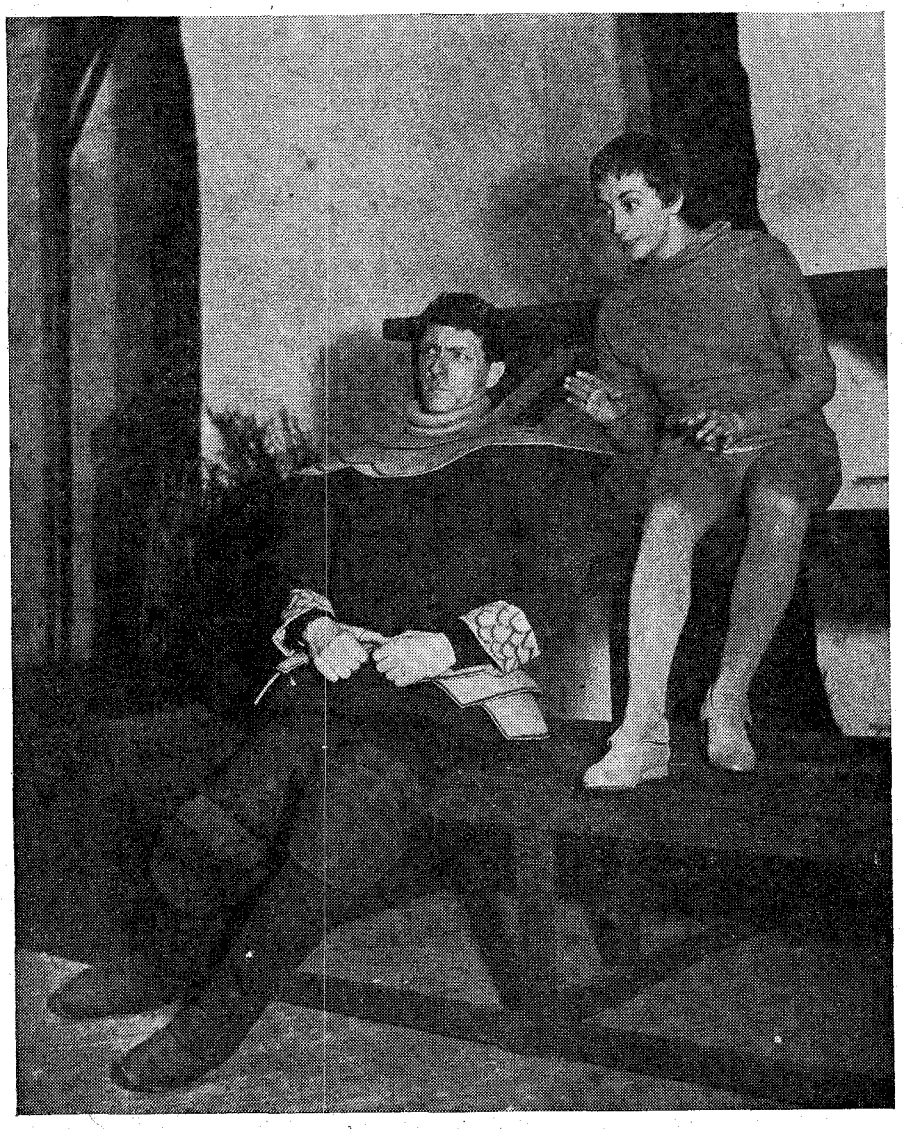
Over at the Marigny, Jean-Louis Barrault creates a magic picture when in Claudel's "Christophe Colomb" he, as the young Columbus, realizes that terrestrial achievement does not last and sadly joins another Columbus who is dying in poverty.

Of the rest of the Paris theatre Louis de Funes is still a riot in the bathhouse skit in the naughty, nude, and satirical "Ah les Belles Bacchantes," and Pierre Blanchar continues to be stylishly droll as the organist who has an unexpected affair in "L'heure Eblouissante." One will not soon forget his "Oh, just a little improvisation" when his shocked wife catches him playing a lighthearted love song as he reminisces about his escapade.

Returning to London via Air France's convenient daily service, I caught that fresh young British actress Dorothy Tutin, in "I Am a Camera." Enchanting as she is, her Sally Bowles is something less than the extraordinary person Julie Harris made her, and the London production therefore emerges much more the story of Christopher Isherwood.

Also seen before boarding my BOAC Stratocruiser back to New York was Noel Coward's operetta "After the Ball." Based on "Lady Windermere's Fan," the new operetta rather surprisingly stresses the sentimental values in the Wilde script. Mr. Coward has managed to invent such clever rhymes as "laudable" and "Mme. Taussadable" and "impossible" and "Mill-on-the-Flossible," and Robert Helpmann has staged the whole business with style and grace.

In general, this quick look at twenty-four European performances in eighteen days was interesting more for the quality of acting than for the discovery of new plays or methods of production. Why England and the Continent are not productive of more good plays is not readily determinable. Perhaps part of the reason is suggested by Christopher Fry in his new



"L'Alouette"'s Claude Richard and Suzanne Flon—"tears stream down."

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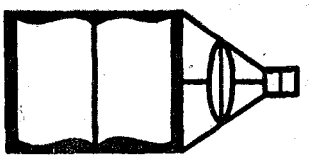

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play when he describes the plight of his author-hero. Says Mr. Fry:

Reality itself with wonder
and power
Calls for the sound of great
spirits
And mocks us with a wretched
human capacity.
Each day has shone full on me.
I have senses
Nerves and mind. Out of this
conjunction
One would suppose there might
be born
Words nearly like the world.
Yet no;
I wrote frustration syllable
after syllable.

Applying the author's stated dilemma to the audience, perhaps it is becoming increasingly difficult for a theatregoer to take in a play of cosmic proportions in a world that has suddenly grown too large to be fully comprehended.

COLUMBIA University's Brander Matthews Theatre, located at 117th Street and Amsterdam Avenue, has been presenting a series of eighteenth-century plays to celebrate the "200th Anniversary of Theatre in New York." The series really began last spring with Dr. Milton Smith's excellent production of "The West Indian." This season he has presented in similar style Farquhar's "The Beaux Strategem" and Steele's "The Conscious Lovers." While the acting is by semi-professionals and amateurs, and in a style that does not come easily even to the best American actors, Dr. Smith's project is nevertheless a dandy one. Pictorially he has given contemporary audiences a good idea of what these plays looked like when originally performed. For this give an assist to Herbert Senn, who has designed the gay and picturesque sets for the whole series, and to the rest of the Brander Matthews Theatre technical staff.

In addition, Dr. Smith and Gertrude Keller have seen to it that the complicated plots of these old plays are as clear as they possibly can be. In "The Conscious Lovers" they have gone a step further, and there are moments when the audience and the players chuckle together in gentle satire of old-fashioned conceits.

The series continues with Gay's "The Beggars' Opera" (April 6-10) and Hoadly's "The Suspicious Husband" (May 5-8). If these two productions are as well done as the first three they will represent a fine opportunity for New Yorkers to become painlessly acquainted with plays that they would otherwise never get around to reading.

—HENRY HEWES.

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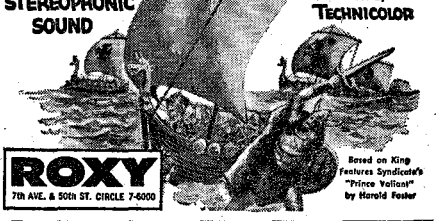

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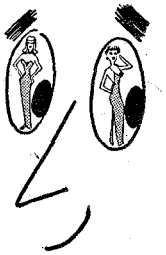

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

Color, Comedy—and Kaye

—From "Knock on Wood."

". . . from start to finish 'Knock on Wood' is Danny Kaye."

NOT even Danny Kaye's most avid admirers, legion though their number be, have been able to applaud wholeheartedly their favorite comedian's more recent films. To be sure, there were always moments they could point to, moments when Kaye managed to break free from the constraints of plot and character that shackled his extraordinary talents and to soar into the realms of controlled hysteria, where he has no peer. For what stood out in films like "Walter Mitty," "The Inspector General," or even "Hans Christian Andersen" were the isolated interludes in which Kaye, generally working with material supplied by his wife, Sylvia Fine, stopped acting out a role and slipped into a song or dance that hadn't the remotest connection with what had been going on a moment or two earlier.

The good news in **"Knock on Wood"** (Paramount) is that the clever writer-director team of Norman Frank and Melvin Panama have hit upon a story and a character that permit their star to be consistently funny as the plot unfolds, while at the same time introducing Kaye's speciality numbers (again written by Sylvia Fine) easily and logically. The result, inevitably, is one of the finest comedies to hit the screen in a long time. It builds slowly, taking as its point of departure a situation strangely reminiscent of Michael Redgrave's problem in "Dead of Night" a few years ago. Kaye, a nightclub ventriloquist jittering on the verge of schizophrenia, agrees to go to Switzerland for psychiatric care because his dummies keep talking back at him. Just before he leaves, however, a spy stuffs some stolen blueprints for a super-weapon inside his two dolls. Immediately, albeit unwittingly, Kaye finds himself catapulted into the middle of an international situation as rival gangs attempt to snatch the papers from him.

Although the psychiatric aspects of this story are played straight (at one point the dialogue seems to have been lifted verbatim from a college text), fortunately nothing else is. As the scene shifts from Paris to Zurich to London, both spies and story become increasingly *opera bouffe*. Since the spies not only foil easily but are also highly expendable, soon Kaye has Scotland Yard after him on a multiple murder charge. The ensuing chase finds him posing successively as an Irish tenor in a London pub, the staid salesman of a gadget-ridden British hot rod, and *premier danseur* in a Russian ballet—all hilarious and wonderful to behold. It might be added that the ballet, staged by Michael Kidd, contrives to look like a *real* ballet even when Kaye is whirling like a dervish or intercepting ballerina Diana Adams in the midst of a *grand jeté*. In fact, there is at all times a keen awareness of just how far to push the farcical and when to keep one foot on the ground. Mai Zetterling is attractive and intelligent as the psychiatrist, David Burns deft and amusing as Kaye's manager and side-kick. But from start to finish "Knock on Wood" is Danny Kaye—and it's grand having him around in a picture that uses him so well.

* * *

By way of contrast, there is **"Casanova's Big Night"** (Paramount), Bob Hope's latest film. Like Kaye, Hope can be a very comical fellow, but his chances to prove it here are rare indeed. Quite possibly there was some merit to the basic idea of having him masquerade as Casanova, the great lover and swordsman. Unfortunately, the invention never got much beyond that point. The script keeps Hope busily running through all his standard antics—ogling the ladies, cringing at each threat of danger, swaggering brashly when the danger has passed. But, aside from some amusing single-line quips, the writers have a tendency to explore the limited opportunities for mirth to be found in Hope's mistaking "peasant" for "pheasant" and similar subtleties. What makes "Casanova's Big Night" acutely distressing, however, is the awareness that these peanuts of humor are banging around in the shell of a lavish and gorgeous and expensive production. The settings, a cross between eighteenth-century Venice and twentieth-century Paramount, are opulent beyond belief; while the supporting cast, headed by Joan Fontaine and Basil Rathbone, includes such costly but generally dependable performers as Hugh Marlowe, Arnold Moss, John Carradine, Frieda Inescourt, and, making the briefest appearance, Vincent Price. Everything considered, Price made out best of all.

* * *

Neither the regal Technicolored backgrounds of the Canadian Rockies nor the glories of CinemaScope can quite conceal the ravages that time has wrought on **"Rose Marie,"** Rudolf Friml's musical comedy hit of thirty years ago. This is its third screen incarnation, and while the plot has been considerably rearranged (after all, Ann Blyth could scarcely substitute for either Joan Crawford or Jeannette MacDonald without *some* alterations), the changes are not

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necessarily improvements. In fact, the whole business now seems incredibly dated and foolish; and not merely in its cornball story but even in its musical sequences where, reverting to a tradition that the movies abandoned early in the Thirties, the singers chant their love songs smack into each other's faces. Nor in their reworking of the original material have the producers seen fit to eliminate that supremely fatuous moment when Rose Marie must yodel the "Indian Love Call" from one mountain peak to her "Jeem" lurking on another a couple of hundred miles away. (Or is it just CinemaScope that makes it seem so far?) Characters address each other in a painful pidgin English ("I have the love"), and the sacred Indian totem dance comes straight from the stage of the Radio City Music Hall. Even so, it must be admitted that the old score still has its charm, that "Free to Be Free" is a pleasant addition to it, and that Miss Blyth, Howard Keel, and Fernando Lamas do the tunes full justice; while Bert Lahr, all but lost in the scenery and sub-plot, turns up long enough to assert himself as an inimitable comedian with a rib-tickling patter song about "The Mountie Who Never Got His Man." But altogether "Rose Marie" struck me as a tedious and ill-advised venture, another of M-G-M's beautiful bores. It will probably make millions.

—Arthur Knight.

SR Recommends

Knock on Wood: Reviewed in this issue.

Diary of a Country Priest: A very tragic French import which concerns a dreamy young man's brief priesthood in a hostile countryside. (*SR* Mar. 27.)

Beat the Devil: Robert Morley as the criminal chief and Jennifer Jones as the delicious prevaricator set the tone of this rare and hilarious spoof. (*SR* Mar. 13.)

New Faces: A faithful transplantation of a Broadway show to the wilderness of CinemaScope turns out well. (*SR* Mar. 6.)

The Glenn Miller Story: The trombone and life of a musician to whose work a generation danced, and who died in that generation's war. (*SR* Feb. 27.)

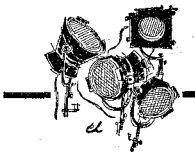
The Long, Long Trailer: The fabulous corporation of Ball-Arnaz conquers new worlds in this anecdote of a wacky honeymoon. (*SR* Feb. 20.)

Genevieve: Two antique-auto enthusiasts race themselves, their girls, and the police all over South England in a very funny picture. (*SR* Feb. 13.)

It Should Happen to You: Judy Holliday makes the most of a merry Garson Kanin script that is also adroitly barbed with satire. (*SR* Feb. 6.)

The Golden Coach: An experiment in *commedia dell'arte* style by the French director Jean Renoir, not as successful as it might be, but worth seeing for its rare visual beauty. (*SR* Jan. 23.)

The Conquest of Everest: This pictorial record, in color, of the 1953 Himalayan expedition is calculated to enthral the most blasé moviegoer. (*SR* Jan. 9.)



TV AND RADIO

The Hurry of "Home"

THOUGHTFUL people say thoughtful things in magazines. Sometimes they say foolish things; and very often in some magazines foolish people say silly things. The same is true of "electronic" magazines. An electronic magazine is a potluck miscellany of the air, a crowd-catcher in the morning on TV. I browsed among the big three of television magazines recently—the prototype, "Today," on NBC, and the two newcomers, NBC's "Home" and CBS's "The Morning Show."

"Home" is in an awful hurry. Maybe that's because it's young—young people are always. . . . "Today" was in a hurry once. I remember when it was born its press-angels sang it was to be "the communications center of the world." Now time hangs heavy on Messiah Dave Garroway's hands. He's the chief communicator and every other minute he's telling us every other minute. Never was so little time expanded by so many clocks. He takes a minute to mix an instant dessert. He takes five to telephone a New Jersey veterinarian for the latest temperature reading of one J. Fred Muggs, "Today's" simian star. J. Fred has become so vital a communicator that, even *in absentia,* a film must show him monkeying at the Toy Fair. Perhaps Muggs is "Today's" cunning commentary on today; perhaps he is NBC's dark ape for tomorrow when the stars are radioactive.

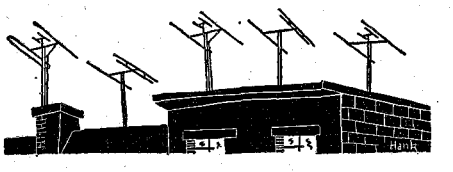
But "Home" in a hurry. The hour is 11 a.m. to noon in the east. There's an editor-in-chief as well as editors of travel and kitchens, decorations and diets, shopping and fix-its, Chicago and Washington, fashions, and etiquette, babies and gardens. They all edit, counsel, demonstrate, guide—and sell. Breathless is the word for "Home." Arlene Francis, the editor-in-chief, is a talented actress, a long-time practitioner of the *ad lib.* Here it was St. Patrick's Day and Eve Hunter—fashions—in the last minutes of the program is telling us "How to Read a Dress Pattern," rapid fire.

"You open the envelope and there's the pattern. The pattern size isn't your size. There's a chart. You don't have to memorize this. The girl in the store knows all about it. Don't be afraid to ask her. Number 1 is the front bodice. There are holes and notches. Four inches from the selvage. The diamond patterns help you adjust. Dark lines, shoulder lines. Lay out, cut out, fold. Here are the pieces. Naturally if I was doing this I'd pin it so I'd know it was right but there isn't time . . ." Said Arlene to Eve: "You did that wonderfully and very speedily. I'm sure we all learned something."

Will Peigelbeck is the fix-it editor. He started to show us how to paint a panel. There wasn't time—naturally—so the camera left him after the first brush and popped in on him just before fadeout to show the panel all done. "There's really nothing to it," said Will modestly. "If you use a ladder be sure and get a good, sturdy one." Dr. Baumgarten the baby specialist. "Learning to Eat Solid Food" was the title of her monograph. Dr. B. looked us straight in the living-room eye and said: "Scientists have studied babies for fifty years and do you know what they have discovered? That tiny little babies are different from you and me."

Poppy Cannon, the food expert, made some Joe Frogger cookies (old New England spice cake). There was quite a tizzy about those cookies on "Home's" turntable stages. Poppy put the cookies in the oven, Hugh Downs set the timer. Poppy took them out before the timer went off, the timer went off, the crew could hardly wait . . . Never did get to see those cookies eaten—no time. Said Poppy: "This recipe calls for seawater from old Marblehead. If you can't get seawater from old Marblehead use two tablespoons of rum." Substitution comes easy on "Home." A visiting Irish kitchen marm told us how to make Bantry Bay scallops. "Now here are the shells," she brogued, "the original shells in which the little scallops lived. And if you can't get Bantry Bay scallops," she added with leprechaun largesse, "why just use any old scallops."

Estelle Parsons is "Home's" travel girl. She got her hair real wet in a studio snowstorm and then showed us films of a "Yankee Winter Weekend" in Old Sturbridge Village, Mass. "If you're so excited that you can't wait till next winter to get up there," enthused Estelle, "don't worry. They're open all year round." The



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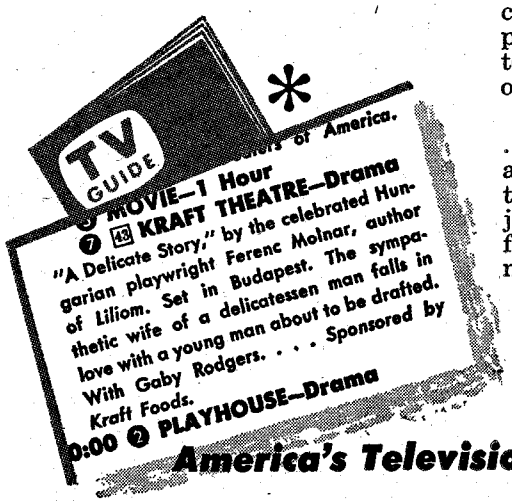
Least of all did we expect *you* to confess to "channel-chasing"! Yet your *SR* piece for March 20th is disturbing evidence that The Ace Family was not among the more than 2,350,000 families (820,000 in the New York area alone) who were more than adequately briefed* about the delightful Kraft Theatre "gem" you happened on by a "fateful twist of the wrist". It would be indeed unfortunate if there were no competent guide to advance program information—but millions of erstwhile wrist-twisters know better.

Actually, TV GUIDE has set out to serve much the same function for television that *The Saturday Review* accomplishes so well for the world of letters. In one year of national publication, TV GUIDE has become the weekly printed program for a nation of living-room theatres. TV GUIDE's hour-by-hour coverage of the program activities of more than 160 television stations makes it a necessity for the viewer who for reasons of time or taste must be selective in his choice of programs. It is the one source the discriminate viewer can conveniently refer to for previous knowledge of television's truly worthwhile offerings.


TV GUIDE
of America.
8 MOVIE—1 Hour
7 4B KRAFT THEATRE—Drama
"A Delicate Story," by the celebrated Hungarian playwright Ferenc Molnar, author of Liliom. Set in Budapest. The sympathetic wife of a delicatessen man falls in love with a young man about to be drafted. With Gaby Rodgers. . . . Sponsored by Kraft Foods.
0:00 2 PLAYHOUSE—Drama

. . . And to you, Goodman Ace, a complimentary subscription to TV GUIDE, so you may join the entertainment-wise families whose televiewing is not "potluck"—but planned!

America's Television Magazine

TV GUIDE

J. Fred Muggs of "Home" (that is, the running gag) is the Bannister Baby, an infant in diapers. Five days a week, Monday through Friday, you see film clips of him (or her?) tearing a doll apart or being soap-bubbled. Sometimes, though, even baby gets bounced. Arlene drove up in a new Nash this morning, and what with the car, the crew unable to get its mind off the cookies, and the perennial station-breaks (time out for local commercials)—Arlene had sadly to announce: "We were going to have some baby film but baby went for a ride in the new Nash."

DR. FRANZBLAU is "Home's" psychologist. She said some very thoughtful things on one program about parents choosing a college for their children. She was a woman talking about a subject she knew well, a subject that had some meaning. It is to "Home's" credit that there was time for her, although her eyes seemed to dart from left to right in terror of some off-camera authority who seemed impatient at so much time given to a thought rather than a thing. The Thing, you see, is "Home's" hearthgod. The editor did give hurried, last-minute mention to five booktitles in the weekend entertainment roundup. The books themselves were there, all right, on the desk. Also there was a Q. and A. panel with Washington news correspondents. Otherwise "Home" appeared a heavenly department store, a valhalla of gadgets and gimmicks, a cloud of electronic dust returning to dust. It frightens one again and again to accept that programs such as these mirror the mind and the heart and the interests of the American wife and mother.

If "Today" has its monkey and "Home" has its baby—then blessings on CBS's "Morning Show" for Charlemagne the Lion, sign of the Bairds, those puppeteers extraordinary whose delightful marionettes artfully mime production numbers to the music of popular records. More than its compeers "Morning Show" aspires to and achieves purely human as distinguished from weather, time, and thing interest. The most "show" of the three shows, it touches some substance in the content and tone of the news contributions of Charles Collingwood and Harry Marble. How odd and how gratifying that the most bounce across the early board should spring from the Bairds, whose stuff is only imagination. If you should ever feel like an electronic magazine between the hours of seven A.M. and noon—I recommend "The Morning Show" and the Bairds.

—ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Rosenstock's "Salome" Rubinstein, Leinsdorf

THE suitability of Richard Strauss's "Salome" to the City Center has always impressed me as questionable, even with the use of an orchestration reduced, so it is said, by Strauss himself for use in similar smaller theatres in Europe. At the opening of the spring season Joseph Rosenstock further reduced it, in volume and pace, to suit the limitations of his Salome, Phyllis Curtin. It was her dubious distinction to make her second operatic appearance in one of the most subtle and complex roles in the repertory. She survived it, and so did "Salome"—but neither was quite the same at the end.

Whether Rosenstock's deliberate manner from start to finish was related to his singer or not, it was not very closely related to the purposeful, forward-moving, restless energy Strauss wrote into this score. I have heard various kinds of "Salome" offerings in twenty-odd years of listening, but never before one that could be described as dull. True, it made some vagrant phrases more melodic, also much easier for the Herod (Ernest McChesney) as well as the Salome to sing. But this was dearly bought, considering what he sacrificed in cumulative effort. (On whose authority, incidentally, was the role of the female page assigned to a male singer?)

Considering her inexperience, almost anything Miss Curtin might do would have been to her credit, if not to that of the persons who judged her suitable for so arduous a part. Hers is a lyric soprano of rather pleasant timbre, accurate in pitch, and with a bright coloration toward the top. However, it is neither loud enough, strong enough, varied enough, nor anything else "enough" to provide the kind of insinuation, guile, or sensuality on which a characterization of Salome can be founded. By maximum effort she managed to be heard when the orchestral sound was moderated, but there was practically no impact in the low register, for which Strauss had thoughtlessly written some important phrases. Dramatically, Miss Curtin—who is well proportioned and younger looking than the Salomes who come to this part in the normal progression of a career—varied between Dalcroze and Martha Graham, with a dance that was well conceived but rather coolly delivered.

To evaluate a "Salome" in which the leading role fails to convey the intensity required must, of necessity, be a compilation of compromises. Walter Cassel's Jokanaan was thoroughly good, McChesney's Herod well-meaning but too lacking in theatrical art for conviction, Mary Kreste's Herodias rather prosaic. The smaller roles, as is a City Center custom, were all well done, especially Jon Crain as Narraboth. The staging and decor were creditable.

Artur Rubinstein's generosity in contributing his services as soloist to a Philharmonic-Symphony Orchestra Pension Fund concert more or less guaranteed a full Carnegie Hall (even at double prices), but he made sure it was more than less a certainty by performing the Fourth Concerto of Beethoven, the Second of Chopin, and Rachmaninoff's "Rhapsody on a Theme by Paganini" at, so to speak, a sitting. The grand gesture was companioned by art on a comparable scale, which reached its high point in an appropriate place—the evening-ending performance of the Rachmaninoff "Rhapsody." This is by way of being a fairly popular piece, which has been played by most of the contemporary virtuosi, Mr. Rubinstein included. However, in the marshaling of massive forces, including tonal gradations, a fine sense of the work's structure, and an intimate kinship with its special musical atmosphere, this seemed to me the closest thing to the inimitable original since Rachmaninoff last played it himself. Dimitri Mitropoulos's conducting was all to the point, including that of a baton, which he rarely uses.

AS IN the instance of Bach's B minor Mass or the Requiems of Mozart and Brahms, the Ninth Symphony of Beethoven is a work of such complexity and challenge that it invited evaluation in several categories when Erich Leinsdorf presented it in Carnegie Hall lately with the Rochester Philharmonic, the Rutgers University Choir, and a variable group of soloists. If he did not take the walls by storm, he led a charge that was decidedly energetic, straight to the objective, and carefully organized.

Insofar as a blueprint can detail the objectives of a musical performance, Leinsdorf's was soundly drawn. However, the kind of communication which brings the meaning of a musical work to the listener did not occur. Part of this may have been due to Leinsdorf's concentration on achieving accuracy from an orchestra which has qualities but not top quality, though even where technical considerations were not involved the impact of the music was leaden rather than electrical. I found much of his directional technique gesturesome and overdrawn, especially when an eloquent motion to the tympanist brought forth a dull sound.

Mack Harrell, though not in best voice, was easily the outstanding member of the quartet. Irene Jordan was strong but strident in the delivery of the soprano's music, Nell Rankin hard to hear in the mezzo part, and Walter Frederick penetrating but reedy in the tenor's. The orchestra was at its best in the string meditations of the adagio, of lesser distinction in the heavier scored scherzo.

A repetition of "Norma," as a Saturday afternoon broadcast from the Metropolitan, provided an opportunity to revaluate Zinka Milanov's present suitability for the exacting requirements of the leading role. It was, on the whole, more creditable to Miss Milanov than the first hazardous venture of a couple of weeks back, but the expectable improvements were in degree rather than kind. The evidence now is that the range of the role is high for her, that she has to stretch uncomfortably for the recurrent A's and B's (not to mention a rather paralyzed C), and that she commands proper control only in *mezza voce*.

How much vocal values have to do with preparation and security was demonstrated within half a dozen hours by Blanche Thebom, who was the Adalgisa in "Norma" (Fedora Barbieri has returned to Italy for reasons of health) and also a participant in Act III of "Don Carlo" in the evening's miscellaneous "gala." Miss Thebom was a fine looking Adalgisa, but the flexibility for this music was not in her voice, no matter how conscientious her effort. Some of the ensemble singing with Milanov was beautiful, but I was not convinced she was doing just what she intended.

In the evening, however, Miss Thebom sang Eboli's "O don fatale" with much more impact and meaning than on any occasion I have happened to hear. No doubt her voice had profited from the exercise of the afternoon, but the whole concept was more meaningful than before. For that matter, Eleanor Steber's Elisabeth, Jerome Hines's Philip II, and Robert Merrill's Posa were all superior to what they had been, with Hans Hotter's Inquisitor of its singular distinction.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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The Gramophone Shop

1928-1954

By IRVING KOLODIN

THERE may be no particular reason for shedding a tear when so successful a business enterprise as The Gramophone Shop—"Specialists, The World's Best Recorded Music"—comes to an end, but the passing of 18 East 48th St., New York, N. Y. is too much involved with profound changes in the record industry to go unmarked. Some may remember it for the touch of snobbery in the name and more than a touch of it in over-the-counter dealings, but more will remember it as the source of some otherwise unobtainable experiences in darker days of the phonograph, when Haydn symphonies did not sprout on every LP label, and if you wanted to hear Maggie Teyte sing Debussy or Alec Templeton ply his wit, only the Gramophone Shop made it possible.

In the course of a career just barely more than a quarter of a century in extent, the Gramophone Shop gave employment (among others) to ambitious people named Richard Gilbert, R. D. Darrell, Herbert Weinstock, George Prince, George Leslie, Harold Lawrence, Robert Reid, and others of later note in the recording, writing, or mercantile worlds. In 1930 Gilbert took up the task of editing the first sizable encyclopedia of records ever available (building on a catalogue created by the owners two years before) and in 1936 Darrell, after monumental labors, produced the big thick book which has been in use ever since (amended by Leslie, Reid, and others) and which served as the cornerstone for the bigger edifice eventually erected by Clough and Cuming. Weinstock was one of the successive editors of the Shop's monthly bulletin which gave guidance, information, and news about records when few other sources existed in this country.

For myself, it was associated with some of the molding experiences in musical taste: Kreisler's recording of the Beethoven Violin Concerto, the art of Richard Tauber, the lieder singing of Elisabeth Schumann and Lotte Lehmann, in those years when little of the sort could be found in what was disdainfully termed the "commercial" catalogues. Some of these experiences, indeed, antedated the establishment of the Shop itself, when its founders, Joseph Brogan and William Tyler, were employes of the New York Band Instrument Company, in charge of the branches on 34th and 14th Streets, respectively. They drew on the European enterprise of the mid-Twenties to service an avid if not numerically stupendous trade. But it was a devoted public, and profitable.

I was still a student when I received a card, utilizing a name on somebody's mailing list, advising of the opening of "The Gramophone Shop" in the East Thirties. My first reaction was to conclude that somebody realized that the New York Band Instrument Co. had a good thing in its import department and had stolen a march on the people known to me by sight but not by name. Investigation shortly after the opening in March 1928 proved that the operators of a bare cubbyhole in a far from fashionable neighborhood—hard by the Third Avenue El, in fact—had stolen the march on themselves. They were the erstwhile salespeople, now dignified as props: Messrs. Brogan and Tyler.

It was not too long after this—Brogan tells me it was in July of the same year—that the Shop relocated on 47th St. off Park, definitely more fashionable, with the advantageous formula: 47 East 47. By 1930 these quarters had proven too small (something of a tribute to the nature of the business, considering what was happening in the business world as a whole), and the enduring location on East 48th St. was established. For those who did business with the Gramophone Shop only by mail, the extent and deployment-in-depth of the establishment may have some interest.

Joseph Brogan—"Mission Accomplished."

ONE modest window was flanked with as narrow an entrance way as you might associate with a corner drugstore or an exclusive furrier. Inside, the panorama was high, narrow, and deep. Beyond the counters on left and right sides was a double row of listening booths, nearly a dozen in all. There was also a mezzanine level, with an instrument salon at the front, business offices at the rear. At the very back, downstairs, were the editorial quarters where Messrs. Gilbert, Darrell, Weinstock, and their successors performed scholarly tasks, while the clerking force rang registers and wrapped packages. An adjoining flight of steps led to the basement packing and mail room. I have been there during a holiday season when the cartons stacked head high bore addresses to most of the forty-eight states and a dozen foreign countries.

There came a time indeed (in 1939) when business was so flourishing that a salon was opened on Park Avenue in the upper Forties to trap the trade that strolled there but could not be expected to slum on East 48th. Brogan himself greeted the "guests" who favored him by looking in. They could scarcely be counted "customers," and indeed did not behave so in sufficient numbers to make the venture really profitable. However, the place persisted till nearly the end of the war, the boom in record trade being what it was. By this time the partnership was at an end. Brogan bought out Tyler, who later undertook a comparable venture in Atlanta, Georgia, without conspicuous success. It finally ended when Tyler died from an overdose of a sedative. In 1945 Brogan gave up the Park Avenue salon, and life with Papa (Haydn) went on in the 48th Street establishment.

It is difficult to pinpoint sequence in reviewing the impressions of so long a period, but isolated instances may comprise some sort of pattern. As editor of a record column for a New York newspaper in the Thirties, the Gramophone Shop was a periodic port of call for information on what was stirring in the musical marts not circumscribed by "domestic" releases. It was thus, one day in 1938, that I heard a bright tenor voice singing "Celeste Aida" and made the acquaintance, on a disc from Sweden, of

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Jussi Bjoerling. It was just about ten years later that the experience recurred, though this time the record was "Comfort Ye," from "Messiah," and the singer was Aksel Schiøtz.

The Gramophone Shop was the exclusive American outlet for the notable venture called "L'Anthologie Sonore," and at one time it provided a needed lift for the Columbia company by moving 200,000 records within weeks at 50 cents a copy. Among Brogan's souvenirs is an album (circa 1930) containing half a dozen ten-inch shellac records by Niña de los Peines, one of the first instances of the "personality" album which is now a commonplace of the industry.

You could buy the whole Schlusnus Polydor catalogue there if you had the interest and the means, likewise the rarefied art of Gerhard Hüsch and Tiana Lemnitz. The Gramophone Shop stocked the HMV "Connoisseur" catalogue and the riches of "Voce di Padrone" (the Italian counterpart of HMV) when high fidelity was not even a trade term and the cactus needle was preferred by Those In the Know.

Every patron of the Gramophone Shop doubtless has his own set of reminiscences, some of which could well be on the acrid side, for the mail order business was lush, the over-the-counter customer something of a necessary evil. An exception was made when he happened to be the King of Siam come to America for needed surgery and not content to leave without visiting the establishment with which he had done so much trade. The Maharajah of Mysore was another valued client, and as Brogan says, "Practically every distinguished name the world over."

Under such circumstances the man who had to weigh the $2.62 in his pocket in terms either of a new Beecham *or* a new Charles Panzéra, wasn't particularly indulged. And if, on an unhappy occasion, someone walked in off the street in innocent search of a Bing Crosby disc of "Mexicali Rose"—this was, to the naked eye, a record shop after all—he might be greeted with a frosty "Ve do not sell poplar record" from a clerk who knew the stock but not the language. Of course, Dietrich's "Falling in Love Again" or "Jonny" was a different thing. They were not merely popular but expensive and hard to get, which made a difference.

For that matter, the demands for the solid matter of the musical literature sometimes ran beyond the capacities of the sales staff to keep up with it. One, more learned than some of the others, recalls an occasion when a co-worker asked him to fill an order for Bach's "Two Part Conventions"; and there was considerable discussion on another occasion of which was the best version of the "Demolition" scene from "Götterdämmerung."

THE terminal date of the Gramophone Shop's existence has some tangible connection with an expired lease and a reluctance to re-establish elsewhere, but the substantial fact is that the LP trend, with its swift transmission of music from everywhere to music lovers everywhere, drastically diminished the need for such a shop and its stock in trade—specialty merchandise. What had once been a commodity fragile, cumbersome, and difficult to stock became a product unbreakable, light of weight, and easy of access. Thus, as the average dealers' shelves accumulated more and more of the world's recorded goods, the advantage to the Gramophone Shop of being a connoisseur's repository diminished. Personal decisions, of course, had to do with the decision to liquidate rather than adapt; but in any event the kind of business it had been was outmoded by the industry's strides in the last half-decade.

I don't suppose Joe Brogan and his dispersed staff can take much consolation from the fact that what they had dealt with in a rarefied way for so many years has now become a commonplace: that, as a parallel for the inaccessible Kreisler-Beethoven of 1930, we have the Oistrakh-Beethoven, the Oistrakh-Brahms, and the Oistrakh-Glazunow on duplicate labels, though this violinist has never been here and is not likely to come. Withal, the area of good taste has expanded infinitely, the quantities of experiences available to music lovers everywhere vastly enhanced.

If all this has been demonstrated to be not only esthetically valid but also commercially sound, the intermediation of the Gramophone Shop was a decidedly consequential one. Let's grant that it made money, lots of it, for its promoters; but let us also recognize that it made money out of servicing an elite taste rather than a common one, that it sustained an interest in the *recherché* and the esoteric—as esoteric, say, as "La Mer" or "Sacre du Printemps" when you couldn't get them in native versions—when other people were off chasing chimeras, and that it never despaired of the conviction that the phonograph (even if it called itself the Gramophone Shop) was a source of enlightenment as well as entertainment.

At a time when the best opinion of the commercial brain was that the American taste in music could be satisfied by whatever was offered to it, the Gramophone Shop proved that it wanted something more, in diversity and quality. For this reason, if for no other, its closing merits the citation "Mission Accomplished," plus a notation that the good taste which it nurtured has now been so widely dispersed that its point of supply is no longer unique. This may not look like the best kind of business but it makes a very decent epitaph.

"Watch this! I stuck a Johnny Ray in with his Berlioz."

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The "Ring" Stolen Again

WAGNER: *"Der Ring des Nibelungen" (complete).* (Allegro 3125-43, $56.05.)

WHO is pulling whose leg? This curious production was first announced in a Record Corporation of America advertisement in the March issue of Schwann's cumulative LP catalogue. The announcement was laconic: a complete recording—the first—of Wagner's "Ring des Nibelungen" was available on nineteen Allegro discs at the price indicated above. Where had it been made, and by whom? To these and other questions no answers were given, and the interested reader was free to speculate on the possibilities.

Three came at once to mind: (1) the performances had been taped behind the Iron Curtain, in Dresden or Leipzig or even, possibly, in East Berlin; (2) they had been taped, legitimately or otherwise, in West Germany, from performances originating in Munich or Frankfurt or Hamburg or Stuttgart or Berlin or elsewhere (but if so, why the anonymity of the announcement?); (3) they had been taped from Metropolitan Opera broadcasts of the "Ring" during the 1950-51 season.

Though the third of these alternatives was the most alluring (it would have involved a Flagstad Brünnhilde), probabilities favored the first, which received additional support from the labeling of the records and the albums when, presently, these were placed on sale. For here the performing forces were identified as "Soloists, Choir, and Orchestra of the Dresden State Opera, Conductor Fritz Schreiber." But almost at once, as one listened, doubts arose which at the end of approximately fifteen hours amounted to virtual certainties. This was no legitimate recording of the "Ring," made with the knowledge and cooperation of the performers; it was quite obviously taped, and amateurishly taped at that, from broadcast performances in which a number of old friends had been involved.

Technical considerations first:

The recording had many characteristics of a pick-up from an AM radio broadcast on nonprofessional equipment by nonprofessional operators. What one heard was almost certainly a performance in a theatre—audience and stage noises testified to that—but not of a performance recorded on the spot with professional equipment and know-how. At intervals of about thirty minutes breaks occurred in the continuity: a single tape recorder had been used, and it had been necessary periodically to reverse or change reels. (These breaks may be located, in the "Die Walküre" recording, at bar 8, page 34; bar 17, page 74; bar 3, page 111; bar 8, page 171; bar 4, page 237; and bar 10, page 302. References are to the Breitkopf & Härtel vocal score.)

Each break entailed the loss of from seven to fourteen measures, or about thirty seconds of music. And no effort had been made to effect tidy splices. The typical tape recorder designed for nonprofessional use accommodates seven-inch reels and has a maximum tape-travel of 7.5 inches per second (thirty inches per second is the preferred professional speed); about thirty minutes of music can thus be recorded on a single tape without change or reversal of the reel. The coincidence was suggestive. And there was further evidence that the origin of this recording was a radio broadcast: frequent and often abrupt variations of level, attributable to vagaries of transmission or reception or manipulation, and the intrusion of sounds from adjacent broadcast bands (*e.g.* "Siegfried," Act I, pages 124-6).

Very well. The performances had been taped from broadcasts. But where had they taken place, and when?

There were clues: did not the Wotan sound suspiciously like Hans Hotter, the Siegmund like Ramon Vinay, the Sieglinde like Regina Resnik, the Brünnhilde like Martha Mödl? Where and when had these singers appeared together in a performance of the "Ring"? At Bayreuth, during the summer of 1953. Attribution became easy, especially after the receipt of corroborative testimony from Hotter, Vinay, and Resnik. This was to all intents and purposes a recording of the "Ring" taped from broadcasts of the first Bayreuth cycle of 1953.

The conductor of that cycle was not "Fritz Schreiber" (who *is* Fritz Schreiber?), and the performers were not the "soloists, choir, and orchestra of the Dresden State Opera." They were the chorus and orchestra of the Bayreuth Festspielhaus and the following singers (given, as the programs say, in the order of their appearance): Woglinde—Erika Zimmermann; Wellgunde—Hetty Plümacher; Flosshilde—Gisele Litz; Alberich—Gustav Neidlinger; Fricka—Ira Malaniuk; Wotan—Hans Hotter; Donner—Hermann Uhde; Freia—Bruni Falcon; Fasolt—Ludwig Weber; Fafner—Josef Greindl; Loge—Erich Witte; Mime—Paul Kühn; Erda—Maria von Ilsovay; Sieglinde—Regina Resnik; Siegmund—Ramon Vinay; Hunding — Greindl; Brünnhilde — Martha Mödl; Siegfried—Wolfgang Windgassen; Forest Bird—Rita Streich; the Three Norns—Mmes. von Ilsovay, Malaniuk, Resnik; Gunther—Uhde; Gutrune—Hinsch Gröndahl; Hagen — Greindl; Waltraute — Malaniuk. The conductor was Joseph Keilberth.

Regina Resnik—"corroborative testimony."

HERE, at the moment of writing, the matter stands; but possibly before this report appears in print there will have been developments. The burden of proof in any case rests on the Record Corporation of America (not to be confused, by the way, with another RCA—the more circumspect Radio Corporation of America).

The burden of shame rests there too, and may be as difficult to dislodge. For, regardless of its origin, this recording is of deplorable quality—far from a bargain, even at $2.95 per record, even in a cut-rate market. Except in the performance itself, there is no professionalism here. The compression of frequencies; the coarseness and imbalance of sound; the constant, abrupt, and disconcerting variations of level; the crudity of editing; the alterations of pitch: the sum of these is an indecent travesty of Wagner, of the "Ring," of Bayreuth, and of the often splendid individual accomplishments of all the unhappy artists unwittingly involved.

—EDWARD CUSHING.

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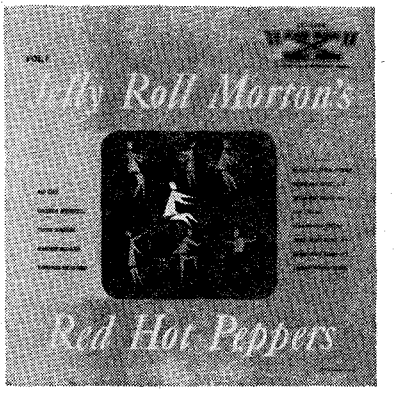

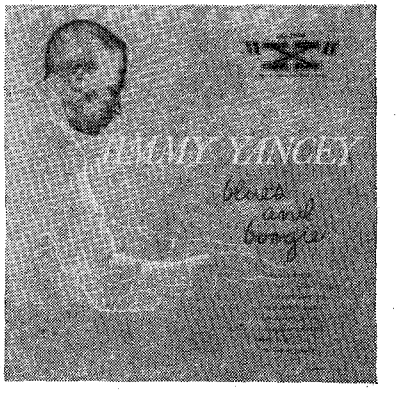

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Recordings in Review

Light from Vienna

MENDELSSOHN: *Octet in E flat (Opus 20). The Vienna Octet.* (London LL 869, $5.95.)

ONE would not think, spontaneously, of Vienna as a source of illumination on this (or any other) work of Mendelssohn, but it strikes me as the most closely studied, wholly realized performance of the Octet I have heard, on records or in the concert hall. It adds to the generally precise and well articulated one in the Vox catalogue (by an ensemble headed by Henry Merckel) a degree of enthusiasm rarely matched in recorded performance and a surge of sound decidedly rewarding.

For all the promise of the first part of the first movement and the solid achievement of the scherzo, the Octet has always seemed to me a work in which the seventeen-year-old Mendelssohn was pursuing visions beyond his capacity to make compelling on paper. Here, however, is a clear answer to the contrary, for the team headed by Willi Boskovsky (with Günther Breitenbach as first viola and Nikolaus Hubner as leading cello) make much of customarily ignored subtleties. The players have a solid sense of the structure throughout, and the climaxes—including the rather remarkable one in the fugal finale—make their full effect.

Hearing this broadly sonorous pattern unfold makes one aware that most performances of the Octet are by players who do not play together regularly, thus leaving some questions of balance and integration unsolved, for all the good will or effort expended. Thanks to clever grouping around the microphone, the sound has an almost binaural element of direction, together with a degree of resonance seldom equaled in string recording.

"Lohengrin" from Bayreuth

WAGNER: *"Lohengrin." Joseph Keilberth conducting the orchestra and chorus of the Bayreuth Festival, with Eleanor Steber, Astrid Varnay, Hermann Uhde, Wolfgang Windgassen, and Josef Greindl.* (London LLA 16, $29.75.)

IF BAYREUTH of the present era is to mean as much to those who haven't been there as it is to those who have, some better means of presenting the evidence of accomplishment must be worked out than this kind of decidedly imperfect recording. "Actual performances" may provide the working materials under suitable circumstances, but sessions for the specific purpose of recording would be much better. As we hear it, London would have had considerably more material to work with had not the local technicians switched recording techniques when the English supervisors were off on another job. As a result, they were limited to the tapes of a couple of performances rather than having full range of everything that was sung and played.

The mechanical faults show up in faulty balance, lack of proper relation of voices to voices and voices to orchestra, a practical blackout of everything else when the chorus is singing toward the end of Act II, and insufficient forethought in planning the pickup of singers who are also acting. The plain fact is that Wieland Wagner and those who influence him must stop considering a recording as a necessary evil and regard it as a vital adjunct of the whole future of Bayreuth, if the artistic possibilities latent in the work that is being done there are going to be realized.

In substance, this is a "Lohengrin" of certain notably fine elements—the Ortrud of Astrid Varnay, the Telramund of Hermann Uhde, and the conducting of Keilberth—and others of vacillating quality, such as Eleanor Steber's Elsa, Wolfgang Windgassen's Lohengrin, and the King of Josef Greindl. But with the unique sonority of the Bayreuth orchestra and chorus it should be much more than it is.

In certain isolated stretches—the bitter interchange of Ortrud and Telramund in Act II, particularly—this is operatic art on a high level. But Miss Steber never develops a consistent dramatic characterization, and Windgassen is guilty of such an inconsistent musical one as to discourage anything more than modest enthusiasm. In terms of the story itself, justice to "Lohengrin" cannot be provided by "magic" in the name of Bayreuth. We are entitled to ask for something better than this.

Kreisler and Paganini

KREISLER: *Quartet in A minor;* PAGANINI: *Quartet in E major. Stuyvesant String Quartet.* (Philharmonia PH 107, $5.95.)

ABOUT the only fault to be found with this publication and pairing is that it might seem more logically to belong on the "Stradivarius" label. Aside from this lapse in terminology, it is in every way a successful combination of affectionate performance, first-class engineering, and excellent processing down to a good literary presentation by Peter Hugh Reed of the background of two works hardly as well known as they might be.

Oddly, though Paganini is the more durably celebrated composer, his work is the lesser known of the two. It is hard to characterize, as to school, though it has more affinity with Haydn, perhaps, than with any other composer well known to us even though it did not appear in print until after Paganini's death in 1840. Needless to say, the first violin part is not skimped, though it is well within the canons of quartet writing until the finale, which is decidedly brilliant.

Kreisler's work is another sort of creation altogether, a tonal autobiographical sketch on the lines of Smetana's "Aus meinem leben," with a more substantial musical purpose than any other work of his. Much of its melodic flow is attractive, though the harmonic spice tends to dull when served as often as it is here. I wouldn't like to make a direct comparison between this performance led by Sylvan Shulman (with Bernard Robbins as second, Ralph Hersh playing viola, and Alan Shulman, cello) and the RCA one (with Kreisler, Thomas Petrie, William Primrose, and Lauri Kennedy) save to say that if it necessarily lacks the personal impact and drive of Kreisler's style as violinist, it is as thoughtful and evocative as any other rendering could be. Those who know other recordings by this group know what to expect in tonal faithfulness; others will find it hardly subject to improvement.

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Rhapsody by Ferrier

BRAHMS: *"Alto Rhapsody"; four songs. Kathleen Ferrier, mezzo with Clemens Krauss conducting the London Symphony Orchestra, also Max Gilbert, viola, and Phyllis Spurr, piano.* (London LL 903, $5.95.)

THERE is nothing new in this reissue, on LP, of the much-wanted Brahms "Rhapsody" originally issued on 78 rpm, save what was always new about the late Kathleen Ferrier's performances: their sensitivity and justice, the identity of the singer with the song, which, for the most part, influenced her surely in the direction of music for which she had the range of mind as well as the range of voice, the penetration of spirit as well as the insight of musicianship.

As is well known, there were plans for Miss Ferrier to record the "Rhapsody" anew for issue on LP, but they could not be realized before her illness made further work impossible. Doubtless a second venture would have had a degree of fidelity now lacking in some details—though it is by any than ultimate standards decidedly good—but it is difficult to imagine the mood and color of this brooding work more broadly conveyed. This is especially true of the final pages of the work in which Krauss's deliberate but well-sustained pace, the quality of the choral singing, and the rich resonance of Ferrier hanging over all makes for a quite unforgettable effect.

In my possibly misguided view, Brahms rarely wrote more complicatedly dull music than in "Gestillte Sehnsucht" and "Geistliches Wiegenlied," for mezzo and piano, with viola obbligato. These are reverent performances by Ferrier and violist Max Gilbert, but not very interesting listening. The other two items are "Sapphische Ode" and "Botschaft," rather more restrained than I like to hear them, but beautiful singing for all of that.

Anda on Brahms

BRAHMS: *"Variations on a Theme by Paganini"*; SCHUMANN: *"Etudes Symphoniques." Geza Anda, piano.* (Angel 35046, $5.95/4.95.)

SINCE Geza Anda's pianistic abilities were first conveyed to us in Franck's "Variations Symphoniques" (on one side of a Decca LP now withdrawn), it might seem from this formal introduction of him by Angel that he is a specialist in variations. However that may seem, there is no mistaking the fleetness of hand and the

Geza Anda—"specialist in variations."

subtlety of mind that bespeak a sizable musical personality, with a grateful sympathy for these foundation works of the keyboard literature. If Anda tends to make more of the introspective than the exhibitionistic aspects of Brahms's writing, that is no reason for regarding him less highly.

What Angel might look into, however, is the age and condition of the piano used by Anda in his Brahms performance. Such dull bass and soggy treble are hardly appropriate to artistry on Anda's level. The Schumann, fortunately heard from an instrument of suitable quality, is fairly reproduced, and providing a proper showing for Anda's considerable skill as a colorist. What he might do in a work of more consecutive character than anything in which he has been heard to date remains a question, but I suspect the answer will not be too long coming.

More About Janigro

FRESCOBALDI: *Toccata;* LOCATELLI: *Sonata in D;* BOCCHERINI: *Sonata in A. Antonio Janigro, cello, with Eugenio Bagnoli, piano.* (Westminster WL 5243, $5.95.)

THOUGH a toccata for organ (here offered in a transcription by Gaspar Cassadó) would hardly seem the most advantageous material for the average cellist, Antonio Janigro is decidedly not the average cellist. As in the instance of Janos Starker (see below), Janigro is known to us exclusively from records, and the accumulating evidence tends to place them in a bracket apart from other performers of similar background.

In all this material Janigro is at his most effective when a suitable melodic pattern enables him to work out a chain of details with loving care but no lack of spontaneity. As a detail, there is the end of the Locatelli adagio, with its perfect harmonics, trill, descrescendo, dying away. Another is a big sweeping phrase at the end of the Boccherini, beautifully articulated. These call for perfect coordination of mind and muscle, for the kind of "technique" which would ordinarily be conspicuous in a fast-moving allegro.

Obviously, then, he has that facility in abundance, and it would be to his advantage to employ it more forcefully. On the whole, Janigro's fast movements are less impressively played than the slow ones. A little more rhythmic impact would give them a brightness they now lack. I know nothing about Bagnoli, but he plays very much in Janigro's own manner, which is suitable enough. Fine sound in all respects.

Lighter Side of Starker

FALLA: *"Suite Populaire Espagnole," etc. Janos Starker, cello, with Leon Pommers, piano.* (Period SPL 584, $5.95.)

AS IS well known from his playing of Bach and Beethoven, Janos Starker is one of the best young artists introduced to us in the LP era. If there was any question of his versatility, or range of interest, it is firmly resolved by the energy and breadth of his playing here not only of the indicated works of Falla, but such other matter of the cellist's concert literature as the "Intermezzo" from Granados's "Goyescas" and Albeniz's "Malagueña."

To be sure, any time a cellist ventures into the Spanish literature he is venturing a comparison with the most formidable name in his field. Starker is not quite the individualist to give maximum value to the "Jota" of the Falla suite, and his Granados, beautifully played as it is, has perhaps too much of classic restraint. Yet it is an artistic accomplishment of no small order to look at this material with a fresh eye and hear it with a fresh ear (internally, at any rate).

I think Starker's kind of tonal refinement and pointed phraseology would be enhanced by a better blend of sound with the piano than is here provided him. Particularly at the lower dynamic levels it is clearly cello in the foreground, piano in the background. Moreover, the balance changes between pieces, with rather disconcerting consequences. Balance aside, the quality of sound is decidedly good.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Bach from Denmark

By DAVID HEBB

THERE appears to be a gradual broadening of taste in keyboard music that is bringing about a heightened interest in the pipe organ. Underlying this growing acceptance—in addition to the general revival of classic and baroque period music—are the economics of the long-playing record and the tonal design of organs built since 1940. Unlike many of their immediate forbears, most of the more recent organs are well suited to the playing of polyphonic music.

Imitation of the orchestra was the goal of organ builders for the first thirty years of the present century. Even as imitations the results weren't successful, and the common product was a mushy sound, rich and gooey, totally lacking in clarity. The monster theatre organs of the mid-Twenties were the worst offenders, but most church organs of the time weren't far behind.

The break came about 1937, when an American organ was voiced upon classic principles. In spite of the reaction from many listeners that the tone was strident and "brassy," the movement toward the classic style gained impetus and took what we may hope is a firm root.

As of this moment, there is a great deal more organ music being recorded than at any time before. Tape recording and subsequent transfer to microgroove LP's have made a modest-selling record economically feasible, and the cost of a record is not so high that an expanding market cannot be reached.

Until the present time there has not, to our knowledge, been a complete LP recording of Bach's "Orgelbüchlein"—the "Little Organ Book." As most music enthusiasts know, at least by reputation, it is a collection of forty-five chorale preludes which were arranged with the intent of developing the organist's style and technique on both manuals and pedals. The nearly four dozen separate entries—which are all quite short—also show admirably a number of ways in which a simple chorale melody might be played. In each of them the melodic line is clear and firm, unlike many of the other Bach chorale preludes not in the "Orgelbüchlein."

The Haydn Society has gone to Denmark, to a monastery church at Sorø, to record the "Orgelbüchlein." The Danes are fortunate to have Finn Viderø to add to their fame as a music-loving nation. His taste, technique, and musicianship are of prime caliber, and he appears to have the quality of being able to infuse interest in the listener. His earlier recordings, on HMV, were done on the old Compenius organ at Hillerød, a fabulous instrument with a stark, biting character. The Sorø chapel organ is larger, hence more flexible, and on the whole, a little less shocking in tone color. Although it was rebuilt in 1942, the overall impression it gives is one of the early eighteenth century, admirably suited to the Bach music, which was completed in 1717, the end of the first Weimar period.

VIDERØ runs more than a gamut of variety in these appealing little pieces. One can see how he has planned the sequence (there are two LP's, HSL 83-84) as an integrated program, with a splendid contrast between each of the tunes. There is virility, tenderness, and at times brilliance, all well-balanced. The record jackets give both the English and German titles of each chorale melody, as well as the organ registration throughout. The only additional thing one might wish for is the complete text of the hymns, inasmuch as the character of the Bach arrangements was influenced by the spirit conveyed by the verses. In only one—"Christ Lag in Todesbanden"—did we have the feeling that the melodic line was partially obscured by the setting.

Also by Bach, by Viderø, and by the Haydn Society out of Sorø is a coupling of the Variations on "Sei gegrüsset, Jesu gütig" and five chorale preludes that illustrate four of Sebastian's methods of treating a chorale tune. The Variations are from an earlier period—Viderø suggests Arnstadt, which would date them around 1704—but the music is masterful, and we recall Parry's thought that much of Bach's best organ music was the product of his earlier years. The notes include the complete specifications of the Sorø organ (HSL 3063).

Two composers' Chorale Variations (HSL 3066) were recorded by Viderø on another organ, built in 1944, apparently despite the war, in Jaegersborg, Denmark. Johann Gottfried Walther, a second cousin of J. S. Bach, and Georg Böhm, whose work Bach studied, represent respectively the southern and northern German schools of composition. The music is interesting, and easy listening indeed—though somewhat overshadowed by the other Viderø releases. Joseph Low's designs for the record envelopes are something to see.

Finn Viderø also plays the harpsichord, in an expansive, virile style. There are three sets of variations, two by Johann Christoph Bach (Sebastian Bach's uncle), the third, "La Capricciosa," by Buxtehude (HSL 3069). The folk-song tune in this latter work is the one used in the Quodlibet (No. 30) of the "Goldberg Variations." The harpsichord sounds almost massive in spots, but clear as crystal.

John Eggington is a youthful Australian who has transplanted himself to France and plays the organ in the Church of Sainte Radegonde, in Poitiers. He studied with his father, who had been a pupil of Marcel Dupré. Oiseau-Lyre and London (OL 50012) have released some more than respectable Bach from his hands: the G major Prelude and Fugue; the C major Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue; the E minor Prelude and Fugue; the D major Fugue, and the Chorale Prelude "Ach, bleib bei uns, Herr Jesu Christ." It's interesting to compare the sound of the Ste. Radegonde organ (French style) with the northern and Teutonic aspects of Sorø. Poitiers has a more glassy quality, the reeds lighter and more subtle. Taking the Toccata, Adagio, and Fugue as representative, it is acoustically much cleaner than the Schweitzer interpretation, and Eggington's tempos are more rigidly adhered to than those of the good Doctor. The breathy quality of the Alsatian instrument at Gunsbach is happily absent. It's worth adding that Eggington has managed to establish a rapport with the joyous quality of the D major Fugue.

BEFORE leaving the purlieus of the classic-period organ, it might do well to mention a record that is a little off the beaten track, in that it is not a performance of any given piece of music. Rather, it is a collection of odd bits of organ playing that attempts to demonstrate why the organ sounds as it does. Organs have to be built more or less as individual instruments, and not like automobiles or washing machines, and there are about a half dozen significant builders in North America. One of these is Aeolian-Skinner, in Boston. Its president, G. Donald Harrison, is an alumnus of "Father" Willis in England, builder of many noted organs. Harrison has adopted the United States, and in the

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Thirties he began waging a war against the vague-toned "romantic" organs. His first products were pretty bleak, but his heart has warmed, and his newer instruments possess a glory that is a joy to the ear.

With the help of a number of nameless organists and a number of Aeolian-Skinners, including the behemoth in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine, New York City, Harrison and his associates put together a record they call "The King of Instruments." We took it with some reservations until we played it several times for various guests, all of whom, we honestly report, found it more than interesting. To sum it up, various types of organ tone are demonstrated, and the possible combinations illustrated again—both on Harrison's "American classic" organ and on a "romantic" organ. Those who are too far from New York City to hear the Cathedral's State Trumpet, whose pipes lie on their sides, will hear it in this record. We might add that they don't use the State Trumpet very often at the Cathedral. It rocks Morningside Heights. It might have been a good idea for Aeolian-Skinner to list the titles of the musical excerpts they use for their demonstrations.

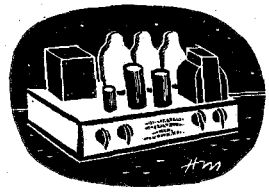
On the West Coast one of the more active young organists is Richard Ellsasser. M-G-M Records has signed him up for recordings at the John Hays Hammond Museum in Gloucester, Massachusetts. The latest offering (E3066), "Concert Music for Organ and Chimes," has a definite appeal for the lovers of nineteenth- and twentieth-century romantic music. Louis Vierné, one-time organist of Notre Dame in Paris, Alexander Russell, musical director of Princeton University and Wanamaker's a few years ago, and Ellsasser himself are the composers represented. The Vierné piece is the "Carillon de Westminster," formed on the notes of Big Ben; the organist plays his own tone poem, "Icarus"; and the four pieces that comprise Russell's "St. Lawrence Sketches" are "The Citadel at Quebec," "The Bells of Ste. Anne de Beaupré," "The Song of the Basket Weaver," and "Up the Saguenay." Music and playing are pleasant, but not overwhelmingly impressive.

Clarence Mader, another West Coast organist of some prominence, appears on Turntable Records HF-2, a 78-rpm microgroove record. The instrument is a big 1929-vintage Ernest M. Skinner. Mader plays the Schumann "Sketch in C," originally for pedal piano, a Toccata by Camil van Hulse, and "The Afternoon of a Toad," by Clarence Mader. It sounds just as you might imagine.

Unenchanted Afternoon

WHEN the Editor asked me to review some recordings of operas by Rossini and Donizetti, I accepted with a foretaste of pleasure. I particularly enjoy Italian opera of their era—and I was eager to become acquainted with two operas by Rossini known to me only by their overtures. A few days later, I piled on a table beside my phonograph "La Cambiale di Matrimonio" (Period SPL 583, $5.95), "La Scala di Seta" (Period SPL 591, $5.95), and two versions of "Don Pasquale" (Plymouth P-12 45, $3.96, and Urania LP 228, $11.90). That turned out to be a strange afternoon.

The front of the envelope containing "La Cambiale di Matrimonio" boldly announced "Cambiale *del* Matrimonio," proclaiming a lack of attention which should have forewarned me. Well, I was still eager to learn how the eighteen-year-old Rossini, composing his first opera in 1810, had treated a rough-and-ready Canadian gentleman named Slook. But by the time when Giuseppe Morelli had conducted the "Chorus and Orchestra of Societa del Quartetto, Rome" half through the overture, I was sure that disappointment had come to stay. Not even the persistent muzziness of the recording could mask the lack of definition in the orchestral playing. And when the singing started, it at once became clear that the "Compagnia del Teatro dell'Opera Comica di Roma," at least as here represented, was earnest but amateurish. The singers could not put out altogether the light of Rossini's amusing trifle, but they made it sputter.



With diminished expectation, I put on the record of "La Scala di Seta" performed by the same chorus and orchestra and several of the same singers. Again it was a blowsy recording of a third-rate performance.

But there were still the two recordings of "Don Pasquale." Sorrowfully I put Rossini aside and turned to Donizetti, the Plymouth recording first. The outside of the box stated that this was performed by the "Orchestra and Chorus of Teatro dell'-Opera, Rome, Luigi Ricci, Conductor," and that three of the chief roles—Don Pasquale, Norina, and Doctor Malatesta—were sung respectively by Andrea Mongelli, Josephine Guido, and Walter Monachesi. But what, I asked myself, turning to the libretto inside the box—what of Ernesto? No names there. Finally I found our Ernesto's name—Antonio Pirino—in small type on the record labels. But by then it had turned out not to matter, for he sings badly. As for the requisite subtlety of performance—well, I thought, let's try the Urania version.

Here I found "Professori d'Orchestra and Artisti del Coro of La Scala . . . Armando La Rosa Parodi, Conductor." In the leading roles were listed Fernando Corena (Don Pasquale), Agostino Lazzari (Ernesto), Dora La Gatta (Norina), and Afro Poli (Doctor Malatesta). I opened the accompanying libretto—the Fred. Rullman version again, this time with title page so stating. In Don Pasquale's opening recitative it says "*Forse il vento che passò,*" but Corena sings "*Forse il vento che soffiò.*" I shortly had to abandon the libretto. But at last I began to reap some of the pleasure to which I had been looking forward in a pleased glow nearly three hours earlier. Maestro La Rosa Parodi conducts with intelligence and a modicum of subtlety. The singers are polished professionals all, and Corena and Poli, even unseen, are extraordinarily amusing vocal actors. On these two LP's musical and intelligent artists have imprisoned much—though by no measure nearly all, in either quantity or quality—of the charm that Donizetti wrote into "Don Pasquale." The recording as such is clear and full-bodied.

And so, at the end of the afternoon, I found myself grateful after all for the Editor's invitation. I cannot imagine what artistic or financial purpose will be served by poor recordings of musical performances as crushingly inferior as those of "La Cambiale di Matrimonio," "La Scala di Seta," and that of "Don Pasquale" on the Plymouth pressing. As evening came on, I had a frightening thought. The genii of tape-recorded LP's, weary of too much rushing hither and thither, may be beginning—very occasionally at first—to turn on those who control the magic bottle. The poor processing, the blurred and fuzzy sound, the pinched and squeaking voices—for a few minutes, there in the gathering dusk, it was all too clear.

—Herbert Weinstock.

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Just Published

MANY of the volumes described below, which cannot be reviewed in this issue because of limitations of space, will be given more extended treatment in early numbers.

AGAINST THE STREAM. By Karl Barth. Philosophical Library. $3.75. A collection of short papers written between 1946 and 1952 by the Swiss Reformed dogmatist.

THE BANDITTI OF THE PLAINS: Or The *Cattlemen's Invasion of Wyoming in 1892.* By A. S. Mercer. University of Oklahoma Press. $2. An eyewitness account, written in 1894, and later suppressed, of the great invasion of Johnson County, Wyoming, that was carried out in 1892 by fifty-two cattlemen bent on ridding the area of its homesteaders as well as its cattle rustlers.

BEHOLD ME ONCE MORE. By James Holley Garrison. Edited by Walter M. Merrill. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. A kind of memoir, heavily interpreted and annotated by the editor, of the brother of William Lloyd Garrison, the fire-throated abolitionist who was famous for one thing—his capacity, a talent which was to send him to an early death.

BORN ON SNOWSHOES. By Evelyn Grinnell Shore. Houghton Mifflin Co. $3. Reminiscences of the author's childhood and growing up as a member of an intrepid Alaskan family, which saw its father crippled by arthritis, its sons drowned, and two of its girls finally break away to marry. Whom did they marry? Trappers, of course.

CRY OUT OF THE DEPTHS. By Georges Duhamel. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. A new novel, by a first-rate French writer with high-powered vision, about an opportunistic Parisian businessman who, during and after the Second World War, collaborates with the Germans, kills his brother, betrays a woman, wrecks his daughter's life, and sends a Jewish family to its death.

DESIRED HAVEN. By Evelyn M. Richardson. Macrae-Smith Co. $3.50. A novel about a nineteenth-century Irishman and his wife, who go to live on a lonely island in Canada. Winner of the All-Canada Fiction Award.

DEVIL BY THE TAIL. By Rocco Fumento. McGraw-Hill Book Co. $3.50. A quiet, unrococo novel about a small Italian village and its local dignitary, an old man who, although poisoned, punctured with a needle, and psychologically pressured, refuses to die—all this because he is believed to be very wealthy. He does die, in his own time, however, and, of course, is penniless.

DRIVEN. By Richard Gehman. David McKay Co. $3.50. Some well-cured ham about a manic-depressive suburbanite (Buchanan, Pa.), who is a respected banker and father of two. Debts, liquor, and his mental sing-song drive him to robbing his own bank. The law and contrition overtake him, after he has scandalled around with a couple of women, and he returns home, chastised, to a barnhearted wife.

THE FAR SHORE. By Gordon Webber. Little, Brown & Co. $3.50. A second novel—"Years of Eden" (1951) was the first—about a band of merchant seamen sailing under sealed orders on a dangerous mission in 1945 during the invasion of France.

THE GENEROUS HEART. By Kenneth Fearing. Harcourt, Brace & Co. $3. A fast chunk of topicality about six people connected in various ways with a fund-raising drive called "The Generous Heart." The intrigues are many, the black souls many, and the results unsoporific.

HATRED, RIDICULE, OR CONTEMPT. By Joseph Dead. The Macmillan Co. $3.50. A *frying-panful of pieces about famous* English libel cases, including such as MGM and the wife of the supposed slayer of Rasputin, Lord Alfred Douglas's slur of Winston Churchill, the Laski case, the case of the yo-yo string, etc.

THE INDOMITABLE MRS. TROLLOPE. By Eileen Bigland. J. B. Lippincott Co. $3.50. A biography of one of the heaviest Victorian ships ever afloat, a lady who, as the mother of Anthony Trollope, considered him dull and fit for clerking, was an indefatigable and prickly-tongued traveler, here and abroad, an agitator for everything from hypnotism to missionary work, and a brilliant hostess.

THE LIFE AND IDEAS OF THE MARQUIS DE SADE. By Geoffrey Gorer. British Book Centre. $3.50. A new biography of the life of, and critical investigation of the writings of, the eighteenth-century French philosopher, sexologist, and novelist.

MEMOIRS OF A BUCCANEER. By Louis Adhemar Timothee Le Golif. Simon & Schuster. $3.50. A "memoir," allegedly translated from the French, of a booming, salty buccaneer who ran his colors up and down the Spanish Main in the days of Louis XIV.

THE MYTH OF THE GOOD AND BAD NATIONS. By Rene Wormser. Henry Regnery Co. $3. An attempt to shatter the myth that many Americans hold that there are essentially "good" and "bad" nations on earth, and making our alliances accordingly. The author is a prominent New York lawyer.

NOT BY THE DOOR. By James B. Hall. Random House. $3. A tough-limbed novel about the first and only year a young minister spends in a Midwestern parish—a year in which he is unfaithful to his war-wife, neglects the town's needy because of his own poverty-lined background, and alienates the town. He is called to a wealthier parish, to which he gets himself hence.

THE REPUBLICAN ROOSEVELT. By John M. Blum. Harvard University Press. $3.50. A new biography of President Teddy, by a professor of history at MIT.

SELECTED WRITINGS: DE SADE. Edited and translated by Leonard De Saint-Yves. British Book Centre. $6.75. A selection from the writings of the Marquis De Sade.

THE SONG OF RUTH. By Frank G. Slaughter. Doubleday & Co. $3.95. Mr. Slaughter's word factory must be running night and day. In this one, he tells the story of Ruth of Moab, the constant woman who was celebrated quite successfully some time ago in the Old Testament.

THE STRANGELING. By Alice Harwood. Bobbs-Merrill Co. Two vols., $6. Miss Harwood, who is a capable historical novelist, has turned a queer trick here: Her novel is an attempt to write an English Victorian novel exactly as Trollope, George Eliot, or the Brontës might have done it, and right down to style, length, and type of subject matter.

THE TAFT STORY. By William S. White. Harper & Bros. $3.50. A biography of the late Senator by one of *The New York Times*'s Washington correspondents.

THIS IS NORMAN BROKENSHIRE. An Unvarnished Self-Portrait. By Norman Brokenshire. David McKay Co. $3.50. An autobiography by the well-known radio personality, who, as the son of a tough minister, found success in the early days of radio, lost his job due to alcoholism in 1931, came back in 1944, and is now one of the granddads of the air waves.

TING HSIEN: A North China Rural Community. By Sidney D. Gamble. Institute of Pacific Relations. $6.50. A sociological survey that was carried out under the author's supervision in a small North China village during the years 1926-1933.

THE UNKNOWN CHEKHOV. Translated by Avrahm Yarmolinsky. Noonday Press. $4.50. A first translation into English of a travel book Chekhov wrote about a trip across Siberia in 1890, selections from another book on Sakhalin, and the short story, "The Peasants," available for the first time in its entirety. Some of the material has only recently been rediscovered.

WHEN GOD SAYS "NO". By Margaret Blair Johnstone. Simon & Schuster. $3.50. This may topple "A Man Called Peter" from the best-seller lists, where it has been time out of memory, for it is the autobiography of a female Congregational minister, married and with children, who has had a stormy, worthy career in Chicago, New York State, and at her present outpost in West Groton, Mass.

—WHITNEY BALLIETT.

"Madam—?—Sir—?"

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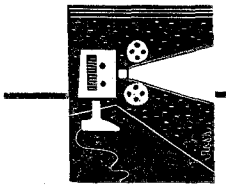

IDEAS ON FILM

Be an Expert

"MAY I ask your help?" Every week, every day in fact, we receive inquiries by mail and phone that begin in this way, asking for assistance in locating and showing 16mm films. The answer is affirmative, of course. This department is always glad to be of assistance, particularly since the non-theatrical film has never had its due of good publicity and use. But the time has come for our readers to promote themselves from timid novices to experienced practitioners. Why be a victim of circumstances, when with only a little effort you can master the situation?

One of the favorable aspects of the non-theatrical film field is that you needn't be professionally involved with production or distribution to become an expert. Many amateurs—teachers, doctors, housewives, and just out-and-out film enthusiasts—know considerably more about 16mm movies than any number of so-called professionals. You too can learn all there is to know about 16mm films. You'll find it fun but, as in any other hobby or recreation, you won't excel unless you work at it.

Two things are essential: practice and tools. You know that if music is your interest, you need a piano or a saxophone or a harmonica, and printed music, a radio, a phonograph, and records. These are the tools. In addition you need the hours of practice, performing, and listening that help you understand and love music. If you're the outdoor type, you may think you'd like to take up golf. But you quickly realize that merely thinking isn't going to get you anywhere. Nor will asking questions do the trick. You'll have to round up a lot of equipment (tools again) in the form of golf clubs, balls and tees, and even special clothing. But this still isn't being a golfer—you've got to get out on the green and practise, if you really want to enjoy the game.

Every week and every day when I get down to the business of answering reader's queries, I find myself using and referring them to the same basic 16mm tools. No one who is actively interested in a film program can afford to be without them. Some have defects as well as virtues, but they are eminently usable. I know because I've put them to the test, over a period of years. In this issue we take up the matter of printed materials; at a later time, I shall go into the use of other aids to becoming a film expert.

The most frequent question asked by readers, and one which I ask myself often enough, is "What films are there on art, child care, Alaska, sales techniques, or one thousand other subjects?" The first place I look to find an answer is in the *Educational Film Guide* (published by the H. W. Wilson Company, 950 University Avenue, New York 52, N. Y.). The 1953 edition lists over 11,000 films available for 16mm rental and/or purchase, along with pertinent data about content and availability. The *Guide* also includes references to published reviews. On page 714, you will find, for example, that the British film "As Old As the Hills" is distributed by BIS (addresses of sources are given in the back of the volume); it is 10 minutes long, sound, color; sale price is $90, rental $2.80. It is described as "an animation film, produced by Halas and Batchelor" which tells "a history of oil from dinosaur days to the sinking of a present-day oil well. The major emphasis is on oil as a geological phenomenon, ending with the idea that 'all over the world men are striving to find fresh reserves to meet the needs of a better tomorrow'." In addition the *Guide* indicates that a Library of Congress card has been printed for this film (F:A 52-4100), an EFLA Evaluation card has been circulated to its member organizations (No. 1341) and a review of the film was printed in *The Saturday Review* (Dec. 1, 1951, p. 64).

Another way of keeping informed about films, particularly brand-new ones, is by requesting to be included on the mailing lists of various 16mm distributors, for free catalogues and announcements. Where are the film distributors listed? In the *Educational Film Guide* for one. It lists seventeen pages of national distributors, most of whom gladly send out free printed material. To find other sources near you, order a copy of the U.S. Office of Education's "Directory of 2660 Sixteen Millimeter Film Libraries," which lists local sources by state and city, and indicates the size and scope of their collections. (It costs 50 cents and should be ordered from the Superintendent of Documents, U.S. Government Printing Office, Washington 25, D.C.)

I keep a special file of catalogues from the film libraries in New York City, since this is where I live and work. When I want to know if a particular film is available for rental or loan right here in town, I go through these catalogues one by one. By this time, I have come to know which library has which film, but I generally check before sending someone in search of it. You should keep in your own file at least one copy of each of the catalogues issued by film libraries in your community and state.

NOW we arrive at a major problem: with all these catalogues and reference books, how does one find the "right" film? It is true that catalogues are often misleading in their descriptions—sometimes for the sake of promoting all films, regardless of their actual worth, and sometimes through innocence or even ignorance. But that doesn't make it any easier for you, the film user. What is *your* next move? A number of publications give critical evaluations which may be of use to you. Many readers indicate that they file and use the film reviews from *SR*, and presumably from other publications such as *Film News, Educational Screen,* and *Business Screen.* Special pamphlets and books often evaluate and describe 16mm films from a more specific viewpoint. Among recent titles are "Guide to Films in Economic Education," "Guide to Films in Human Relations," "Films in the Cardiovascular Diseases," "Films on Art," "Films to Explain American Business," "The Jewish Audio-Visual Review," "Films for Labor," and so on.

Publications of this sort are prepared mostly by various non-profit organizations, either those concerned exclusively with film matters (such as the Educational Film Libraries Association and the Department of Audio-Visual Instruction), or those interested in specific subject matter (Anti-Defamation League, National Association of Manufacturers, Congress of Industrial Organizations). Untold numbers of these organizations provide many film services, to members and to the public. This month a "Guide to the Film Services of National Associations" is being published by the Film Council of America. Since I have been active in assembling material for this reference volume, the first of its kind, I have the opportunity to know, even before publication date, that it is going to be extremely useful to me. The book gives information on the film production, distribution, utilization, services, publications, and future plans of 133 national organizations. Here is an opportunity to assemble many free catalogues, as well as a multitude of inexpensive how-to-do-it film litera-

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ture. I'm not generally an advocate of "joining," but it is possible that you may want to take out active membership in some of the organizations listed. This is particularly valuable for those which, like EFLA and DAVI, send free publications and film evaluations (cards and booklets) to their members. Copies of the "Guide to Film Services of National Associations" may be ordered now, at $2.00 each, from the Film Council of America, 600 Davis St., Evanston, Ill.

ANOTHER item for film-users is the free newsheet "Rushes," which has in its first six months' existence won general approval from practically everyone. It is a four-page galley-size bulletin. One or two pages of each issue are devoted to news items of general interest in the field of educational and cultural communications, with stress on non-theatrical films and educational television. One or two pages are often simple listings of new films, with distribution data. Occasional articles of significance are reproduced from newspapers and magazines. In addition there is coverage of the activities and interests of the Film Council of America and its special projects.

If you want to know more about the organizations that actually make non-theatrical films, you'll be glad to know that a survey of these production resources is published annually in *Business Screen Magazine* (7064 Sheridan Road, Chicago 26, Illinois). The "1954 Production Review" is 156 pages; single copies are available at $1.00. (Yearly subscription to the magazine is $4.00 and includes the "Production Review" issue.) It lists 145 organizations which make films for American industry, for government, and for non-profit agencies.

All this printed matter is an essential part of becoming and staying informed about films. It is not enough for me to have and use them. They should also be available to you, wherever you are. If you aren't, it's up to you to see that something is done to get them. You may decide that the best plan is to have them purchased for or by your public library, and kept on file for general use by the community.

Getting, reading, and using these publications is the first step on the way to becoming an expert. You won't have them digested overnight, but today's goal is to start putting them to use right away. I'll give you some time to take this first step, and then in a few months I'll go on with tips about non-printed materials. If I have my way, you'll be an expert before the year's end. And why not? One could do worse than be a skilled film-user. —CECILE STARR.

The Film Forum

THIS AND THAT | *The Saturday Review*'s Guide to Selected 16mm Sound Films

EDITOR'S NOTE: *A number of films which came along in the past year have been neglected in this column, simply because they seemed never to fit in with the topic at hand. This week we present a miscellany of worthy items—two on slums and housing problems, and individual titles on trees, on hand weaving, and on how to keep one's head in an emergency.*

THE BALTIMORE PLAN (20 min.). Produced and distributed, for rental and purchase, by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, 1125 Central Ave., Wilmette, Illinois.

With the collaboration of Clark S. Hobbs, chairman of the Baltimore Redevelopment Commission, a successful re-enactment of the famous "Baltimore Plan" has been made. It shows step-by-step action of citizen groups, and of the self-help crews of tenants who helped landlords in the ambitious rehabilitation program. One of the most interesting scenes takes place in the Baltimore Housing Court, a vital outlet for enforcement of health and sanitation laws. "Before" and "after" shots, taken over a three-year interval, show signs of great promise for this person-to-person system of slum reconversion. The film was directed, edited, produced, and co-written (with Selma Weisenborn) by John Barnes.

THE LIVING CITY (24 min.). Produced by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films and the Twentieth Century Fund. Distributed, for rental and purchase, by Encyclopaedia Britannica Films, see above.

This is a larger picture of housing problems, using scenes filmed in Baltimore (most of them taken from the film above), Philadelphia, Chicago, Pittsburgh, and Los Angeles. The picture is not particularly pretty. The American street, once a symbol of free transport and trade, is now a common enemy of the people: breeder of dirt, noise, deprivation, and frustration. If this were all there were to say, it would also be a scene of inevitable disaster. But the film shows that there are ways to remove the rot and to keep the city and its people alive.

Although the film offers no final analyses, it does strongly state the need for reorganization of political structures into orderly administrative systems between cities and their independent suburbs. "The Living City" is a superior film among the Encyclopaedia Britannica productions, and incidentally one of this year's nominees for an Academy Award in the documentary class.

TIME LAPSE PHOTOGRAPHY OF TREES (10 min., color). Distributed for purchase (and for free loan within New York State) by the Department of Forest Extension, State University of New York, College of Forestry, Syracuse 10, N. Y. Rentals can be made through the Syracuse University Film Library, Syracuse 10, N. Y.

Anyone who shares my own interest in plant growth will be as happy as a lark with these lovely time-lapse studies of the flowers and seed pods of more than half-a-dozen kinds—white oak, white ash, tuliptree, pussy willow, red and silver maple (the pollination and germination of the latter), cottonwood, and magnolia. The film was made by Dr. William Harlow, who seems to be a specialist in this sort of photography.

HOMESPUN (20 min., color). Produced by Elmer Albinson and Harry Webb. Distributed for rental and purchase by Instructional Films, 1125 Central Ave., Wilmette, Illinois.

Sophistication is often an asset to a film, but simplicity has its values too. "Homespun" only shows a seventy-year-old Minnesota woman spinning and weaving, as she had been taught in her childhood in Sweden. It is a primitive portrait of a pioneer woman at work. Mandelina Oberg gathers leaves to make dye, cards the goat wool which she herself has sheared, and works on the loom which her husband made for her.

As commentary for the film, Mandelina makes her own observations. "I still don't spin as good as my mother," she says at one point, and it sounds entirely consistent with the film's personal tone. The background of Swedish folk-songs, the unprofessional but by no means amateurish quality of picture and sound, the generally relaxed feeling, give "Homespun" an unpolished surface which is decidedly attractive, a fine illustration of Old World skills and Old World values surviving transplantation to America.

LOST HUNTER (22 min., color or black-and-white). Produced and distributed (for purchase) by Film Originals, Box 4072, Boise, Idaho.

To those of us who spend most of our time dodging traffic on busy city streets, the subject of this film is somewhat unexpected: it is, as the title states, the story of a man who gets lost in the woods while out on a hunting trip. The film shows his errors and their possible consequences, and points out the sensible things he does which lead to his rescue. "Lost Hunter" is suspenseful and informative. The locale is, presumably, Idaho, and the season is winter. Both are beautifully pictured in the color version. George Oliver Smith wrote and directed "Lost Hunter."

—C. S.

Further information about these films can be obtained by addressing the 16mm Film Editor, Saturday Review, 25 West 45th St., New York 36, N. Y.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

When the Little Dot Comes, The Story's All, Ain't?

LANCASTER, PA.

I HAVE been consorting, these past few days, with the Pennsylvania Dutch, a tribe of Southeastern Pennsylvania which dotes on ball cheese and shoo-fly pie, manufactures pretzels, and speaks a local dialect shot through with such words as *furhuddled* for mixed-up, *spritz* for spray, *stroobly* for sloppy, *all* for finished, and *doppich* for awkward. On the tongue of a Pennsylvania Dutchman *out* becomes a verb as in *outen the light.* When a housebell is out of order practitioners of the local patois are liable to hang out a sign reading, "Bump, the bell don't make." And there is that classic explanation of the function of a caboose which goes, "When the little red one comes, the train's all, ain't?"

It isn't altogether clear to me who took the house count, but there are said to be 235,000 Pennsylvania Dutchmen. Those who cling to the strict religious orders of the Amish, the Mennonites, and the Dunkards, and who dress in severe garb, are said to be *plain.* Anybody who isn't plain is *gay.* About 12 to 15 per cent of the Pennsylvania Dutch are plain. Of these the Amish are by far the plainest. They will not own cars, although they ride in them; they may not have a telephone, although they use pay stations. They wear no buttons on their clothes, use no tractors on their farms. Married men wear beards and black hats with broad brims, exchanged in summer for straw hats with broad brims. They are never hatless except, I suspect, when they are in bed.

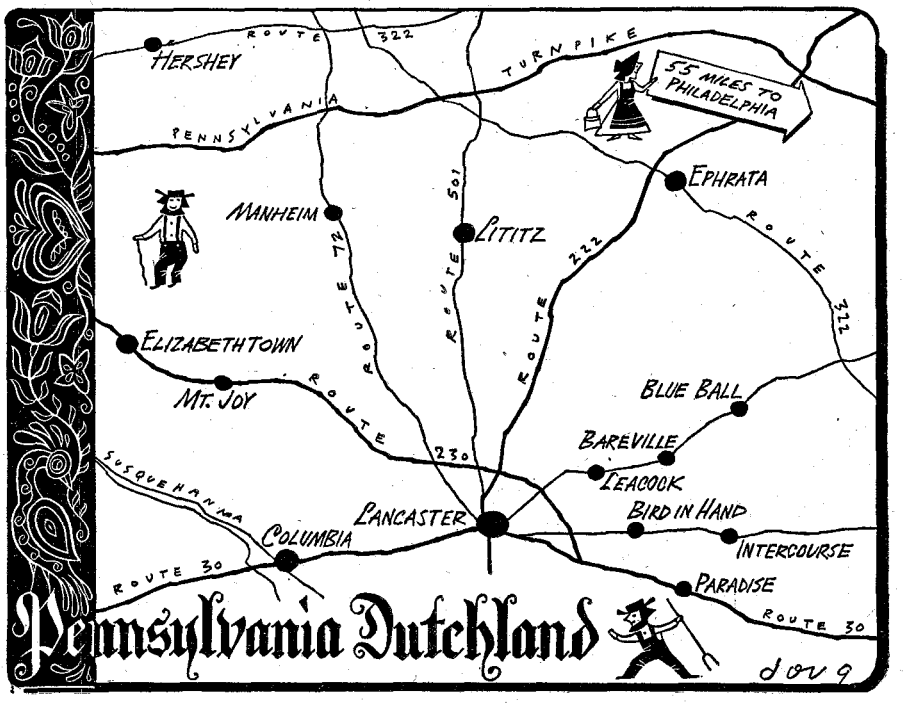
The sect can be divided into House Amish, an orthodox segment, and Church Amish, by comparison somewhat reformed. The terms derive from the notion that house Amish worship in each others' houses, once every two weeks, a custom made possible by portable partitions and doors built into every Amish home. Church Amish worship in churches.

Amishmen work the soil, hang blue shades at their windows, and build adjoining annexes for each new generation of the family, although the sections are separate and complete and are not connected to each other by inside doors. Having visited in the home of Mr. J. S. Ebersol, a cabinetmaker of Gordonville, I can report that plastic clothespins hang from the washline and that the kitchen is equipped with a gleaming white refrigerator, a comfortable old stove, an expansive kitchen table covered by oil cloth with a kerosene lamp hanging above. A rocker waits in the corner, alongside a gas stove, and hanging by a window is a hollowed-out limb filled with plants and stamped with the inscription, "God Is Love." Although Mr. Ebersol has lathes and power saws, they are motivated by gasoline—petrol comes from the earth, but who knows the source of electricity?

If one wonders what keeps Amish youth down on the farm—there are something like 7.4 children per family—the answer perhaps lies in the custom of cutting in each offspring for a share of the profits beginning at age twelve. A boy at sixteen or seventeen gets four or five acres to farm, and grandfather's land is customarily willed to the youngest grandson. Ask an Amish lad if he likes Amish life and probably he will answer, "It's wonderful nice." Certainly no Amish is ever hungry or ill-clothed or ill-housed. Indeed, they have garnered a reputation for having substantial credits, mostly kept on hand in cash. A favorite story involves the Amish farmer who bid for a farm at an auction and found the place knocked down to him for $40,000. "Mama," he said, "get the money." Mama reached down in a sock. "Papa," she said, somewhat upset, "I have chust $35,000." "Oh, Mama," the farmer answered with irritation, "you've got the wrong sock."

Besides money, Amish women also wear a black bonnet with a white prayer-cap underneath, and a skirt of solid color that may not be higher than six inches from the floor. Cloth is store-bought rather than homespun, but from it every bit of vestment is homemade except hats and shoes.

AMISH must marry other Amish or leave the fold unless the non-Amish party agrees to join the faith and is



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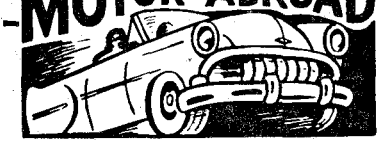

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accepted by the congregation. Marriage days are either Tuesday or Thursday in the month of November; Monday and Saturday are too close to Sunday and Wednesday and Friday are bad luck. In November the farm work is finished for the moment, and there is time for celebration. An Amish bride wears a white prayer cap and a white apron. The apron is new and after the ceremony it is put away to be worn again on the day of her funeral. The honeymoon is a three- or four-months' excursion to relatives near and far who are in turn expected to board the visitors and to send them away with a carriage-load of gifts.

Marriage ceremonies, which like the Sunday services are a series of hymnals and prayers, are conducted by regular Amish preachers who undergo no special theological study to achieve that position. There are two preachers designated for each congregation, and when an opening occurs some four to six candidates are selected from the community. Probably they will be men who are highly respected, successful farmers and have perhaps a better-than-ordinary knowledge of Scripture. A Bible for each candidate is placed on a table. One of the books contains a slip that reads:

> The lot has fallen into thy lap,
> But the disposer of the whole is
> the Lord.

Whoever gets the Bible with the scriptural verse is the new preacher. Bishops, one for each two congregations, are chosen the same way.

The Amish, who exist only in the United States, have colonies in Ohio, Indiana, and other Midwest states, and also one midwinter residence in Sarasota, Florida. Most of the Amish are named Zook, Esch, Lapp, King, Fisher, Schmucker, Beiler, Yoder, or Stolzfuss, a Germanic version of Proudfoot. Since there are any number of, say, Jacob Stolzfusses in the Pennsylvania Dutchlands, it is sometimes necessary in the interests of successful identification to modify first names with the hometown, agricultural specialty, or personal coloring of the individual. This practice leads to Red Jake, Black Jake, Turkey Jake, Bird-in-Hand Jake, etc.

Actually, the Amish are an offshoot of the Mennonite movement, which was started by a Catholic monk named Menno Simon in 1536. The strict Amish movement was led by Jacob Ammann in the canton of Bern, Switzerland, who felt that Mennonites were too lenient especially on the subject of excommunication. Mennonites are considerably more lenient today, and for one thing will not object to being photographed, a serious religious offense among the Amish, who countenance no "graven images." The Mennonites have since been split a variety of ways, there now being Old Mennonites, New Mennonites, Wengers, Stauffers, Brubakers, Thirty-Fivers, Hornings, Pikers, and Martins. The Pikers are noteworthy for their practice of leaving salt and pepper, vinegar and mustard, and coffee in the shed in back of the church for the convenience of visiting tramps. The Martins, who originally broke away from the parent church because they felt preachers should expostulate on the same level as the congregation, have since split again. Half are in favor of staying with the horse and buggy and the other half have advanced to the automobile. It works out all right because the branches use the church on alternate Sundays. Those who have gone over to the automobile paint the car dead black except for the windows and headlights.

Finally, there are the Dunkards, or Church of the Brethren, who left the Mennonites in a dispute over baptism. A close ally are the River Brethren, still bearded, devout, and pacifistic, who in a strange stroke of paradox produced Dwight Eisenhower, West Point '15.

PENNSYLVANIA Dutch, plain and gay, came to America from 1683 until the American Revolution, migrating on the invitation of William Penn from their persecuted homesteads in Germany, Alsace, and Switzerland. Most Pennsylvania Dutchmen speak Pennsylvania Dutch, but among the Amish it is the first language and children sometimes do not learn English until they start to go to school. While it grew somewhat unpopular in the semantic panic of World War I, which produced such terms as "liberty cabbage" as a replacement for sauerkraut, Pennsylvania Dutch has since emerged as a puckish form of *doppich* linguistics. There is nothing the Pennsylvania Dutchmen would rather do than tell stories on their own people, as for instance the farm lady who got lost in the bustle of a Lancaster department store and finally buttonholed a clerk and with some frenzy said, "I came in to go out, where is it?"

Lancaster is the center for excursions into the Dutchlands, but without a guide to escort you the trip will prove, I think, a total loss except for a chance meeting with an Amish or Mennonite wagon. Bingler Tours of New York will take you from Manhattan in new-styled buses, traveling over the New Jersey Turnpike, put you up at the Hotel Brunswick for two nights, take

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you sightseeing for three days, treat you to one typical Pennsylvania Dutch meal (which will very nearly last you the weekend) for $29.95 plus $1.50 tax. The Brunswick itself has its own week-ends which require you to get to Lancaster on your own power. Thereafter all meals and touring and, of course, a room, come to $39.95. These tours run Friday night to Sunday night, from Memorial Day weekend through October.

Both Bingler and the Hotel Brunswick call on the same stable of guides, and learned, intelligent men they are, who commence their tour with a stop at the Lancaster Market, where the Amish and the Mennonites sell pans of sticky buns (six for ten cents), calves' heads (for calf-head soup), and dandelion greens (boil with sugar and vinegar, add fried bacon and hard-boiled eggs). There is ice-cream at an Amish farm; a stop at Ephrata, home of Miss America of 1954 ("she is not very plain"), to see the Ephrata Cloisters, a restoration of an eighteenth-century Baptist settlement; to Lititz for lunch and a look at the Sturgis Pretzel Bakery, the first pretzel bakery in the U.S. Pretzel means "little reward" and the Romans, who seem to get blamed for everything, are said to have given "little rewards" to children. The shape is supposed to signify a child's arms embracing its reward. Anyway, pretzels are made of flour, water, salt, and malt and hops together, a knife cuts the dough into strips, and at Lititz, at any rate, the things are still being twisted by hand, twenty-five a minute. Since a machine has been developed which will twist them at 160 the minute, pretzel-bending, now conducted largely by women, is a moribund art.

There are stops at Wheatland, the Lancaster home of James Buchanan, fifteenth and celibate President of the United States. It is a sixteen-room mansion which Buchanan bought, along with 165 acres, for $6,750. There is also a pause at a cemetery containing the grave of Buchanan's youthful love who, denied the privilege of marrying him by her father, a man of precious little foresight, took her own life. The tour also puts in at Hershey, but the high point for me was a folkloric evening presided over by William Frye, the head of Franklin and Marshall's German Department, a professor given over to some very funny stories and a delightful way of singing and strumming (guitar) the songs of the Pennsylvania Dutch. He makes an appearance for each tour, and quite alone is enough of a reason to go to Lancaster up on the down Bingler bus. —HORACE SUTTON.

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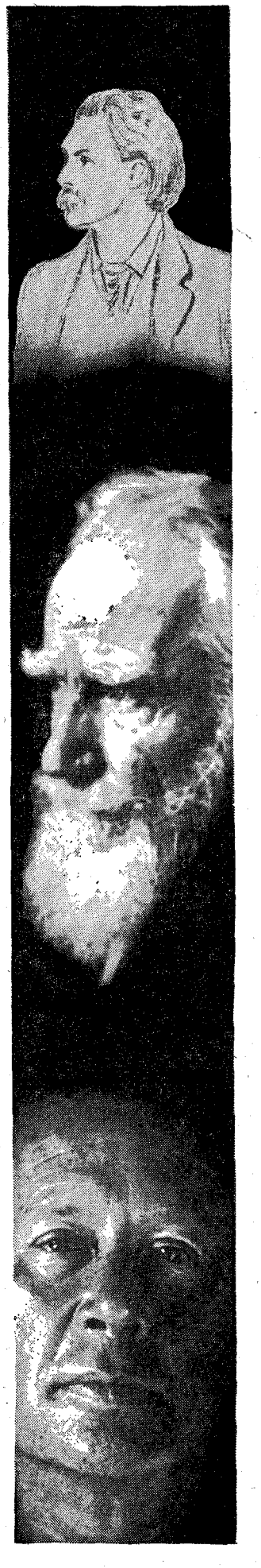

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Publishing in the Good Old Days

Continued from page 10

the moment, but the problem had been neatly solved by omitting the dedication and inserting an "Epistle Apologetical" instead. Wolfe had his large pile of books just ready for distribution when the Government decided that there must be something sinister about a book that had once been dedicated to the Earl of Essex. There was no actual evidence of subversion anywhere in the text, but it must be there somewhere. So Wolfe and the author were sent to prison and the whole fifteen hundred copies were burned. In this case the Stationers' Company did not use its own stove but the one in the residence of the Bishop of London, and it must have been a long, difficult, and smoky business to burn fifteen hundred books in the bishop's kitchen.

Wolfe sinned in ignorance; he was only trying to make money. But most of the men whose books were burned and whose presses were seized by the Government knew exactly what they were doing and the risks they were running. To run a printing press in Elizabethan England was the equivalent of trying to run one in France during the German Occupation. You could print what you pleased if you could manage to keep the press and the type hidden and set no value whatever on your own life.

Queen Elizabeth and her councilors were humane, intelligent, and moderate people. They did not like to shed English blood and had no real wish that William Carter should die at Tyburn, but they had no choice. The political system of England was not the relaxed, informal thing it is today. It was a rigid monolithic structure, and it could not tolerate either criticism or dissent. Even the smallest chip at the base of the structure could endanger the whole of it, and it was the business of an alert and competent head of the state like Lord Burghley to apply cement to the cracks as fast as they developed. Since he was one of the most enlightened and easygoing of men, he killed and mutilated publishers only when it was absolutely necessary. But the welfare of the state came first, and the state could not tolerate criticism.

When a depression came to Elizabethan England and a London ballad mentioned the shortage of grain, the man who printed the ballad went to prison. Such a ballad might arouse "discontentment" and this was the one emotion above all others that the Government feared. Nowadays, when there is "discontentment" with the party in power, it is voted out of power and another party comes in. But in the days of Queen Elizabeth there was only one party, and discontent was not the sign of an alert, patriotic citizen but of a potentially treasonous one. There was only one way to stop such a man: to bring the hand of authority down upon him so quickly and so heavily that fear would deter him if nothing else did. A few men were not easily made fearful, and so they were hanged or otherwise disposed of.

THE rigid structure of Renaissance government, with authority at the top and obedience at the bottom, seemed natural enough to most of the people who lived on the various levels inside of it. It was what they had always known. They learned it in school, they had it preached at them from the pulpits, and it seemed as natural and familiar as the weather or the stars. In fact, the stars themselves belonged to the same kind of a system and moved rigidly around that center of the universe, the world.

If training and suppression could have done it, man and the stars would have stayed neatly in position until the end of time. But forces were at work which were dissolving the old order of things under a new and strange chemical, and after Queen Elizabeth died the process began suddenly to accelerate. There was an increasing impatience with obedience to the old rules, an increasing quickening of that gay and valorous thing that might be called the spirit of curiosity, and within fifty years the old theory of government and the old theory of astronomy had crumbled to dust together. A future Government secretary like John Milton could state publicly that it was almost better to kill a man than to destroy a book in that mighty sledge-hammer attack on censorship that he called "Areopagitica"; and the same man could travel to Italy and meet an astronomer named Galileo, who had confirmed the discoveries of Copernicus that destroyed the old theory of the solar system forever.

In the days of Queen Elizabeth astrology was a respectable science. It is respectable no longer, because we no longer believe that the stars circle around the earth. In the days of Queen Elizabeth censorship of books was equally respectable. It is respectable no longer because, like astrology, its base has been removed. We no longer believe that the authority of the state should never be questioned, and a new system of government has arisen that encourages dissent rather than trying to destroy it.

Yet an idea will linger on after its roots have been destroyed. There are many people today who still believe in astrology and who are convinced that human life is governed by the stars. There are many people today who still believe in censorship and who are convinced that human life ought to be forced into a single pattern of conformity. The one is as old-fashioned as the other, and as baseless, but both of them linger like the black cat who was once the familiar of witches and can still frighten otherwise rational people today.

The astrologer and the censor were both medieval figures, and they belong with that other medieval figure, the torturer. Once they all had a logical and intelligible reason for their existence. They have it no longer, unless the majority of mankind decides to retreat into that small and rigid world where everything is permanently fixed into position and dissent means death.

It was a cozy world, in many ways, and the Elizabethan Company of Stationers was a cozy and picturesque institution. A modern publisher might be forgiven for looking wistfully back to the days when writers and workmen knew their place. But the publishers knew their place too. Inside their handsome hall was the kitchen where the books were burned. Not far outside it was Newgate Prison, and the discreet publisher trod a narrow and careful path between them.

It took many men and much devotion to widen the area in which the publisher moves, and there are always forces in existence that would try to narrow it in again. The publisher will remain a special target because he deals in books and therefore in ideas. An idea is the most powerful commodity in the world, and the Elizabethan Government knew what it was about when it watched so carefully, so rigorously, and so alertly over the publishing business.

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Science and Medicine

Continued from page 23

Twenties a few trained biologists, connected mostly with such Federal bureaus as the Biological Survey, Bureau of Fisheries, and Forest Service, began exploring the possibilities of applying biological methods to fish and game management. Intensive local studies were shown to have value in guiding management procedures. A few universities began training men specifically for this work. From 1930 on leadership in the field rapidly was assumed by trained personnel. Thus tardily, wildlife management was on its way to becoming a skilled profession.

IN THE past twenty years tremendous progress has been made in understanding the basic forces that regulate wild populations. It is now recognized as a maxim that numbers of both fish and game are largely a function of *habitat*—that is, of the amount, distribution, and character of food, cover, and water on which the animals depend for existence. Good game range will generally offer good hunting. Rich waters well supplied with food organisms support good fishing. Wildlife management is more and more concerned with preserving or creating proper habitat as a basis for fish and game production.

But this approach is quite contrary to the traditional fields of activity developed so strongly during the early years—namely, close control of hunting, control of predatory animals, and artificial restocking. The most difficult task of the new profession has been to establish in the public mind the practical validity of the scientific approach. It is in this regard that "Our Wildlife Legacy" can serve its greatest function.

The author is himself a trained wildlife biologist of high ability, and he has in addition a rare knack for explaining technical facts in language understandable to anyone. Whereas this volume will be read eagerly and with profit by professionals, it is particularly written to interpret for the interested public the current trends in wildlife programs and the reasons behind them. It is not an indictment of past errors. Nor is it a condescending "climb-upon-my-knee interpretation of deep science for the dumb public." Rather, the author offers a clear, friendly, and completely objective discussion of the subject from a professional point of view. Were it possible to induce every sportsman, every legislator, and every landowner to read the

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volume, the greatest bottleneck in wildlife conservation, namely public misunderstanding, would be solved overnight.

If the book can be criticized, it is in the superfluity of examples and case histories which at times obscure the meaning of the point in question. The heavy documentation, although all interesting, is not all essential.

Science Notes

AEGEAN SUBMARINE LIFE: Members of the goggle-and-flipper set who enjoyed Hans Hass's "Diving to Adventure" and "Under the Red Sea" (which also made an excellent movie documentary) should find his **"Men and Sharks"** (Doubleday, $3.95) a nice complement to the earlier books. This latest offering records an underwater scientific and film expedition Hass conducted in the Aegean Sea off the isles of Greece during World War II, of which he and his crew seemed remarkably oblivious. (An Austrian working for his doctor's degree in zoology at the University of Berlin at the time, Hass apparently didn't have too much trouble getting official and financial backing for his peaceful pursuits among the fishes.)

Hass is at his best when describing the silent splendor of a cathedral-like submarine grotto or the configuration of some lovely coral flower. On men and sharks, however, he is less successful. There is a bit too much aimless dialogue between the men of his party and not nearly enough material about sharks to justify the title. As a matter of fact, not many sharks put in an appearance at all until the group resorts to the poachers' trick of dynamiting the waters and killing large numbers of other fish to attract the big fellows. Science must be served, but to give him his due Hass admits to qualms about this illegal practice.

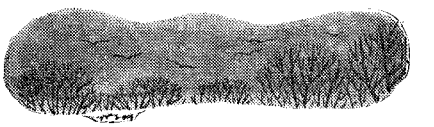
The book also contains numerous informative digressions into the nature and origin of the species plus thirty-two pages of illustrations. The translation from the German by Barrows Mussey is several cuts above the average for works of this modest calibre. —J. M. Flagler.

ANIMAL LEGENDS: *Life*'s September 9, 1946, issue included a photograph of a brown-skinned youth from the "steppes" of Syria. According to the caption, the boy was fourteen years old and had been raised from infancy by affectionate gazelles. The story was later traced to a bored newspaper reporter, who was extremely surprised that this item should have received such prominent attention, because it had gone the rounds of Cairo bars months ago. (He embellished the fable by reporting that Cairo professors were teaching the boy Egyptian so that he could tell them what gazelles talk about.) "Gazelle boys" and "wolf-children" have been publicized time and again, and have fooled professional psychologists as well as amateurs. When they exist at all, they invariably turn out to be feeble-minded children—a fact which Clifford B. Moore's **"Ways of Mammals"** (Ronald Press, $3.50) points out in no uncertain terms.

Mr. Moore, director of the Forest Park Museum in Springfield, Mass., has listened to the questions of many visitors and has compiled an interesting collection of misconceptions about the behavior and capabilities of animals. He quotes authorities to show that bloodhounds are more like the droopy creatures of Thurber cartoons than the ferocious pursuers of "Uncle Tom's Cabin." No less an authority than the superintendent of elephants of the Barnum & Bailey Circus debunks notions about the sensational memories of his charges. We learn that bear grease has no more effect than anything else in curing baldness, and that skunk grease (odorless, by the way) is among the useless preparations tried for chest colds. Dr. Moore does not go into possible reasons for the persistence of such beliefs, an investigation that might have placed his book several notches above other publications of a similar sort. But he makes the most of the intrinsic interest of his material.

—John Pfeiffer.

LIFE ON THE OCEAN FLOOR: Scientists interested in the sea can hardly be spending much time on the job these days; surprise a marine biologist ashore and you will probably find him at a typewriter, trying to outdo Rachel Carson before shipping out on his next expedition. Hans Pettersson, a Swedish oceanographer, has written an amiable and informative account of a 'round-the-world survey voyage in his **"Westward Ho with the Albatross"** (Dutton, $4), but he certainly has not endangered Miss Carson's standing as a popularizer of ocean lore. Nevertheless, he frequently captures the reader's imagination with his speculations about the topography of the ocean floor and the weirdly specialized forms of life that grope around at depths of three and four miles. The *Albatross* survey was chiefly concerned with these great depths, and the ship had aboard a machine capable of taking core samples of ocean bottom up to sixty feet long at depths of several miles. The sedimentation in these samples, showing traces of such diverse things as pollen, organic matter, and meteorite fragments, can help to date the long, slow pulsations of the ice ages, the eruptions of prehistoric volcanoes, and the movements of continents. The intricate system of qualified inferences by which Dr. Pettersson traces out ideas on cosmology and archeology from these core samples is a fascinating lesson in the technique of science, far more interesting than his attempts to charm the reader with glimpses of Tahiti and Bali. —Thomas E. Cooney.



MANHATTAN WILD LIFE: As tropical-research director of the New York Zoological Society, Dr. William Beebe has traveled far, wide, and deep. He has led expeditions to the Malay States, Japan, the Galapagos Islands, and many other lands. Using special diving equipment, he has gone down more than half a mile beneath the ocean surface to study ordinarily inaccessible deep-sea fish. But **"Unseen Life in New York"** (Duell, Sloan & Pearce, $4), his twenty-third book, is devoted to creatures which live or have lived near Manhattan. It tells of the distant past, of "walruses, giant bison, enormous ground sloths, mastodons swinging along Upper Broadway and leaving their bones there." More recently, only fifty years ago, sixty species of birds nested in Central Park (today only about half-a-dozen species find adequate housing). At various places within thirty miles of City Hall beavers and wildcats are on the increase, and a wild bear recently reared two cubs.

More familiar creatures are living in the very heart of the city. Dr. Beebe has nothing but awe and admiration for the survival powers of cockroaches, which may be found under rocks on sandy beaches, in igloos, and atop tropical trees, as well as in many New York apartments. "They are primarily thigmotactic—which is to say that they feel safer when in a narrow or flat confined space, so roach-sized that they can feel contact on as many sides as possible." Dr. Beebe has interesting facts to impart about fish, opossums, microscopic organisms, and many other species that share New York and environs with *homo sapiens*. He has reminiscences about hours spent on the very top of the Statue of Liberty listening to bird songs and observing migrating birds in the light of Miss Liberty's torch. This unusual book is recommended to all nature lovers, especially those who live within a hundred miles of New York City. —J. P.

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Fiction

Continued from page 21

tightly capsuled, perhaps oversimplified study of people the draft board didn't furnish.

The result is a welcome departure from the big, fat jeremiads that followed the Nazi defeat. "Coasts of the Earth" abandons the bone-marrow sorrow and soul of the shofar and instead uses the blasting propellers of a C-46 to provide the background music.

Mr. Livingston's Israel of 1948 can be understood and believed, its combatants measured in terms of human qualities, not to say degrees of weakness, apart from inbred tragedy. He reports a Star of David held aloft sometimes desperately, sometimes gloriously by men and women neither constantly heroic nor constantly right. No war was ever fought differently, and it is refreshing to imagine that there might have been at least one brown-legged Israeli girl who confessed she was "tired of being brave and materialist. . . a Sten gun in our hands, a garden tool at our feet."

The last thing I read about this war was Ben Hecht's "little dance in their hearts" telegram. Mr. Livingston's novel on the subject of the same war is considerably more heartening.

Notes

LITTLE MIRACLE: That miracles were not always univocally interpreted, or for that matter gladly received, is a truth as old at least as the New Testament. That the condition continued to exist and acquired some new twists in Renaissance Italy is exactly what Robert Romanis persuasively points to in his novel, **"The Holy Foot"** (Dutton, $3), a deceptively simple account of the finding of a relic in a poor, languishing Italian town sometime in the fifteenth century.

Deceptive, Mr. Romanis's novel certainly is. Conceived in a leisurely fashion, written in an extremely agreeable tone reminiscent at times of the best of English travel books on Italy at the turn of the century, it manages quite deftly to convey in a light fashion a real historical sensitivity and critical sharpness. These two qualities, which raise the novel quite far above the commonplace, are simply there, unobtrusively pervasive.

The story has the impossible simplicity required of such a problem: a pious, uncomplicated peasant finds a marble foot which he excitedly be-

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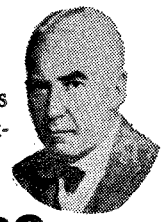

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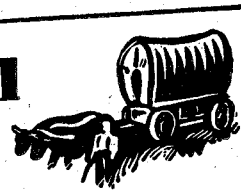

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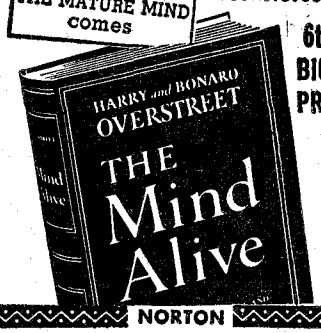

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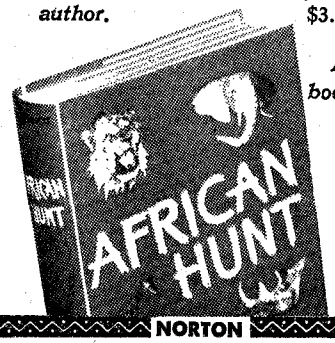

NORTON

lieves to be a relic of the town's lost patron saint. For some good and some bad reasons, the inhabitants of the town agree with him. After some misgivings, the parish priest also agrees as to the authenticity of the foot, and soon preparations are under way to celebrate on a fitting scale the discovery. A shrine is to be erected. New additions are contemplated for the town inn. Plans are made for the arrival of throngs of prospective pilgrims. And then the authenticity of the relic and the presumed miracle which was to have confirmed it are challenged. By a monk. A zealous Franciscan whose stay among the cultured Saracen Moors in Sicily made him recognize a pagan foot when he saw one. A monk who had felt firsthand how powerful the cult of beauty can become and how it can replace a religious instinct. In that foot he could only see the trap of the Devil ready to snare simple people into idolatry.

It would be unfair to reveal what results from the monk's opposition to the will of the people and to that of the priest. Let it be enough to say that the conclusion, like the body of the work, is convincing and unstrained by any striving for condescending irony or the romantically tragic. This novel has the poise of a mature work of art.

—SERGE HUGHES.

MONTMARTRE BEFORE THE WAR: The romantic extravagance of "La Vie de Bohême" lies buried, wistfully, under the detritus of two world wars, and counterparts of Rodolfo and Mimi—if ever their originals existed—will never be seen again on Montmartre. But after conceding the flight of untold amounts of gaiety and heterosexual delight from those purlieus, it is still difficult to believe that its life could ever have been as drab, as insular, and as touched with perversity as Chapman Mortimer's novel of Paris in the Thirties, **"Young Men Waiting"** (Grove Press, $3.50) describes it.

Instead of a quartet of poets and painters inhabiting a garret atelier, he assembles four young men of similar pursuits—Paco Barcelona, Mario, O'Connell, and Bull—around a table in "Papa" Lepape's dismal and unsavory café. From this vantage point they deliver themselves of much eliptical dialogue, soggy with listlessness and boredom. They distinguish a young Englishman who takes his supper regularly at the café with the title "Lord Fanny." Jennie, Lepape's wife, who is also a sort of metamorphosed and deposed Musetta, distinguishes him, too, with a loving tweak on the thigh. But the entire company's history of animosity and love takes place in such profound murk that it is never followed with more than diffidence. Undoubtedly, the dogged allusions to Jupiter, Leda, bulls, and bullfights is meant to contribute strength to Mr. Mortimer's account of Lord Fanny's amorous career, a voyage which begins, traditionally, in doubt, and ends in the assurance of maturity. But the symbols succeed only in overloading a novel already inert and sunk under the freight of the most torpid and imprisoning variety of introspection.

—NICOLAS MONJO.

A PLAINSMAN IN THE MOUNTAINS: One of the highjinks that Glen Haley describes in **"The Wrong Woman"** (Dodd, Mead, $3) is a violent Rocky Mountain version of the old badger game. Young Frank Coburn is the patsy, and his education is accelerated by a shotgun blast and the loss of his wallet. Frank blunders in and out of the affections of three women in all before he reaches the happily married state. In spite of its erotic incidentals and leering title, however, "The Wrong Woman" is not mainly concerned with its hero's amatory mistakes. Primarily, this excellent first novel is an earthy account of a Kansan's yen for new vistas, and of his struggles to make a go of life as a sheepranch in the Western Colorado of the 1920's. The mountainous landscape is itself a protagonist; it has long been the object of plainsman Coburn's imagination, but it is not too hospitable to his ambitions. In spite of natural hazards, his own human frailty, and the ill-will of a rural villain who lends him money at 50 per cent interest, Coburn manages to become a substantial fixture in the community, with the lady of his eventual choice. Mr. Haley writes with a crisp but faintly nostalgic style that is exactly right for the story he has to tell.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1045)

McDONNELL:
(A) PSALM FOR SPRINGTIME

Lord, let me sing
(Delirious lark!)
Like David dancing
Before the ark. . . .
Light as the wind
On heather and phlox.
O Lord, let me sing
(Fool's heart afire!)
Like David caressing
His golden lyre.
All things praise Thee
From earth to sky;
All things adore Thee,
And so do I.

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Spring Comes to the Critics

Continued from page 15

activities of the junior Senator from Wisconsin, by the author of "God and Man at Yale." (Cady, Little.)

A NEW PATTERN FOR A TIRED WORLD. *By Louis Bromfield. Harper & Bros.* $3.
The Sage of Malabar Farm, who once wrote some pretty good novels, and is now *un philosophe de terre*, sets down here his prescription for the cure of this boiled old world. It includes disarmament, withdrawal from Europe, and a general isolationism that could be termed "broad" in concept. (Babcock, Cady.)

THE QUEST OF ALAIN-FOURNIER. *By Robert Gibson. Yale University Press.* $4.
The first critical biography in English of the young French writer who vanished mysteriously in World War I, and who wrote just one novel, "The Wanderer," which many believe to be a classic study of adolescence. (Dolbier, Emmart.)

THE REPUBLICAN ROOSEVELT. *By John B. Blum. Harvard University Press.* $3.50.
A new biography of President Teddy, by a professor of history at MIT. (Herzberg, Hormel.)

SEDUCTION OF THE INNOCENT. *By Frederic Wertham. Rinehart & Co.* $4.
The newest report, by a practising psychiatrist, of his findings on the reading habits (ninety million comic books a month) of our bubble-gum chewing population. (Kogan, Rothermel.)

SHIRT-SLEEVE DIPLOMACY. *By Jonathan B. Bingham. John Day Co.* $4.
An account of Point Four in action throughout the world. (Rogers, Snadjr.)

U. S. GRANT AND THE AMERICAN MILITARY TRADITION. *By Bruce Catton. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.
A study of Grant as a militarist, and the first volume in the Library of American Biography. (Babcock, Hormel.)

ONE VOTE

THE ADVENTURES OF MARK TWAIN. *By Jerry Allen. Little, Brown & Co.* $4.50.
A new critical biography of America's first great public laugher, which covers everything from the earliest days in Hannibal, Missouri, or Porkopolis, as it was called in those days, to the final years of fame and dark shadows. (Barkham.)

AMBASSADOR'S REPORT. *By Chester Bowles. Harper & Bros.* $4.
An account of the eighteen months Mr. Bowles spent as U.S. ambassador to India, in which the author tells of his method of diplomacy—an unorthodox one; of how the Indian people feel about us; and of the rights and wrongs, as he sees it, of our foreign policies in that country. (O'Neill.)

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT. *By Sidney Hyman. Harper & Bros.* $4.
A scholarly study of the job of President of the United States, as it was, and is. (Herzberg.)

THE APPRENTICESHIP OF ERNEST HEMINGWAY. *By Charles A. Fenton. Farrar, Straus & Young.* $5.
A critical work, now running in the *Atlantic Monthly*, which was developed from a—believe it or not—Ph.D. thesis, and which concentrates on the earlier environments and influential forces (G. Stein, Pound, Joyce) that shaped Papa into what he is today. (Babcock.)

CELL 2455, DEATH ROW. *By Caryl Chessman. Prentice-Hall.* $3.95.
An account of the author's life in crime, and of his existence in San Quentin, where he has been since 1948 after being convicted under California's "little Lindbergh Law." Mr. Chessman, according to prison I.Q. tests, is a genius. He is condemned to die on May 14 in the gas chamber. (Barkham.)

THE CHISOLM TRAIL. *By Wayne Gard. University of Oklahoma Press.* $4.50.
A history of the great swath the cattlemen of Texas cut from the southern tip of that state to Abilene, Kansas, and over which they drove millions of cattle for sale and slaughter. The years: 1867 to about 1880. (Tinkle.)

THE DESERT MUSIC. *By William Carlos Williams. Random House.* $3.
A new book in three parts by the Doctor from New Jersey. In the first section are short, lyric poems; in the second, a free translation of an idyll by Theocritus. (Rogers.)

END OF INNOCENCE. *By Jonathan Daniels. J. B. Lippincott Co.* $2.50.
A mural-sized memoir about the author's childhood days in Washington, D.C., where his father, Josephus, was Secretary of the Navy, FDR was Under Secretary, and Woodrow Wilson was at the helm. (Wyllie.)

FAR, FAR FROM HOME. *By Ruth McKenney. Harper & Bros.* $3.
A Kiwi-smooth account of recent experiences Miss McKenney ("My Sister Eileen") and family had during a long stay in Brussels. A good part of the book first appeared in *Holiday*. (Hormel.)

FIRE IN THE ASHES. *By Theodore H. White. William Sloane Assoc.* $5.
A first-rate reporter's run-up of Europe, aflame and simmering, at the half-century. Some of the material appeared earlier in the *Reporter*, *The New York Times Magazine*, and elsewhere. (T. Sherman.)

THE FOUNDING FATHERS. *By Nathan Schachner. G. P. Putnam's Sons.* $6.
A major study of the men who somehow held the country together during the first ten or so years of its life, by the author of "Alexander Hamilton." (Douglas.)

4000 YEARS UNDER THE SEA. *By Phillipe Diole. Translated by Gerard Hopkins. Julian Messner.* $4.50.
An enlargement of the author's earlier "The

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Undersea Adventure," in which he tells of the various ancient wrecks he has explored on the bottom of the Mediterranean and off the coast of Africa. (Jackson.)

GANDHI: HIS LIFE AND MESSAGE FOR THE WORLD. *By Louis Fischer. New American Library.* 25¢.
A critical biography of the great Indian religious leader. (T. Sherman.)

GENERAL JO SHELBY: Undefeated Rebel. *By Daniel O'Flaherty. University of North Carolina Press.* $6.
A biography of the little-known Confederate general and cavalry leader, who urged his whippets through Missouri and Kansas during the war, had Frank and Jesse James under his command, never surrendered, and ended the war trying to fight with Juarez in Mexico. (Tinkle.)

THE GOLDEN DOOR. *By J. Campbell Bruce. Random House.* $3.50.
A detailed polemic against the McCarran-Walter Act, told in terms of the people who have suffered under the duresses imposed by this law. (Jackson.)

THE HEART OF AFRICA. *By Alexander Campbell. Alfred A. Knopf.* $5.
A transplanted Scotch reporter's notes on the sixteen years since 1937 he has spent roving through South Africa as a newspaper man and a *Time-Life* correspondent. (Hormel.)

HIGHLIGHTS OF MODERN LITERATURE. *Edited by Francis Brown. New American Library. Paperbound,* 35¢.
A collection of essays and reviews, chosen by that magazine's present editor, from *The New York Times Book Review* of recent years. (Haas.)

HOMES OF THE BRAVE. *By T. H. Robsjohn-Gibbings. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A brisk elbowing through the sacred and near sacred shrubbery of modern architecture, with drawings, irreverent and graceful, by Mary Petty. (Flowers.)

ISN'T ONE WIFE ENOUGH? *By Kimball Young. Henry Holt & Co.* $6.
A history of polygamy as it was practised by the Mormons from the days of Joseph Smith and Brigham Young until it was forced underground, and then completely eradicated in last year's Short Creek, Arizona, affair. (Cady.)

THE JOURNEY. *By Lillian Smith. World Publishing Co.* $3.50.
An autobiography by the author of "Strange Fruit." (Kogan.)

A LAYMAN'S LOVE OF LETTERS. *By G. M. Trevelyan. Longmans, Green & Co.* $2.50.
Some quiet talk, given first as the Clark lectures at Cambridge in 1953, by the master English historian, about the common reader and such as Kipling, Scott, Housman, and Browing. (Emmart.)

THE LITERARY SITUATION. *By Malcolm Cowley. The Viking Press.* $3.50.
An examination, in the untroubled voice of this veteran critic, of the present state of letters in this country. Some of the material appeared previously in *SR, Harper's,* and *Perspectives: U.S.A.* (Emmart.)

MAHARANI. *By Maharani of Kapurthala Brinda. Henry Holt & Co.* $4.50.
Some memoirs from the Maharani, who was a princess of a small Hindu country, and who was forced into a poor marriage by a dominating father; married again, she found refuge with her friends, some of whom were the late King George and Queen Mary, the Prince of Wales, Elsa Maxwell, and Cole Porter. (Douglas.)

THE MAN BEHIND ROOSEVELT. *By Lela Stiles. World Publishing Co.* $4.75.
A biography of the dedicated man who spent much of his life helping FDR become President—Louis McHenry Howe. (Cady.)

MEDIEVAL ESSAYS. *By Christopher Dawson. Sheed & Ward.* $3.50.
A collection of essays on medieval history, including studies of the literary sources of the *chansons de geste,* fourteenth-century mysticism, the Arabic influences on the art of the troubadors, and the Oriental background of medieval culture. (Emmart.)

NATURE AND THE GREEKS. *By Erwin Schrödinger. Cambridge University Press.* $2.
A study of the great Greek thinkers, rounded men all, whom the author feels well worth close consideration today, because (1) we may be perpetuating some of their errors today, and (2) their vision of life was whole, steady, and plain. (Smith.)

OXFORD DICTIONARY OF QUOTATIONS. *Oxford University Press.* $8.50.
A revised edition of an indispensable reference work. (Emmart.)

PLACE OF LIGHT: The Story of a University President. *By Clarence R. and Mary Bell Decker. Hermitage House.* $3.75.
An account of the making of the University of Kansas City into the imposing institution it is today, told by the wife of the man who was president from 1938-1953. (Smith.)

THE POETRY OF DYLAN THOMAS. *By Elder Olson. University of Chicago Press.* $3.25.
A complete dissection of the furled, sonorous work of the late Welsh poet, by one of the Chicago Critics. (Bradley.)

POINCARÉ. *By Tobias Dantzig. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $2.50.
A critical biography of the great nineteenth-century French mathematician, physicist, astronomer, and philosopher. A volume in the Twentieth Century Library. (Wyllie.)

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Conducted by John T. Winterich

THREE TO MAKE READY

Blanche McKeown of Memphis, Tennessee, submits ten titles each of which consists of a series of three words with the second and third usually linked by "and." The authors, not in correct sequence, are alongside. She asks you to complete the titles and to assign the right book to the right author. Six correct answers constitute a pass mark, seven an improvement, and eight or better entitle you to wear a T.T. after your name (for Triple Threat). Answers on page 63.

1. Wind, Sand, and	( ) John van Druten
2. A Stone, a Leaf, a	( ) Aldous Huxley
3. Gods, Graves, and	( ) Hans Zinsser
4. Tambourine, Trumpet, and	( ) Bruce Marshall
5. Bell, Book, and	( ) Sheila Kaye-Smith
6. Science, Liberty, and	( ) Kurt Marek
7. Pills, Petticoats, and	( ) Thomas Wolfe
8. The World, the Flesh, and	( ) Antoine de Saint Exupéry
9. Rats, Lice, and	( ) Howard Haggard
10. Devils, Drugs, and	( ) Thomas Clark

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A RAKE AND HIS TIMES. *By John H. Wilson. Farrar, Straus & Young.* $4.
A biography of the errant, ebullient, and excellent 2nd Duke of Buckingham, and his days in Restoration England as a favorite of kings, a dreamer of a Royal Navy, a lover, intriguer, hunter, musician, and chemist. (Emmart.)

THE REBEL. *By Albert Camus. Translated by Anthony Bower. Alfred A Knopf.* $4.
A long essay, by the author of "The Plague," which is a plea for reason, re-thinking, and reflection in today's sidewise world. (Yeiser.)

RELAXED SELL. *By Thomas Whiteside. Oxford University Press.* $3.50.
A collection of first-rate reports on organized selling: how to put a TV commercial together, how to hang a soap opera forever in space, how space cadets function, and how Coué lived. (Wyllie.)

THE ROOSEVELT FAMILY OF SAGAMORE HILL. *By Hermann Hagedorn. The Macmillan Co.* $5.
A review of the strenuous life and times of Teddy Roosevelt, with special attention given to his life with Mrs. Roosevelt and their six children at the pleasant retreat in Oyster Bay, Long Island, which was recently made a national shrine. (Hormel.)

THE SELECTED LETTERS OF GUSTAVE FLAUBERT. *Edited and translated by Francis Steegmuller, Farrar, Straus & Young.* $4.
A selection of letters taken from the nine volumes or so the great novelist wrote. Some of the recipients are de Maupassant, George Sand, and Louise Colet. The newest volume in the commendable Great Letters Series. (Emmart.)

SLIDE RULE: An Autobiography. *By Nevil Shute. William Morrow & Co.* $3.50.
A memoir about the well-known English novelist's early years as a pioneer aeronautical engineer. (Hormel.)

THE SUDDEN VIEW. *By Sybille Bedford. Harper & Bros.* $3.75.
A perceptive, bouncing account of a recent foray into Mexico by the author, an Englishwoman, accompanied by an American friend. (Yeiser.)

TERROR AND PROGRESS—USSR. *By Barrington Moore, Jr. Harvard University Press.* $4.50.
A study of traditionalism in modern Russia, and within that concept, some theories of the ways in which the Soviet will turn in the near future. (Rothermel.)

TOMBOLO. *By Nicholas Ferson. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.
The story of strange goings on in a wild salt marsh near Pisa during the last war—a place that was ruled by a powerful Negro from Chicago who launched frequent raids against the Allies. (Rogers.)

THE TRIUMPH OF THE TREE. *By John Stewart Collis. William Morrow & Co.* $3.50.
A kind of history of and love letter to the tree, from the first sprout that broke the rock eons ago to the present where the tree has become something of a rarity, and there is an ever-pressing need for its conservation. (Smith.)

WE CHOSE TO STAY. *By Lali Horstmann. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.
An account of three terrible years Mme. Horstmann spent on her family's country estate a few miles east of Berlin after the Russians arrived in 1945. (Bond.)

Fiction

EIGHT VOTES

THE COBWEB. *By William Gibson. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50.
A first novel about a small clinic for nervous

THIS is the sixth spring *The Saturday Review* has asked the book editors of the nation's leading newspapers to name the new books they believe merit the attention of discriminating readers. The twenty-eight editors participating are:

FREDERIC BABCOCK, *Chicago Tribune*
JOHN BARKHAM, Saturday Review Syndicate
ALICE DIXON BOND, *Boston Herald*
VAN ALLEN BRADLEY, *Chicago Daily News*
ERNEST CADY, *Columbus Dispatch*
LESLIE CROSS, *Milwaukee Journal*
MAURICE DOLBIER, *Providence Journal*
MARY STAHLMAN DOUGLAS, *Nashville Banner*
A. D. EMMART, *Baltimore Sun*
PAUL FLOWERS, *Memphis Commercial Appeal*
VICTOR P. HASS, *Omaha World Herald*
MAX J. HERZBERG, *Newark Evening & Sunday News*
OLIVE DEAN HORMEL, *Christian Science Monitor*
JOSEPH HENRY JACKSON, *San Francisco Chronicle*
HERMAN KOGAN, *Chicago Sun-Times*
CARL VICTOR LITTLE, *Houston Press*
STERLING NORTH, North Weekly Book Review Service
FRANK O'NEILL, *Cleveland News*
W. G. ROGERS, Associated Press
J. F. ROTHERMEL, *Birmingham News*
JOHN K. SHERMAN, *Minneapolis Star-Tribune*
THOMAS B. SHERMAN, *St. Louis Post-Dispatch*
RAY SHOCKLEY, *Atlanta Journal*
PAUL JORDAN SMITH, *Los Angeles Times*
ROBERT I. SNADJR, *Cleveland Plain Dealer*
LON TINKLE, *Dallas News*
JOHN COOK WYLLIE, *Richmond News Leader*
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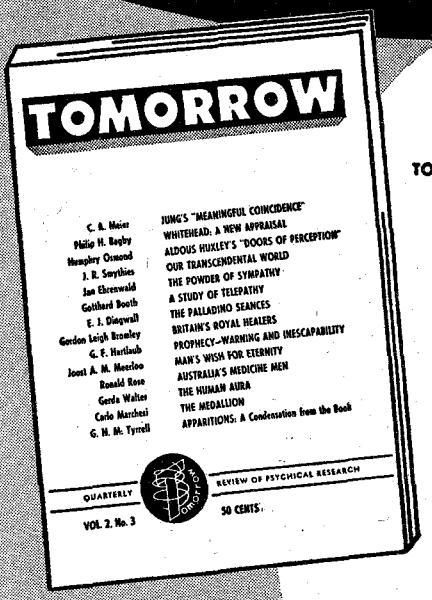

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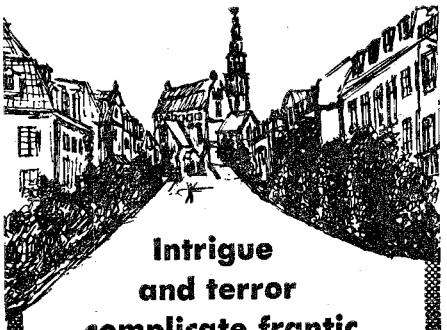

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disorders in Nebraska, to which comes a new assistant director and his bride-a-wee wife to find an alcoholic director, a lovely psychotherapist, all of which betokens a change of partners and plenty of nervous disorder. (Douglas, Flowers, Hass, Little, O'Neill, T. Sherman, Tinkle, Wyllie.)

THE DOLLMAKER. *By Harriette Arnow. The Macmillan Co.* $3.50.
A new novel, by the author of "Hunter's Horn" (1949), about Gertie, a bighammed Kentucky girl who goes with her husband, Clovis, to Detroit during the war, where they live in a cramped, cornery housing project, and where they learn that country poor and city poor are kin. (Babcock, Bond, Bradley, Kogan, O'Neill, Rogers, Rothermel, Smith.)

SEVEN VOTES

BLESS THIS HOUSE. *By Norah Lofts. Doubleday & Co.* $3.50.
A four-hundred-year marathon about an English manor house called Merravay built during the reign of Elizabeth I, and restored under Elizabeth II. The tellers are people linked through the years with the house: a witch, a nabob, a poacher, a tavern keeper. (Babcock, Bond, Flowers, Rothermel, J. Sherman, Smith, Snadjr.)

SIX VOTES

NOT AS A STRANGER. *By Morton Thompson. Charles Scribner's Sons.* $4.75.
Needlework of the closest sort about the making of a man devoted to the practice of medicine in a small town. (Bradley, Cross, Jackson, Little, O'Neill, T. Sherman.)

FIVE VOTES

THE NIGHT OF THE HUNTER. *By Davis Grubb. Harper & Bros.* $3.
A tale about a nine-year-old Kentucky boy whose father is hanged for stealing $10,000. The boy knows the whereabouts of the loot, is hounded about it by a spookman, and finally escapes across the Ohio River with his sister, but not before his mother, too, is done in. Not for nine-year-olds. (Douglas, North, O'Neill, Snadjr, Wyllie.)

FOUR VOTES

AWAY ALL BOATS. *By Kenneth Dodson. Little, Brown & Co.* $3.95.
Another one for Mr. Heggen's and Mr. Wouk's shelf, about an attack transport, the *Belinda*, its crew, capers, and ennui. The setting is the Pacific Ocean, the time the last war. (Babcock, Bond, Cady, Snadjr.)

THREE VOTES

CRESS DELEHANTY. *By Jessamyn West. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.75.
A series of connected short stories, some of which ran in *The New Yorker*, about the growing-up, between the ages of twelve and sixteen, of a young lady named Cress Delehanty. (Cross, Little, T. Sherman.)

RACE ROCK. *By Peter Matthiessen. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
A first novel, by a young writer of some talent, about a drunk week-end spent in Shipman's Landing, a small New England town where the participants had grown up. A couple of bloody brawls, some truths unfurled, and the reunion is over, with all four—three men and a woman—feeling better adjusted to life. (Douglas, Jackson, Wyllie.)

TWO VOTES

BHOWANI JUNCTION. *By John Masters. Viking Press.* $3.75.
The fourth novel in Mr. Masters's human comedy of India. This one is set around the time of that country's independence, and concerns the attempts at adjustment within a moiling country, of the daughter of a railroad engineer, who is two parts English, one part Indian. (Babcock, Herzberg.)

THE CASTLE. *By Franz Kafka. Translated by Willa and Edwin Muir. Alfred A. Knopf.* $4.50.
A new and enlarged edition of Kafka's unfinished masterpiece, which incorporates material deleted by the author, chapters not hitherto translated, and alternate versions of some of the passages. (T. Sherman, Yeiser.)

THE FAULKNER READER. *By William Faulkner. Random House.* $5.
A generous bucket of the special clay Mr. Faulkner bakes in Oxford. Included are "The Sound and the Fury" (complete), three novellas, and many short stories, a few of which are "A Rose for Emily," "Barn Burning," and "Turnabout." (Bradley, Wyllie.)

A KID FOR TWO FARTHINGS. *By Wolf Mankowitz. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $2.50.
A feather duster about a six-year-old East End London boy, who buys a crippled goat, believing it to be a unicorn, and of some of the merrysongs and rainbows that follow. (Cross, Yeiser.)

PICTURES FROM AN INSTITUTION. *By Randall Jarrell. Alfred A. Knopf.* $3.50
A first novel by a wise, witty, unmarked critic about life, as it is called, at an American progressive college for women. (Barkham, Tinkle.)

THE PONDER HEART. *By Eudora Welty. Harcourt, Brace & Co.* $3.
A thirty-thousand-word novella, already run complete in *The New Yorker*, about a small Southern town, its best family, the Ponders—Uncle Daniel and Edna Earle—and its growing group of Snopses. The story is told entirely as a first-person conversational narrative by Edna Earle, and is written in the great, now scarce, American tradition of tragi-humor best practised by Mark Twain. (Cross, Little.)

RAINBOW ON THE ROAD. *By Esther Forbes. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.75.
A new one, by a historical novelist who can move gracefully and truthfully through whatever subject matter she chooses, about a lively New England portrait painter and his travels through Yankeedom in the eighteenth century. (Dolbier, T. Sherman.)

THE SNAKE LADY and OTHER STORIES. *By Vernon Lee. Grove Press.* $3.50.
A collection of some of the dark, baroque short stories Vernon Lee, née Violet Paget, wrote about Italy at the turn of the century. (Emmart, Yeiser.)

THE WARS OF LOVE. *By Mark Schorer. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.
An intellectual game of tag by the critic, short-story writer, and teacher about the lives of four people—a woman and three men—during their childhood together in a summer place, and twenty years later, when they all meet in New York (Jackson, Tinkle.)

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fact and Fiction

Title and Author	Crime, Place, and Sleuth	Summing Up	Verdict
THE EVIL OF TIME *Evelyn Berckman* (Dodd, Mead: $2.75)	(Miss) Keith Elgin, arts-reparating in Germany, collides with Neo-Nazi plot.	Formula stuff, with variations; background unusual, knowledgable.	Wee-bit plus mark
DEATH OF A LAKE *Arthur W. Upfield* (Crime Club: $2.75)	Insp. Bonaparte doubles as horsehand to solve puzzle in Australian outback.	Natural history (human and other) excellent; pro. job all the way.	Among his best
THE LIGHTS OF SKARO *David Dodge* (Random: $3)	Yank newshawks (m. and f.), on lam behind Curtain, have rugged time.	Flashback treatment hindrance; yarn moves when let.	He's done better

—SERGEANT CUFF.

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ONE VOTE

THE ANGEL WHO PAWNED HER HARP. *By Charles Terrot. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.
Some gooseberry jam about a pawnshop in an East London suburb and a sudden lady visitor with a harp. (Cady.)

THE BAD SEED. *By William March. Rinehart & Co.* $3.
A helping of horror in the nursery. Mrs. Penmark discovers, one moon-clear night, while her husband is away on business, that their eight-year-old daughter is a murderess. She looks in the archives, and discovers that she herself was adopted, and that her mother was a confirmed homicidal maniac. (Bradley.)

BIGAMY JONES. *By Frank X. Tolbert. Henry Holt & Co.* $2.75.
One from the Old West, about one Bigamy Jones who married some thirty wives and finally got his from the last, a lady with an inquisitive mind. (Tinkle.)

BOUVARD AND PECUCHET. *By Gustave Flaubert. Translated by T. W. Earp and G. W. Stonier. New Directions.* $3.75.
The first translation in English of Flaubert's last and unfinished novel, which concerns the doings of two retired clerks who set out to educate themselves. (Yeiser.)

THE CITY AND THE WAVE. *By Jon Godden. Rinehart & Co.* $3.
A new novel by the author of "The Peacock." It is set in an unnamed city in the East, and concerns the doings of a lonely half-caste, who out of pity takes into his one room a sixteen-year-old girl. A baby results, a promised tidal wave does not come, and the sun rises, a little. (Rogers.)

THE COUNTRY OF THE POINTED FIRS and OTHER STORIES. *By Sarah Orne Jewett. Anchor Books.* 85¢.
A reissue, in the excellent Doubleday paperback series, of a collection of stories about a small coastal town in Maine that was first brought together by the author's admirer and friend, Willa Cather. (Hass.)

THE DAWNING OF THE DAY. *By Elisabeth Ogilvie, McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.75.
A sequel to a trilogy about Bennett's Island, a windy, wordy place. The story tells of the arrival there of a war widow who comes as the new teacher, and of the ensuing complications. (Snadjr.)

THE DEATH OF KINGS. *By Charles Wertenbaker. Random House.* $3.95.
A big, serious novel, written with oompah, about the handful of men who run a national newsmagazine called *Beacon*, and which carries their lives, private and public, through the years from the late Thirties to the early Fifties. (Cross.)

THE DESPERATE HOURS. *By Joseph Hayes. Random House.* $3.50.
A first novel, tailor-made for a TV or movie meller, about a respectable Indianapolis family which suddenly finds itself host to three escaped cons, and of the desperate hours of silence that pass before the police discover what's up, and the hoodlums are recanned. (Snadjr.)

DRAGON WITCH. *By Will H. Hays, Jr., Doubleday & Co.* $4.95.
A noble, Sironia-sized novel about a multifaceted girl, whom everybody loves and everybody wants, and the small Indiana town from which she comes. (Herzberg.)

THE FOOL KILLER. *By Helen Eustis. Doubleday & Co.* $2.75.
An unbashful saga of a runaway little boy who meets on his travels, among others, a dirty old man and a shell-shocked veteran of the Civil War. The language is a free variation of the vernacular Mark Twain mastered some years ago for "Huckleberry Finn." (Cady.)

THE GLORIOUS MORNINGS. *By Paul Hyde Bonner. Charles Scribner's Sons.*
A pleasant slipperful of stories by the author of "SPQR" and "Hotel Tallyrand," most of which are built around hunting and fishing and are set in locales as various as Upstate New York, Italy, Ireland, and Scotland. (Hass.)

GUIGNOL'S BAND. *By Louis-Ferdinand Céline. Translated by Bernard Frechtman and Jack T. Nile. New Directions.* $5.
A first translation into English of a novel written in 1944 about a French war veteran, and his life among the low in post-World War I London. (Barkham.)

THE LONG GOODBYE. *By Raymond Chandler. Houghton Mifflin Co.* $3.
A new nightmare, by the author of "The Big Sleep" and others, about all kinds of blondes, and his friend Philip Marlowe. (Dolbier.)

MARY ANNE. *By Daphne DuMaurier. Doubleday & Co.* $3.50.
Miss DuMaurier here wanders away from the gates of Manderley again and into the past to tell the story of a fireproof maiden who was the Duke of York's mistress during the reign of George III, a wild woman when debedded, and, finally, an exile in France. (Flowers.)

MESSIAH. *By Gore Vidal. E. P. Dutton & Co.* $3.50.
A new novel by Mr. Vidal, who is growing older, about a West Coast religious fanatic and a couple of his disciples, who manage, through mass media, to bathe the country with their doctrine—that it is good to die. (Bradley.)

MISSA SINE NOMINE. *By Ernst Wiecherst. Translated by Marie Heynemann and Margery B. Ledward. British Book Centre.* $3.50.
One of the few postwar German novels that has come our way, this concerns the rejuvenation of three German brothers in their country. The author is the well-considered Prussian poet and novelist, who was born in 1887 and died in 1950. (Dolbier.)

NEVER VICTORIOUS, NEVER DEFEATED. *By Taylor Caldwell. McGraw-Hill Book Co.* $3.95.
Another of Mrs. Caldwell's genealogical pots of robber barons, leaden draperies, and empire building. Here, the time span is some seventy-five years in the last century, and the kingdom building, railroads. (Flowers.)

THE OXCART TRAIL. *By Herbert Krause. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.95.
Life on the American frontier, especially as it evolved between the St. Paul and the Red River country around 1850. (J. Sherman.)

PERDU. *By Paride Rombi. Harper & Bros.* $3.
"Perdu" means lost, in case you've forgotten, and it also is the name here of a small boy who searches for a father he has never known. An Italian novel, which won a major literary prize in that country when published. (Kogan.)

PETER DOMANIG IN AMERICA: STEEL. *By Victor White. Bobbs-Merrill Co.* $3.95.
A successor to the author's "Peter Domanig: Morning in Vienna," and the first part of a projected trilogy. Domanig, who is half-Austrian, half-English, starts on his fortune here by going to work in a Pittsburgh steel mill, with the end in mind of obliterating his father, for he (Peter) is a bastard. (Tinkle.)

A PRIDE OF LIONS. *By John Brooks. Harper & Bros.* $3.50.
A second novel, by the promising author of "The Big Wheel," about a young man from Southern New Jersey who works as an editor in New York, and who must, in addition to other things, work out his "love" for a girl in the office, and his place as a liberal in his hometown, where the Old Guard remains prickly. (Kogan.)

SHE CAME TO STAY. *By Simone de Beauvoir. World Publishing Co.* $5.
A novel, no less, by the Susan B. Anthony of France. It's about a triangular love affair, involving an actor, male; his partner-in-sin, lo these many years, who is a novelist; and a young girl from Rouen, who comes to stay with them and, as it turns out, wants to possess *everybody*. (Rothermel.)

A SINGLE PILGRIM. *By Norman Lewis. Rinehart & Co.* $3.
A novel about the Siam of today, and about a Westerner in that country, who for many years had been a branch manager of a timber concession. (Dolbier.)

TOMORROW. *By Philip Wylie. Rinehart & Co.* $3.50.
Mr. Wylie playing George Orwell in a novel about what happens in a Midwestern city the day the Bomb falls. (Little.)

YOUNG MEN WAITING. *By Chapman Mortimer. Grove Press.* $3.50.
A novel about a group of Left Bankers in Paris in the mid-Twenties. The author was born in Scotland, and this is his third novel. (Yeiser.)

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Spanish Without . . .

Continued from page 14

have been lost at the outset; for an unfortunate confusion arises in Spanish due to the word "cuanto," which means "how much," while "cuando" means "when." Too many of my friends had had the humiliating experience of asking a storekeeper "When are the bananas?" and, recalling this, my first question at the marketplace was dignified and forceful: *"Jao mach is it?"* I demanded, at once, holding in my hand a pair of beaten silver earrings which, of course, were not for me. And upon hearing the price, I calmly replied *"Tu mach"* and went on. (NOTE: *"Tu Mach"* is perhaps the first phrase that should be memorized by the novice.)

MY NEXT stop was at a stall whose counters and bins were piled high with loathsome objects, both in miniature and in life size. None of the wares attracted me, but behind the counter stood a lupine fellow, one eye half closed through a habitual expression of shrewdness plus the irritating effect of cigarette smoke which poured upward from the moist brown-paper cigarette held between his lips. I knew the type: cold, remorseless, alternately pleading and insulting, and withal a student of cybernetics. I paused tentatively, and idly fingered a half walnut shell, covered with glass, inside of which was depicted a religious scene of only moderate piety. There was a long period of silence and, then, his opening gambit came as a surprise:

"Jau ar yu?" he said.

A little taken aback, for I hadn't expected this kind of an attack, I answered, *"Very uel, zank yu."*

There was another long period of silence. I was determined to make him carry the fight to me.

After an interminable stillness, during which I felt a thin line of perspiration forming on my forehead, he said, *"Plis?"*

I looked up.

"Plis?" he repeated. *"Yu guish samzing?"*

I shrugged, tantalizingly.

He broke down. *"Ei poscard?"*—

I shook my head.

"Ei pensil?" . . . "ei buk?" . . . "pleing kards?"

I remained silent. In desperation he began to go through his entire stock, which was considerable and variegated: *"Ei blanquet? . . . ei uater glas? . . . ei frut chus glas? . . . ei naif? . . . ei fork? . . . ei cop . . . ei tis-pun?"*

I, of course, had no use for a teaspoon, but it seemed a small enough object, so I said, *"Di tis-pun. Jao mach is it?"*

His eyes brightened. *"Tu-elv."* he spurted out.

"Tu-elv!" I exclaimed. *"Tu mach . . . mach too mach."*

He pursed his lips. *"For di chentelman . . . Y-le-ven."*

Not to be outdone, I pursed *my* lips. *"Faiv."* I said.

"Faiv!" He literally screamed, but quickly added, *"Nain. Nain is chipess."*

"Siks," I said.

"Nain," he repeated, shaking his head.

"Siks." I held steadfast.

With tears in his eyes, he said in a soft voice, *"Eit."*

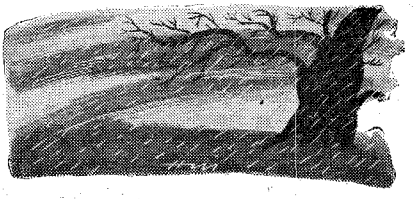
I could go no further. "O.K.," I said, *"Guiv me dis uan."*

With an unexpected rapidity he wrapped the teaspoon in some filthy paper, and the moment after receiving the eight pesos from me resumed his former position behind the counter, relit the now dead cigarette, half closed one eye, and became once more the smoldering statue that I had first seen.

I was delighted—even after I had unwrapped the teaspoon and saw that it bore a label marked three pesos. After all, he had started at twelve pesos, and I had bought it for eight.

Success was in my nostrils; I went from shop to shop, striking out on all sides, not giving an inch, calling forth, *"Samzing chiper," "Samzing beter," "Tu mach, tu mach," "Ai dont laik it," "Samzing beter," "Samzing chiper,"* —until loaded down with multi-colored baskets, huaraches, silver picture-frames, and quite a large number of serapes, I made my way back to the hotel, full of the warmth engendered by my success. After a trip to the barber shop, where I asked the barber to *"sheiv mi"* and *"trim mai jer,"* I sat down to a splendid dinner of ham-and-eggs, American style, Mexican food being what it is.

And Mexican food being what it is, I must, in concluding, admit that there are two Spanish phrases allowed in my system. They are: "¿Dónde está el servicio?" and "¿Dónde está el cuarto de damas?," which mean, respectively, "Where is the men's room?" and "Where is the ladies' room?" However, purists will want to resort to these phrases only upon meeting failure with *"Juer is di mens rum?"* and *"Juer is di leidis rum?"*



Frank Crowninshield

Continued from page 12

essence of club life is to be bored. Now if women were only admitted to membership! As at present arranged, club life compels us to listen to endless arguments and needless complaints; to be waited upon impersonally and apathetically by dejected and cuffless waiters; to listen to lugubrious moralizings upon life, love, liquor, and the ladies; to wash and rewash our hands; to fight off the grim and ever-threatening figure of ennui; to discuss the morbid condition of the liver and the stock market; to bicker and quarrel at auction; to find fault with the sauce on the fish or the temperature of the claret; and, finally, to fly the place in despair because of the untoward and disheartening entrance of some worthy but defatigating member." None of these things, of course, ever happened at Crowninshield's favorite club.

This isn't a very chronological report, and I will now, as I approach its conclusion, state that Crowninshield, whose parents lived abroad a good deal, was born in the Pavillon de Rohan, a small Paris hotel later torn down to make way for the Louvre department store. He liked to take friends to the second floor of the store, point to the corset department, and tell them he was born there. His first job was with Putnam's, in 1890, when he was eighteen. He got it on a recommendation from William Dean Howells. I have two letters which Howells wrote him. The first, dated August 4, 1889, contains the kind of professional advice that Crowninshield himself later dispensed to young people looking for jobs: "My dear Frank: Between Appletons and Harpers, I think I should choose Appletons. My own experience of the Harpers is an ideally friendly and cordial one; I have the greatest regard for them; and I merely fancy, without knowing why, that the chances of promotion would be greater with another house. For another reason, I should prefer Putnams to Appletons, Holt to Putnams, and Stokes to Holt; and that is, a younger house, with a less fixed tradition, will be apt to do a more various business and give you the range of the trade quicker. You ought to look forward to an interest, and with a small house you could do this more hopefully than with a large one, where you would have more competitors. There's no secret of the business that isn't known to all the publishers alike. In a small house you would meet authors and artists more, and be thrown with the

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young fellows destined to do the work you would some day publish. An old house is more apt to publish old established authors. When you've made up your mind, I'll be glad to give you a 'character.'—With the family regards to all, Your friend, W. D. Howells."

Howells's second letter, dated February 20, 1896, and written at a time when Frank had left Putnams to become editor of *The Bookman* for Dodd, Mead, runs as follows: "My dear Frank: I am heartily glad of what seems a forward step for you, and I know you will make it an advantage to others as well as yourself. It is always pleasant to think of you, because you have not only a good head, but what is much rarer, a good heart; and your life is the daily effect of right feeling and right thinking in a world where there is so much of neither.—Yours cordially, W. D. Howells."

Howells's estimate stood up pretty well for the remaining fifty-one years of Crowninshield's life. He died three days after Christmas six years ago, and two weeks before this, in the hospital, when he knew what was up, he directed the sending of innumerable telegrams, fifteen hundred Christmas cards, and forty presents to his friends. What he said of his brother Edward, who predeceased him by nine years, was equally true of himself—"Although dying, he could brighten up a room."

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 564

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 564 will be found in the next issue.

JI AGJTWVL KGSBT SNRB

PGGZ KEYBI. TG SNWWBV

KDNW DNUUBTI, KB'YB IBBT

KGVIB.—RBEWD QBTTEIGT.

Answer to No. 563

I have written too much history to have faith in it; and if anyone thinks I'm wrong, I am inclined to agree with him.—Henry Adams.

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(Continued on page 66)

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(Continued from page 65)

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NEGRO Doctor, Writer seeks house for summer; must be in quiet, secluded surroundings. Box S-309.

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By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Controlling the action of another (said of inherited characters).	96 48 71 43 161 168 54 51 171
B. Man who sings The Evening Star in "Tannhäuser."	156 28 90 92 68 98 143
C. Slang for defeated in any scheme (from a game).	151 89 158 93 189 9 81
D. "Pearly" mollusk of the South Pacific.	123 85 17 149 79 164 167 118
E. Wearisomely uniform.	155 94 160 146 103 135 72 117 188 47
F. Secondary; not principal; irregular.	166 152 109 145 14 66 128
G. Common form of "knobby."	80 76 173 138 183
H. Moved convulsively.	12 13 36 86 15 62 113 91
I. Reflection subsequent to action.	16 50 63 174 194 130 172 120 32 23 150 116
J. Haunted a place or person.	18 24 7 190 180 196 70
K. Wayward; disobedient.	30 136 5 11 57 22 27 170 65
L. Popular favors at Junior's birthday party.	53 26 193 175 139 67
M. Cunning.	184 179 137 195 140 132

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Milton invited her to bring along Jest and Jollity.	39 127 169 100 84
O. Robert Bridges asked the ship where it was going, in poetic fashion (2 wds.).	83 141 105 148 55 102 114 122 110 1 165
P. Severe anemia caused by ancylostomiasis (ailment well-known by its easier name).	58 74 187 107 112 129 182 133
Q. Beginning.	181 60 37 21 31 176
R. Legal language, with "periculo," for at our own risk.	185 10 125 73 178 59
S. With "State," nickname for Wyoming.	45 29 147 35 163 153 41 49
T. Surname of the real person whom Wagner introduced as Word B (with "von der").	8 88 61 115 101 34 33 108 124 4
U. The five or six days added to the year in the old Egyptian calendar.	44 97 46 40 75 78 162 106 144 56
V. In underworld slang, squealed.	77 126 20 25 111 186
W. A friend who has your prosperity at heart (comp.).	87 157 52 154 3 38 192 104 142 6
X. Favorite food of the ladybug larva.	159 121 19 191 134 69 2
Y. Designating a type of clog dancing done without "taps" (comp.).	82 99 64 119 95 131 42 177

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.

Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

			1 O	2 X		3 W	4 T		5 K	6 W	7 J	8 T	9 C		10 R	11 K						
12 H		13 H	14 F		15 H	16 I	17 D	18 J	19 X	20 V		21 Q	22 K	23 I	24 J	25 V						
	26 L	27 K		28 B		29 S	30 K	31 Q	32 I	33 T		34 T	35 S	36 H	37 Q	38 W						
39 N	40 U		41 S	42 Y		43 A	44 U	45 S		46 U		47 E	48 A	49 S		50 I						
51 A	52 W	53 L		54 A	55 O	56 U		57 K	58 P	59 R	60 Q	61 T	62 H	63 I		64 Y						
65 K	66 F	67 L	68 B	69 X	70 J		71 A	72 E	73 R	74 P		75 U	76 G	77 V		78 U						
79 D	80 G	81 C	82 Y		83 O	84 N	85 D	86 H		87 W	88 T	89 C	90 B	91 H		92 B						
93 C	94 E	95 Y	96 A		97 U	98 B	99 Y	100 N	101 T	102 O		103 E	104 W	105 O	106 U	107 P						
	108 T	109 F		110 O	111 V		112 P	113 H	114 O	115 T		116 I	117 E		118 D	119 Y						
120 I	121 X		122 O	123 D	124 T		125 R	126 V	127 N		128 F	129 P		130 I	131 Y	132 M						
133 P		134 X	135 E	136 K	137 M		138 G	139 L	140 M	141 O	142 W	143 B		144 U	145 F	146 E						
147 S	148 O		149 D	150 I	151 C		152 F	153 S	154 W	155 E		156 B	157 W		158 C	159 X						
160 E		161 A	162 U	163 S	164 D		165 O	166 F	167 D		168 A		169 N	170 K	171 A	172 I						
	173 G	174 I	175 L	176 Q	177 Y	178 R		179 M	180 J	181 Q	182 P	183 G		184 M	185 R	186 V						
	187 P	188 E	189 C	190 J		191 X	192 W		193 L	194 I	195 M	196 J										

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 58 of this issue.

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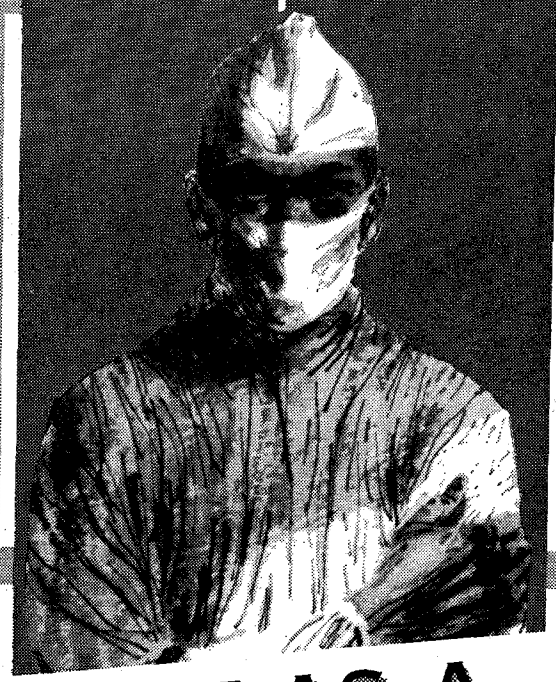

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